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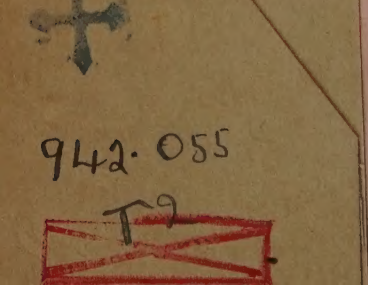

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This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself,
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This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall.
* * * * *
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

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SHAKSPERE'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. X.

THE THEATRE.

"Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

Macbeth, Act v. Sc. 5.

The Ancient and Modern Stage. — Strolling Players. — Tarleton, the Comedian, a Guest of Elizabeth's. — Actors of the Day. — High Standing of many. — Scenery and Dress. — Private Theatres. — Actors' Profits. — Prices of Plays. — No Female Actors. — Playhouses of London. — Troops of Actors. — The Globe and its Contemporaries. — Puritan Outcries. — The Actors individually known. — Ben Jonson. — The Seven chief Theatres. — Playbills. — Days of Performance. — Actresses. — The Gallant on the Stage. — The Fop and the Critic. — Note Takers. — The Pit. — Furniture of the Stage. — Prologue. — The Play and the Jig. — How to go to the Play. — The Water Poet. — Coaches and Waggons. — Strolling Players. — Sketch of the Elizabethan Age. — Shakspere's Contemporaries. — Men he must have seen. — His Elizabethan Manners.

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THE Elizabethan theatre must be viewed as little better than one of Richardson's shows as far as appliances go: the curtains pull apart, and there is a tapestry representing a town, — that is Troy. To make sure of it, there's a board over head with the name written upon it, like a finger-post. At the back of the stage is a platform and balcony, — that is the city wall, where Helen will see the armies, of eight men each, pass in awful procession — the Greeks a little knook-kneed, the Trojans two of them squinting. The musicians are in a high stage box. The actors enter: Troilus in hose and doublet, and Cressida (a plump boy of fourteen) in fardingale and scarf. A man in a black velvet cloak, heralded by a trumpet, has before this entered as Prologue. Such is Shakspere's stage. On the boards at each side are gallants smoking and laughing. The pit is standing, and the second gallery is cracking nuts and pelting Hector with rotten apples. But in the best boxes

we see some rather eminent men: Burleigh for instance, and Sidney and Raleigh, while Shakspere acts Achilles. Many an Elizabethan traveller must have been startled at a turn of the road by such a waggon of strolling players as met the eye of Don Quixote, the champion of La Mancha; a tilt waggon laden with bales, and driven by a devil complete with horns and hoofs, a cupid leading the horses, and an angel and an emperor looking composedly on, while a jester ran before beating his bladders and peas, and jingling his bells. In such guise rode the itinerant performers often from place to place, to save the trouble of dressing — some shouting out their parts, others woing, drinking, or quarrelling.

Of these bands one of the most eminent performers must have been that peculiar favourite of Elizabeth and guest at her table, Tarleton, whose flat nose and squint so many contemporary jests and songs celebrate — the Clown of Shakspere's plays, the Jester in Lear, and the Fool in Twelfth Night. The pipe and tabor of Tarleton became so celebrated in this play-going age, that his portrait was seen on inn signs, in ballads, and was stamped on pats of butter. Enthusiastic sportsmen at Norwich even called a favourite game cock by his name.

At the palace table in winter time, when dinner was over, songs and madrigals on the lute were played; and the

Queen at such times delighted much in the stories and jests of her witty, but coarse comedian — a frown or a glance keeping his tales within the bounds of decency. He is even said to have publicly condemned the favours she heaped on Raleigh and Leicester; and at last, from some bold remark that "a knave commanded the Queen," was forbidden the Court. Before this disgrace, whether transitory or permanent, he was wont to laugh at the smallness of the royal beer *, ridicule the personal defects of the ladies in waiting, and deride the more empty of the courtiers. Many stories were told of his fighting Black Davy, the bully, and of his being serenaded by Fancy and Nancy, two well-known public musicians of the day.

The great actors of the day were numerous and well known. Before Heywood's time, there were Bentley, Mills, Wilson, Crosse, and Lanham, Kemp, and Tarleton.

His contemporaries were Kemp, Gabriel, Singer, Pope, Philips, Sly, and Allen. At a time when Puritans were asserting falsely that players were strollers and mere vagabonds, liable to punishment as little short of felons, Heywood boldly asserts, "Many amongst us we know to be of substance, of government, of sober life, of true carriage, housekeepers, and contributors to all duties, enjoy-

* Tarleton's Jests (Shakspere Society), vol. i. preface.

ing them equally with them that are ranked with the most bountiful."

The dresses of the actors were generally those of the day, a little idealised, for ancient costume was then neither much known nor much regarded. Steady faith and strong imagination received with good humour the smallest aid to the fancy.

Occasionally classical and deep-read enthusiasts, like Ben Jonson, indulged in a minute pedantry of dress that was as little appreciated as it was understood by the mass.

We see in the stage wardrobes orange-tawny suits, laid with silver lace, ash-coloured satin, and gold, peach colour and silver cloth of gold hose, scarlet cloaks and silver buttons, mouse-coloured velvet, purple cloaks, watchet (blue), and black, and yellow taffety, and white satin doublet. Sometimes 30*l.* was spent on dresses; but for all that, Psyche wears a damask gown, and Tamerlane crimson velvet breeches.

There are friars' hoods, green Robin Hood suits, and Danish robes; masks for animals, globes, and sceptres; thunder and lightning are counterfeited; and there are canvas trees, and cloths (tapestry) of the sun and moon, woods and clouds, castles and chariots.

Let us see how they dress Amazons: why they appear in gilt armour and silver morions, in kirtles of crimson

cloth of gold, fringed with silver, their buskins of orange velvet; and they carry shields and javelins; while their hair is decked with bows of crimson taffeta, — they are, in fact, Renaissance Amazons.

A spirit enters clad in light silks of various colours, wings, bright yellow hair, and a chaplet of flowers, blue silk stockings, pumps, gloves, and a silver fan.

The wardrobes of manager Henslowe contain lists of castles, cities, villages, houses, battlements, mounts, senate-houses, and prisons; but these were chiefly tapestries.

A little later comes more ambitious scenery: there are cloudy back-grounds, night-pieces, and landscapes of wood. Inigo Jones's machinery is highly elaborate: globes open, and dancers step out. He exhibits clouds descending with a throne, — figures breaking from mists of perfumes, the chariot of Venus,—Hell flaming,—the House of Fame, —cars drawn by lions,—wildernesses, and the moon rising. The scenes change from a laboratory to bowers: there are streets in perspective, and once a fleet appears.

Jonson's "Chloridia" will show how near the Mask at a later time approached the modern play in the variety and excellence of its scenery.

The scene was discovered consisting of pleasant hills, planted with young trees, all the lower banks adorned with flowers; and, from some hollow parts of those hills, come

gliding down fountains, which, in the far-off landscape, seemed all to be converted to a river; over all, a serene sky with transparent clouds, giving great lustre to the whole work, and, in a part of the air, a bright cloud began to break, and in it was seen sitting a plump boy in a changeable garment, richly adorned, representing the mild Zephyrus: on the other side of the scene, in a purplish cloud, appeared the Spring, a beauteous maiden, her upper garment green, and a white robe under it, flowers and a garland on her head. Zephyrus then passes away in the air, and Spring descends to earth; then the ground opened, and a dwarf appeared riding past from Hell, mounted on a monster with cloven feet.

In another scene a rainbow appears; in a third, the clouds open and show Juno and Iris seated, and soon after a hill is seen crowned by a globe, and Fame flies from thence to Heaven.

The ornament that went about the scene was composed of foliage, heightened with gold, and interwoven with flowers, in which was written "*Chloridia.*"

In other books we find actors playing at cards, when they should have been learning their parts, abusing the poets, and sweeping the stage to give the broken apples, flung at them, to the bears.

The private theatres had many peculiarities that distinguished them from the public ones. They were smaller, and were roofed in; the company was wealthier and more select; the performances were by candle and torch-light; the visitors had a right to sit on the stage; the boxes were kept locked, and let for the season. At the private theatre the acting was less noisy, and there being no 'prentices, nō sword and buckler play, in which they delighted. The yard, or pit, was seated, while at the public theatre the groundlings stood the whole time.

The prices of admission varied: the stools on the stage were first 6*d.*, then 1*s.*; but this admitted your page as well as yourself. Stage visitors entered at the back entrance, through the tiring house. The boxes were 1*s.* At the large public theatres there were galleries, or two-penny, or even penny, rooms. At some houses 6*d.* was the price to the pit, the best places being 2*s.* 6*d.*, with all gradations between the two.

Of actors' weekly profits we have not much to say. From P. Henslowe's account of his profits at the Rose, his share would appear to have varied from 17*s.*, 29*s.*, to 16*s.*, 13*s.*, 12*s.*, up as high as 6*l.*, and down to nothing. The dramatic writer frequently obtained 20 nobles, or 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, for a play.

Shakspere is said to have got 5*l.* for Hamlet; plays

were sold at the door for 6*d.*, and the patron to whom it was dedicated, presented the author with 40*s.* The poet had his benefit on the second or third day, and derived also a profit from the booksellers' sale. On the first day of exhibiting a new play the prices were raised, as well as on the author's benefit night. The author and his page were admitted free, and the poet was graced with a chair on the stage.

The clear profits of a performance were divided into shares, of which so much went to the proprietors, so much to the actors, and so much for new plays and dresses. Many performers had only half a share: 20*l.* a day was a large receipt at the Blackfriars, or Globe Theatre. For a play at the Court the company received 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, besides a reward of 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

The boys who played female parts were paid more than the rest, and often 3 crowns a week. Dramatic writers were retained by a payment of earnest money. Actors were fined for missing rehearsals, for not being dressed at the time of performance, and for being drunk at the hour of the curtain drawing up. Actors took apprentices.

The Rose was standing in 1587; the Hope before 1610; the Swan before 1598; and even earlier there was a theatre at Newington Butts. Before 1579 plays were performed at the Red Bull, originally, it is probable, an

inn. The rapid progress of the drama may be gathered from the fact that between 1590 and 1630 seventeen play-houses were built in London, including five inns that were turned into theatres, and St. Paul's singing-school, where the chorister-boys performed. During Elizabeth's reign we have records of fourteen companies of players, not including the children of Paul's, and strolling, or occasional foreign, troops. There were the Queen's, the Earl of Leicester's servants, Sir Robert Law's, Lord Clinton's, the Earl of Warwick's, the Lord Chamberlain's, the Earl of Sussex's, Lord Howard's, the Earl of Essex's, Earl of Derby's, Lord Admiral's, the Earl of Hertford's, the Earl of Pembroke's, and the Earl of Worcester's.*

The Bull, in Bishopsgate Street; the Cross Keys, in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street; and the Bell Savage, on Ludgate Hill, are known to have been inns that were used as theatres.

The Globe, built about 1596, was an hexagonal building, open in the middle, and thatched over the boxes; on the roof were little wooden turrets, from which, as in all public theatres, a flag-staff arose: the house derived its name from a figure of Hercules supporting the globe, upon which was written, "Totus mundus agit histri-

* Collier's History of English Dramatic Poetry.

onem:" the theatre was burnt down in 1613, and was re-built: the audience at the Globe, which was near the bear garden, was less select than at Blackfriars.

The earliest theatre was a house in Shoreditch; it was existing before 1576: at a time when plays were being acted in the Bell Savage and the court yard of other inns, but it was abandoned before 1598: the Curtain was built about 1576, and about the beginning of Charles I.'s reign it sank into a mere arena for prize-fighters; the Blackfriars Theatre was built by the Earl of Leicester's players in 1576, and was never used after the Restoration; the Whitefriars Theatre was built about 1580, and was pulled down in 1612; the Fortune, in Golden Lane, St. Giles's, was built 1599, and was burnt down 1621; the second theatre was pulled down 1661.

How Precisians of the Malvolio class of mind must have frothed at the mouth when they saw the Thames covered with boatfuls of laughing youth, bound to see Burbage play Richard III.; Kemp, Dogberry, or Lewin, Falstaff; or beheld crowds of coaches jostling up the narrow streets, past their feather shops in Blackfriars. "Painted sepulchres," they called the actors, speaking through the nose like their descendants the Americans: "Double-dealing ambidexters; caterpillars of a Commonwealth; intolerable and sacrilegious men." As for the theatres, on which the

red silk flag just hoisted announces the play begun; the sound of the music echoing faintly in the dim recesses of their shops: "They are Venus' palaces; Satan's synagogues filled by beggars, rogues, and vagabonds, who draw honest men away from sermons, and encourage idleness and foolish pleasure, against whom Tertullian and Lactantius speak severely." A more moderate Precisian, a capper perhaps, or a demure boddice maker, from an adjoining street, is less severe than his companions. He says: "It is true that the mere supernumeraries, the players' hirelings, with a reversion of 6*s.* a week, did jet about in robes of silk, and looked askance at men over their shoulders; yet there were some players, discreet and learned, honest householders and citizens, and well thought of among their neighbours at home:" two plays the capper also praised, but these were supposed to be his own.

The private theatres, which were roofed in, had later hours of performance; and, at all events, when a tragedy was acting, shut the windows and performed by candle light.* The quarrels of Decker the Satirist and Ben Jonson led to a duel, in which each combatant discharged a play at the other. Ben Jonson wrote the "Poetaster;" and Decker "The Humorous Poet Untrussed." The whole quarrel

* Stubbe's Anatomie of Abuses; Gosson's School of Abuses; Decker's Seven Deadly Sins.

proves to us in a how narrow and sociable a circle the writers of that day moved. Men were always meeting at the theatre in the morning; at an ordinary at noon; at the bear garden in the afternoon; and at the mask or tavern in the evening: every new arrival was noted down, and the poet was known as well to the merest Ague-cheeks as Dryden was to the drawers at the Rose, or Tiger Roach to the promenaders in the Ring. The growth of London, the increase of population, and the breaking up of tavern life, has destroyed this.

How Decker's hearers must have appreciated every allusion to the arrogant Ben * the Poet; with the fierce mouth and small beard; his face marked with small pox; his hollow cheeks; his speaking through his nose; his sour face when he read his own songs; his stamping on the stage as if he was treading mortar. The audience all knew Master Jonson had once killed a man in a duel, and had left brick-making to make rails; they knew he took months writing a play, and that he despised the opinion of his audience, and they laughed accordingly.

No one cares now to see an author sitting on the stage, or observes him if he is sitting in a side box that he frowns at blundering actors, or makes faces if they omit a line;

* Decker's Satiro Mastix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet, 1602.

and yet authors still retain some of these habits, and never sleep during the first night of a new play; but he is not seen to exchange courtesies with the noblemen present, or appear anxious to be recognized. In this age the author was never desirous to be thought a mere gentleman and not a writer: the poet read epigrams aloud at the table d'hôte, and quoted play scraps at every turn.

The player never was in want of invitations: the Inn of Court men were his great patrons, and invited him to supper in their rooms: the gallant who came by water to the Stairs of Southwark, if he was economical, hired sculls; if noble, a pair of oars: if he wished to be talked of by the watermen, he paid three times his fare, and never went twice with the same pair, in order that the men should run and scramble for him at his approach. Many quiet souls always took the same boat.

In Shakspere's time there were seven principal theatres in London, three private and four public: the public were the Globe, on the Bankside, Southwark; the Curtain, in Shoreditch; the Red Bull, St. John's Street; and the Fortune, in Whitecross Street: the private theatres were Blackfriars (near Apothecaries' Hall); the Cockpit in Drury Lane; and one at Whitefriars, on the Bankside; there were also three other small public theatres: the Swan, the Rose, and the Hope; the Hope was also a bear

garden, and the two others fell into decay in the early part of King James's reign: the Globe and the Blackfriars belonged to the same company of players, and at these two theatres alone Shakspere's plays were acted: the company being in 1603 called His Majesty's Servants, wore in public scarlet cloaks with velvet capes.

In 1634, Bailey, an old sea captain, a projector, established four hackney coaches, that stood with their drivers in livery* at the Maypole in the Strand; and a few months afterwards Indian sedan chairs were introduced.

Plays were acted every day in the winter season. In Lent there was no performance on sermon days (Wednesdays and Fridays), and only on the other days on paying a fee to the Master of the Revels. In the summer, and especially during long vacations, the performances were sometimes intermittent.

The old playbills contained only the names of the play, and not those of the actors, and only of the performance of the day; they were pasted on the posts, and probably even divided public attention with the servants' advertisements in Paul's.

The long titles of old books were added as baits by the printers and not by the authors. Nash complains of it in his "Supplication to the Devil." The titles of three of Shakspere's plays may show the style of the old playbill.

* Taylor's (Water Poet) Works (1630), p. 183.

"Mr. William Shakspere, his true chronicle historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three daughters; with the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earl of Gloucester; and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas Holidays. By his Majesty's Servants, playing usually at the Globe at the Bankside, 1608."

"The most excellent historie of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe, towards the sayd merchant, in cutting a just pound of his fleshe, and obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three caskets, as it hath been diverse times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine, his servants, written by William Shakspere, 1600."

"A most pleasant and excellent conceited comedie of Syr John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor, entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Sir Hugh, the Welsh Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise cousin, Mr. Slender, with the swaggering vaine of ancient Pistole and Corporal Nym, by William Shakspere, as it hath been diverse times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlaine's servants both before her Majestie and elsewhere, 1662."

As some excuse for Shakspere's grossness, we must always remember, not merely that no woman appeared upon the

stage, but that the parts of Imogen, Juliet, Desdemona, and Miranda, were all spoken by boys. In 1592, Nash boasts that the players of his time admitted no courtezans to play women's parts, as they did beyond sea. Coryatt speaks with astonishment of the excellence of the female actors at a Venetian Theatre in 1668, and mentions as hearsay a female perf[illegible]ance in London in 1629. Prynne, in his onslaught against the stage, remarks, "the impudent, shameful, and unwo[illegible]anish and graceless" French actresses playing at Michaelmas Term at Blackfriars. Even after the Restoration, however, Kynaston acted female parts; but it was not till 1662 that Mrs. Saunderson, the first known English actress, opened the new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by playing the character of Ianthe, in the Siege of Rhodes.

At a new play, the fashionable gallant, paying the actor, who stood with his box at the door, walked into the 12*d.* room, which was the nobleman's or stage box, in order that he might seem to be "hail fellow well met" with the lords who resorted there. When the lords' rooms grew common to gentlemen ushers and waiting women, and the covetousness of sharers (playhouse proprietors) crowded them so as to prevent any fop showing his satin cloak or gay feather to perfection, the gallant resorted to the stage to display his goodly white hand, his velvet

hose, and his scented beard; scornfully asking some acquaintance whose play it was, or railing at the unknown author. By this publicity, knightly gallants obtained mistresses, and Fleet Street gentlemen a wife; here the fop would talk to the stage boys, learn anecdotes of the actors, know what part they would take, and what dress they would wear; the boys or the fop's own page running for a light for his pipe. If their gestures were too fantastic, or their oaths or conversation were too loud, the rabble would hiss, and sometimes even pelt them.

The real beau never entered the theatre till the trumpets were blowing for the prologue, for when the house was only half full, the richness of his dress could not be sufficiently applauded; then, as if he was one of the proprietors, or had dropped from the hangings, he crept from behind the arras, a three-legged stool in one hand and the tester to pay the boy in the other. The real *blasé* man of fashion never appeared amused; the more miserable and unmoved, the more fashionable. His cue was, in the midst of the saddest scenes of Lear or Othello, to turn away, as if he had seen the thing before at Court. The aim of such fools was to talk and laugh so loud that the eyes of the whole house should be drawn upon them — that the poets might be provoked into writing an epigram that would make them talked of, or that the players might recognise and point them out in the street.

The fashionable's great desire was not to seem to resort to the Globe or the Rose, as if hungry for such vulgar pleasures, but only as an idle gentleman, to waste a foolish hour or so when he could do nought else. Sometimes the gallant went to hiss and condemn an enemy's play; sometimes to appear literary, and induce a poet to dedicate some sonnet to him, to procure his favour and forbearance.

If the dramatist was one who had epigrammatised our friend, or brought his red beard or thin legs on the stage, his whole action from the first entrance would be scornful and contemptuous. At entrance he would draw out his three sorts of tobacco and his light; or pulling a pack of cards from his hose, fall to Primero, tearing up a court card or two in a rage, to the astonishment of the pit, just as the prologue entered.

If the actor was sitting on the stage, the critic would then bring out his tables (pocket-book) and write sneering notes of pointless passages; or, in the midst of the play, with a screwed and discontented face, would take up his stool to be gone, drawing away a whole troop of friends, who were lying round him. If he could not get out, or his companions were unwilling to join him, the malcontent would pick up a rush and tickle the ears of those who sat before him, till they laughed louder than the tragedian could sigh and groan. He would find fault with the

music, declare the jests were stale, whistle at the songs, and curse the manager, because one of the actors wore a hat and feather just like that for which he (the fop) had but that morning given 40*s.**

The critical gallant carried a note-book to collect the best jokes, to use again at the ordinary or at the court suppers. If he were needy, under this pretext of note-taking, he would perhaps turn *brachygrapher* (reporter), and take down the play in shorthand for the use of the pirate publishers — that race detested by the actors of the day, whom Webster denounces, and from whom Shakspere materially suffered. Most gallants who affected to be literary kept commonplace books for their extracts from plays.

Of the groundlings' behaviour we know less. The 'prentices, the terror of the actors, whom they would, at small provocations, hiss and pelt, smoked, fought for bitten apples, cracked nuts, and drank bottled ale. The lower class of women sometimes smoked. There was flocking and running to get in, and noise and tumult to get out. At Shroye Tuesday and such Saturnalian seasons, there were turbulent cries for particular plays, much as there are now at the minor theatres on Boxing Night. Stubbes, the

* Marston's Scourge of Villainy; Gosson's School of Abuse, 1587.

Puritan, speaks with horror of the laughing and shouting. "Such hissing and buzzing," says he. "Such chipping and cutting, such winks and glancing of wanton eyes, such heaving and shoving," adds another writer of the same sour, unloving sect; "such pulling and shouldering to sit by the women, such care of their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes on their laps that no chips litter on them, such pillowing of their back that they take no hurt, such masking of their ears that no cold come, such giving them pipes to pass the time, such playing the fool with cards, such tickling and toying, such smiling and winking, and such manning them home when the play is ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behaviour."

Shakspere's stage was strewn with green rushes, just as private rooms were in the richest houses, for carpets were as yet seldom used. Sometimes it was matted over, as it was for the play of Henry VIII. the night the Globe was burnt down. The curtains of silk or worsted did not draw up as they do now, or let down as in the Roman theatres, but opened in the middle, and sliding with rings attached to an iron rod, drew back like window or bed curtains of the present day.* The boys of the theatre lent out stools at 6*d.* each to those gallants who wished to dazzle the

* Malone's Shakspere, vol. iii. p. 79.

groundlings who stood in the yard or pit. Some lay on the rushes, and played at cards or smoked; others drank wine or beer. The 'prentices, in the cheap 2*d.* gallery, cracked nuts and nibbled apples just as they do now.*

The prologue was generally spoken by an actor who wore a long black velvet cloak, perhaps, originally intended to indicate that a tragedy was to follow, and then worn indiscriminately to usher in either comedy or tragedy; a trumpet-blown three times preceded his appearance, and a trumpet served also as a signal for the music, that was not placed, as now, in a row before the footlights, but in stations over the stage-boxes.

In the rear of the stage there was a raised platform, or balcony†, and this had also curtains which could be drawn so as to conceal the actors who were in it; here Christopher Sly would sit to see the "Taming of the Shrew," Julia receive her adventurous lover, and Henry VIII. to watch the insults heaped upon Cranmer.

There was never but one play performed in the day, and that was acted in about two hours. This, perhaps, is the chief cause of the greatness of the Elizabethan drama. Sometimes Tarleton, or Kemp, the best low comedians of the day, came in between the acts, dressed

* P. C. Collier's Dramatic Poetry, vol. iii. p. 346. † Ibid. p. 74.

in russet or motley, and danced a jig to the sound of the pipe and tabor, singing, as they danced, either such a song as Sir Topas in the Twelfth Night, or a squib extemporising on the events of the day; those who, after this, were still hungry for amusement, could visit the bear-garden or the cockpit. At the end of the performance the actors fell upon their knees and prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons, or the Queen, a custom retained in the "God save the Queen" that forms the last line of our playbills.

The play commenced at one or two. Plays were exhibited on Sunday, in spite of all the just denunciations of Puritans. Elizabeth herself visited a theatrical exhibition at Oxford on Sunday, and James I. allowed plays to be acted at Court on the same holy day. Sunday was a favourite night for masks. An indignant Precisian had once the hardihood to indict the Bishop of Lincoln for allowing a comedy to be acted in his house on a Sunday, the night after consecrating a chapel.

Elizabeth, it must be remembered, never visited a public theatre, nor did many ladies, the female part of the audience being either courtesans or citizens' wives. This is at once an excuse for the frankness and coarseness of the language of the old dramatic writers: they wrote

for men, and talked openly in public what they talked, and what we (gentle and simple) still talk, in private.

The gallants poured into Blackfriars about noon, fresh from the ordinaries, generally on horseback, followed by their pages, who were sometimes also mounted. After the Armada, when coaches began to grow common, the richer people rolled thither in their vehicles. The congregation of coaches about 1683 grew so troublesome that there was an edict that they should not return to the playhouse to take up their owners, but disperse abroad, and wait in Paul's Church Yard, Carter Lane, and the Conduit, in Fleet Street. A great number of people came by water, the Globe, the Rose, and the Swan theatres being all in Southwark. When the distance grew inconvenient, and the players began to move more into the city, the company of watermen petitioned against such removal, declaring that 40,000 men lived by oar and scull between the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, and this number was increased by the number of pressed men who had returned from the Spanish war. Every day 3000 or 4000 people, says Taylor, the Water-poet, visited the Bankside, besides the lawyers to open Westminster, and the courtiers going to, or retiring from, the Court at Greenwich, Whitehall, or Westminster. To these gay and motley crowds that covered the river at noonday, we

must add the visitors and serving-men of the great mansions that lined the green banks of the Strand. The players replied that the watermen's suit was unreasonable, and that they might as well ask to have the Exchange, Paul's, or Moorfields removed to the Bankside. No government interference could long stop the irresistible progress of events, for necessity, and not caprice, had compelled the removal: the quarrel was left to settle itself. Cheap steamboats, in our own day, have crushed the last-surviving waterman beneath their paddles.

When the watermen in the crowd saw Queen Elizabeth riding from Somerset House to St. Paul's Cross, to hear a sermon on the defeat of the Armada, in a Flemish coach, presented to her by the Earl of Arundel, they little knew what a revolution was commencing. They soon loaded the new inventions with contumely and ridicule, and old men deplored the effeminacy of gallants who no longer walked but rode. "I wonder in my heart," says an anonymous writer, "why our nobility cannot in fair weather walk the streets as they were wont, as I have seen the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, Sussex, Cumberland, Essex, &c., besides those inimitable presidents of courage and valour, Sir Francis Drake, Sir P. Sidney, Sir Martin Frobisher, &c., with a number of others, when a coach was almost as rare as an elephant." A Dutchman introduced coaches in 1564,

and they were universally abused: one writer says, the first coach was made of a crab-shell by the devil in China, and came over here in a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

About the same time long tilt waggons were started from Canterbury, Norwich, Ipswich, and other places, to bring passengers and luggage to London.

Strolling comedians would announce themselves at some country gentleman's house, as desiring his Worship's favour to allow them to enact, in the Town Hall; the best-spoken of the band, clad in faded satin, ushered in by a serving-man, would then step forward and speak for his party:—

> "We are, sir, comedians, tragedians,
> Tragi-comedians, comi-tragedians, pastorists,
> Humorists, clownists, satirists: we have them, sir,
> From the hug to the smile, from the smile to the laugh,
> From the laugh to the handkerchief." *

Hamlet gives us a still better impression of them; alludes to the act of 1600 that, forbidding dramatic performances at all but two theatres, drove the actors into the country; and rails at the troop of choristers' children who filled the public stage. We have no doubt at many a house the young gallant greeted with equal courtesy the humorous man, the lover, the clown, the knight, and the

* The Mayor of Queenborough (Middleton), Act v. Sc. 1.

boy in high-heeled shoes who played the lady. We may be sure that many a strolling manager would declare his opinion that his troop were the best in the world either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, pastoral-historical, scene individable, or poem unlimited.*

Companies of players performed at marriages and christenings, and not uncommonly, when they heard of such feasts, went to tender their services. Itinerant actors were common, even in the reign of Henry VI. By the 14 Elizabeth c. 5., all players not licensed by a nobleman were to be taken up as vagabonds. The London troops occasionally travelled, but it was not very profitable, and the actors generally went on half wages. These Arabs of the stage were miserably poor and acted at fairs and wakes, seldom getting 20*s.* from any audience. Ben Jonson is said to have played Hieronymo with such a troop, and, clad in a leather doublet, to have driven the waggon of stage properties.

It is a staggering reflection that neither Bacon's works, nor those of Sir Thomas Browne, or Hall, or Donne, contain one word about Shakspere. A few obscure and doubtful invectives of rivals, a few quoted words, a sneer

* Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 2.

of Jonson's that even Gifford cannot soften down, are all that we can gather from contemporary literature. What did Bacon and Burleigh, statesmen and scholars, think of a poet who turned Homer into a play and made Hector speak of Aristotle? Was their feeling indifference or contempt? The scholars' world and the players' world were different spheres, and, perhaps, to Bacon the plays the greasy mob roared at and applauded, seemed mere occasional verse that would be forgotten when the curtain fell. It never, perhaps, struck them that Homer went to no university but founded laws and obeyed those only. When education was so painful, select, and so peculiarly the property of a class, it seemed impossible that after all this education, the study of nature and man was free schooling, open to the poorest — a school where no qualifications were required but self-denial, humility, and perseverance.

To show the full virtues of the golden age of Elizabeth let us take a year, say 1604 — when Shakspere was forty years of age and in the climax of his intellectual power, having been at least twelve years in London, for his "Venus and Adonis" appeared in 1593. In 1561 the Earl of Dorset had written his play of "Ferrex and Porrex," the first English tragedy; and, the year before, one Thomas Richards had composed "Misogonus," the first known

English comedy. In 1547 the Earl of Surrey, who introduced the sonnet and blank verse into English poetry, had fallen a victim to the cruel anger of the fierce father of Elizabeth.

The old Earl of Dorset is still alive, covered with honours as Lord High Treasurer of England; he has written his "Mirror for Magistrates," or, at least, partly, and left it for meaner hands to finish. Sidney has been dead more than twenty years; but his "Arcadia" and Sonnets are not to be forgotten. Raleigh is writing random love verses, drawing his similes from gems and Indian pearl divers — showing where his heart lies. It is only five years since poor troubled Spencer closed his weary eyes in a poor lodging at Westminster. Daniel, late Laureate, is superseded by Ben Jonson, master of the Queen's Revels for King James, who has been just a year upon the throne. Drayton is writing his wonderful poetical gazetteer the "Polyolbion," and is squire to Sir Walter Aston, a Knight of the Bath — good promotion for a butcher's son think his brother pages. Fairfax is meditating in Knaresborough Forest, translating Tasso in his strong nervous verse. Witty Sir Henry Wootton is about to start as ambassador for Venice, to *lie* abroad for the good of his country. Fletcher was beginning to write. Chapman is writing

his "Homer:" Dekker satirising Ben Jonson; Webster aiding him in his plays. Middleton had not, perhaps, begun to write. Marston is quarrelling with his old friend Jonson, with whom he was imprisoned. Massinger has just left college, and is writing for the stage. Ford is helping Webster and Dekker. Rowley is but scarcely yet known, not being much more than twenty. Heywood is throwing off some of his 220 plays: and Shirley is still a boy.

And then for prose in this miraculous age. Poor Sidney wrote his "Arcadia" sixteen years ago. Hooker is dead four years agone. Bacon has published his essay and is meditating his "Novum Organon." Raleigh is writing his "History of the World" in his quiet study in the Tower. Stowe has written his "Chronicle," and is dying, old and starving. Hollinshed is dead fourteen years past. Hackluyt has published his travels. Purchas is compiling his "Pilgrims," and improving his "Book of Antiquities." Spelman, High Sheriff of Norfolk, is collecting his "Etymologies." Hobbes is studying at Oxford; and so is Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Burton is compiling his "Anatomy:" Overbury observing character, thoughtless of his fate. Chillingsworth and Selden are still children. Donne is a poor curate, soon to become a popular preacher; and, as disappointed men do, writes

crabbed satires. Witty Corbet, the gardener's son, will soon wear the mitre of Oxford. Thomas Fletcher is now twenty and is busy at Cambridge, and perhaps already planning his "Purple Island." Brown of the "Pastorals" is a boy at school: and Wither is playing at marbles, not dreaming of the wars that will empty his pockets and break his heart. George Herbert is getting on in his "Virgil:" and Harington is just born.

Our great Shakspere, amongst the dramatists, has already written thirty plays, has bought land in Stratford, and will retire there in a few years; his friend Ben Jonson is in prison for imprudent reflections on the Scotch in his play of "Eastward." He has already written "Sejanus" and "Every Man in his Humour," his best works.

We see at any court mask the "Gipsy Earl," Leicester, with his swarthy, handsome face; Lord Chancellor Hatton, or "Lids" as the Queen called him, tall and comely; Venerable Burleigh ("Spirit" to use Elizabeth's favourite nickname), venerable and sage; Walsingham, dark, trusty, and wily, the father-in-law of Sir Philip Sidney; Sidney, chivalrous and young; the Earl of Oxford, proud and petulant. Harrington, who translated Ariosto and was the Queen's godson, gay, witty, and sarcastic; sour-faced Raleigh, who married Sidney's widow; Essex, fiery and discontented; Bacon, his strug-

gling client; Sussex, blunt and generous; the misguided Norfolk; Howard of Effingham, the great admiral who destroyed the Armada; Drake, with his peaked beard and bold eye; and handsome Cavendish.

Shakspere, though he ruled over all worlds of thought and held many planets in subjection, was a liver in the Elizabethan age; his characters are Elizabethan characters, and their manners Elizabethan manners. Trinculo and Stephano were men to be met any day in Paul's, their clothes long since dry from the surges of the Bermoothes and their skins quite healed from the lashes of the boatswain; quibbling Speed and Lance and his dog might have lived at Charlecote; Robin, Simple, and Rugby have been seen running up Bucklersbury; Malvolio gaping at the prisoners looking out of the grating at Ludgate; and Lancelot, tricksome, at Bartholomew's Fair intent on tawdry ribbons as a present for the sprightly Maria, Sir Toby Belch's widow, who is expectantly waiting at a roast-pig stall.

Sir Toby Belch in his disreputable boots, "good enough for drinking in," and Sir John Falstaff, wittiest of sinners, might, we dare venture to say, have been found quaffing burnt sack cosily together on the snug bench of some alehouse at Hogsden. Abhorson and Bernardine were common inmates of the Counter, with Shoe-tie the great

traveller, and Half-can who stabbed Pots. Costard and Bottom might have been rustics of Stafford, and Sir Nathaniel and Sir Oliver Martext hedge priests not a mile from Warwick.

In the Tempest we find him talking of the "Dead Indian," and such penny shows as were to be seen any day in Fleet Street or the Strand, and somewhat akin to that motion of the *Prodigious Son* that Autolycus once compassed: the serenades in the Two Gentlemen of Verona and Cymbeline were strains heard at a hundred terrace windows any bright morning of the Elizabethan year: the porter in Macbeth is just such a porter as whipped out Lance's dog, when he misbehaved himself in the Duke's chamber: Madam Silvia wears the Elizabethan fardingale, just as the ladies mentioned by Bassano wear wigs as Shakspere's noble mistress herself did: the Shrew has ruffs, and cuffs, and scarfs, and fans, and beads, and amber bracelets, like any lady that swam down the terraces of Windsor, swan-like in white satin: Hero's wedding dress, cloth of gold laced with silver, set with pearls, and underlaid with bluish tinsel, would have become Elizabeth herself: Slender brags of his feats at bear-beating, and how he took Saccarson by his chain: Henry VI. is full of allusions drawn from the scenes in the Paris Garden adjoining Shakspere's Theatre: Slender the simpleton is

cunning of fence like Mercutio: and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek uses the phrases of Saviolo and the fencing masters of the day: Pistol mouths scraps of plays just as the play-going bullies used at the Three Cranes in the Vintry or at the Devil in Fleet Street: Dr. Caius is the French physician of the day, just as Sir Armado is the conventional Spaniard, Shylock the conventional Jew, and Evans the conventional Welshman: Mother Pratt of Brentford is a white witch, the mere fortune-teller of the age, just as the Macbeth spirits are beings of the same family elevated into poetry, but still working with the vulgar machinery of such witches as Hopkins gave over to the flames, or James I. denounced: the German rank riders, who take in mine host of the Garter, only carried out a well-known cony-catching trick of the seventeenth century: Autolycus, first a pedlar, then a cutpurse, might have stood in a London pillory with Nym and Bardolph, who were stealers of cloaks at taverns: the Windsor Fairies, like those of the Midsummer's Night, had not yet fled at the first shriek of the railway whistle, and were still visible to the believing. Shakspere is full of London allusions: in the Merry Wives of Windsor he mentions Bucklersbury and Pickthatch; in another play Smithfield; in Henry IV., Moorditch and Finsbury; in Henry VIII., Moorfields; in Henry VI.,

Fish Street, St. Magnus, and London Stone, and Temple Gardens.

His articles of food are of the age: Banbury cheese, and stewed pruins, and burnt sack, and possets, and cakes, and ale, pippins, and cheese, and curds, and creams. The money he talks of is ducats, and groats, testoons, and mill sixpences, spur rials, and Edward shovel boards. His rustic sports are maypole dancing, and nine men's morris, and bowls, loggats, archery, bear-baiting, cudgel-playing, and wrestling, or bringing in the May and December boughs. His musical instruments are soft recorders and hautboys, viol-de-gambos, the theorbo virginals, and drums, and trumpets, and the "ear-piercing fife." He talks of the Star Chamber, and the headsman, the hangman, the torturer, the stocks, and the beadles' whips. His kings rule absolutely, and he is feudal and aristocratic. He talks of the Puritans in Twelfth Night, and Timon of Athens, and of the bygone faith affectionately through the mouths of many monks and priests. All his gallants dance, and sing, and fence, and quibble, and prattle, and pun. The mask in the Tempest is such a court mask as Jonson might have written; and the plays in Hamlet, Midsummer Night's Dream, and Taming the Shrew are performed by such strolling actors as overran every county of England. Jesters, such as Touchstone

and Sir Oliver, were still to be found sunning themselves in country gentlemen's courtyards, chatting with Marias or teasing Malvolios. Romeo's friend and Sir Andrew both talk scraps of fashionable French and quote Spanish. Sir Nathaniel, the Schoolmaster, and Evans the village curate, speak Latin; and Holofernes knows Italian. Sir Andrew's duel, Benedict's challenge, and Mercutio's death, were daily incidents of a period when the duello was a science. King John is a controversial Protestant, and Iago a sceptic of the Reformation age. The Watchmen in Much Ado about Nothing, and Measure for Measure, are the rug-gowned billmen who guarded Aldersgate or Temple Bar. Cleopatra on the Cydnus is Queen Elizabeth passing from Whitehall to Greenwich, attended by the same perfumes, silks, gilded barges, and shouting crowds. His gardens, and terraces, and orchards, and pleached bowers are all Elizabethan.

His salutations, "God dig you good den!" "Bless thee!" "Save you!" "Now, good Master, give you good morrow, sir!" "Madam and Mistress, a thousand good morrows!" are all phrases that might have been heard at Hampton Court or Theobald's. We have the country justice of the time (Shallow); the small country gentlemen (Ford and Page); the young country gull (Aguecheek); the fool (Touchstone); the town gallant (Mercutio);

the court gallant (Benedict); the waiting-woman (Maria); the steward (Malvolio); the serving-man (Peter); the page (Robin); the housekeeper (Mrs. Quickly); the statesman (Polonius); the fop (Osrick); the tinker (Sly); the pedlar (Autolycus); the weaver (Bottom); the merchant (Antonio); the village pedant (Holofernes); the malcontent (Jacques); the usurer (Shylock); the tavern wit (Falstaff); the disbanded soldier (Parolles); the town doctor (Caius); the hedge priest (Sir Oliver); the landlord (of the Garter); the drawer (Francis); besides 'prentices, cooks, musicians, nurses, thieves, carriers, — all of the age in which he lived. He quotes the ballads of his day: "Jephtha and his Daughter;" "The King and the Beggar;" "The Humour of Forty Fancies;" "Fire, fire, Jack boy, ho boy." His domestic scenery is that of his own house: the rushes are strewed, the jacks and jills cleaned, the carpets laid, and the serving-men in new fustian and white stockings, — their blue coats brushed, and their hair sleek combed: he has ivory coffers with Turkey cushions bossed with pearl, arras of purple, and valance of Venice.

His ceremonies are Elizabethan: muscadel is drunk in the church after the wedding; rosemary handed round at funerals, — gloves and favours at his bridals. He has hints, too, of the New World, in the Tempest, Merry

Wives of Windsor, and Winter's Tale; and of Ireland, in Richard II. and Henry VI. In Macbeth he praises James, and Elizabeth in Midsummer Night's Dream, Merry Wives of Windsor, and Henry VIII.: he alludes to Essex's departure for Ireland in Henry V.; and to Papal ambition in King John.

His hunting phrases are those of his own day: Henry VI. and Master Ford both go "a-birding;" the Lord, in Taming the Shrew, is as fond of venison as Falstaff; and Clowder, Silver, and Belman, rank as immortalised dogs, besides King Lear's Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart. In Winter's Tale the frequent use of the word *bairn* for child, indicates the reign of a King of Scotland, which may be also seen in the word *bawbie*, frequently found in contemporaneous plays.

With all Shakspere's vastness of mind, there are parallelisms to be observed. In King Lear, in As You Like It, and in the Tempest, he sketches the crimes of false brothers: in Othello, Winter's Tale, and the Merry Wives of Windsor, and Cymbeline, phases of jealousy in the yeoman, the soldier, the noble, and the king. Sir John Belch is a foreshadowing of Falstaff; Sir Toby Belch a slight indication of Sir Andrew Ague-cheek; Juliet and Imogen both take sleeping draughts: his children have something akin; and his pages are all pert, saucy, and lively.

Shakspere came to London the year of the Armada, an excellent epoch for an intellectual birth. We know nothing of him before this, but that he was the son of a reduced gentleman, living at Stratford-on-Avon. At nineteen he had married a girl of a neighbouring village, and seven years older than himself; their first child was born several months too soon, so the marriage was not premature; his second blessing was twins (the Comedy of Errors), one of whom, Hamnet, or Hamlet, died young; the other, Judith, was married to a Warwick physician the very year of her father's death. Why he left Stratford farming and wool-combing at twenty-five years of age and came to London, no one knows: those who like, and have faith, may believe the deer-stealing legend, and make the most of it. Most probably this story is a true adventure of his early youth, revived, in later years, as the reason for the great exodus which seems so unaccountable.

How he spent his youth we shall never, perhaps, know. Some think he was a scrivener's clerk, because, in Hamlet, he talks of "quietus;" but in other plays he uses legal terms, and speaks disrespectfully of wax and parchment, though he sketches no roguish lawyer or villanous doctor; others that he was a schoolmaster, with equal reason and with arguments equally obstinately maintained.

It is probable he was studying and writing, perhaps even for the stage, as his fellow townsman, Green, was already an actor, as well as his brother Edmund, who died before him. At all events, in three years, by hook or crook, he published his "Venus and Adonis," and became part proprietor of the Globe Theatre, the best in London. Henceforward his success depended on himself, for he had got his hustings up, and had obtained silence for a hearing: the rest of his life is comprised in a few dates.

He lived thirty-four years in London, at Blackfriars and elsewhere. In 1611 he bought houses in Stratford, and returned there to end his days. In five years of peace, still writing, he produced Macbeth, the Tempest, and other plays, and died in April 1616, the same year as Cervantes; in April, "the only pretty ring time," the sweet month he so often praised, the very month in which he had been born, he died, at the age of fifty-two; it is supposed suddenly of apoplexy. His wife, Anne Hathaway, in whose name he so often penned, survived him six years.

Of his real life we know little; he is said to have written two plays a year; to have had wit combats with Ben Jonson at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street; and we are told he wrote too hastily, and without correcting. Queen Elizabeth suggested the plot of one of his plays, and King

James wrote him a complimentary letter with his own hand. He was patronised by the Earl of Southampton, and was beloved by his fellow-players.

As an actor, he is said to have played his own minor parts,—the ghosts, kings, and old men; one legend says he began by holding horses at the playhouse door. Jonson speaks of him as a great actor, but he certainly never seems to have rivalled his contemporaries, Burbage the tragedian or the comedians Kempe and Tarleton.

We know that he learnt French, knew a little Latin, read Italian novels in translation, and Plutarch in an English version. A Montaigne too has been found with his signature, but of learning deep and wide-spread his writings show no trace. The Tempest was suggested by a book of travels; and his Roman plays, it is said, by the pedantic and overloaded Ben, a man who had a better appetite than he had digestion.

Nor are Shakspere's individual feelings by any means indistinguishable in the enormous body of wisdom and poetry that render his plays equally delightful to the merest materialist and the wildest enthusiast. We will select instances to show his feelings as regarded his own profession; his regret and proud sorrow at its degradations; and these, we think, will establish our argument almost without comment. We shall see, first, that he

loved to draw his similes from the stage; secondly, that he looked upon it as a type of the world's transitoriness and false appearance; and thirdly, that he regarded his name as tainted, either from his profession or from some other cause.

> "When we are born we cry that we are come
> *To this great stage of fools.*"
>
> *Lear*, Act iv. Sc. 6.

> "Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
> That struts and frets *his hour upon the stage*,
> And then is heard no more."
>
> *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. 5.

> "And like a strutting player, whose conceit
> Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
> To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
> 'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage.
> Such to be pitied, and o'er-wrested seeming,
> He acts thy greatness in."
>
> *Troilus and Cressida*, Act i. Sc. 3.

In the Tempest he speaks of a pageant melting into air, the actors being spirits and the scene a vision. In Midsummer Night's Dream, he speaks still more contemptuously of his own profession, considering it a dream-like representation of the dream which is called *life;* a simulation of human passions, joys, and sorrows; a play being a lifetime concentrated by art into an hour.

Who can forget his admonition to actors in Hamlet, his horror of the clown's extemporising, his disgust at the

bombastic rogue who tore the passion to rags, and, above all, his jealousy of the young actors of the Queen's Chapel? What a rehearsal scene he sketches in Midsummer Night's Dream and in Henry V.; how sorrowfully he regrets the poverty of the stage, and its feeble attempt to represent the reality of life; he beseeches the audience to fancy two monarchies within the *wooden O*, by which he meant to describe the circular theatre in Southwark called *the Globe*.

In Henry VIII., again, he describes the noisy audience in the gallery, and in Henry VI. glances at an ignorant woman's delight at "the harlotry players." The three characters known to be performed by Shakspere are, Knowell, in Every Man in his Humour, a part in Sejanus, and Adam in As You Like It.

How much of the poet manager there is in Puck's prologue in Midsummer Night's Dream; how often must the actor have seen the curtain fall, and thought of the hopes on which each evening dropped the curtain: —

> "If we shadows have offended
> Think but this (and all is mended),
> That you have but slumbered here
> While these visions did appear;
> And this weak and idle theme,
> No more yielding than a dream."

How full is Prospero's speech of a still deeper feeling of

the end of life, and the passage of all things: the great Emperor of the Stage felt that it, like all other scenes, was but a dream: —

> "Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
> As I foretold you, are all Spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air;
> And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,—
> Yea all which it inherits, — shall dissolve,
> And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

How severe he is on the poor actor in Hamlet, and still more so in Troilus and Cressida.

Shakspere's giant mind saw at once the limited capabilities of the stage he trod on. In the Tempest he presents us with scenes as unpresentable as in his Midsummer Night's Dream, and attempts the supernatural, though at that time a gauze veil was all the simple convention by which poets represented the spirits of the air.

How painfully his great imagination felt the limitations of a barren stage. He laughs at the poor buffoons who extemporised jokes to amuse the *plebs*, much to the annoyance of writers whose more refined wit was thus rudely jostled aside merely to draw broad grins from

boisterous 'prentices and coarse servingmen, for in this age every man was a wit and a punster.

> "Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
> Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth,
> For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
> Piecing our imperfections with your thoughts."

And again: —

> "And so our scene must to the battle fly,
> Where (O for pity) we shall much disgrace,
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils
> Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt: yet sit and see,
> Minding true things by what their mockeries be."

He often recurs to this complaint, for the early stage was pitiful in its appliances, and longs for a kingdom as a stage, and monarchs for actors. Then again he lowers his voice, and says: —

> "—— But pardon, gentles all,
> The flat unraised spirit that hath dared,
> On this unworthy *scaffold*, to bring forth
> So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France, or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

He speaks much of players, and knows all their dilemmas and annoyances.

Coriolanus says: —

> "Like a dull actor now,
> I have forgot my part, and am out
> Even to a full disgrace."

He sketches too from remembrance the amateur pageant in Romeo and Juliet: —

> "What shall this speech be spoken, for our excuse,
> Or shall we on without apology?
> *Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity:
> We'll have no cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
> Bearing a cupid's painted bow of lath,
> Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper.
> We'll on without book-prologue spoken faintly
> After the prompter."

And again, how like the sensitive actor he depicts the mortifications that Richard II. sketches: —

> "As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
> After a well graced actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next;
> Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
> Did scowl on Richard."

He remembers his own early days when he mentions: —

> "An imperfect actor on the stage,
> Who with his fear is put beside his part."

Was it himself, as a boy, that he describes in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: —

> "When all our pageants of delight were played,
> Our youth got me to play the woman's part;
> And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown,
> Which served me as a fit, by all men's judgments,
> As if the garment had been made for me;
> Therefore I know she is about my height;

And at that time I made her weep a good,
For I did play a lamentable part,
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight."

In Midsummer Night's Dream he again sketches the amateur actors, as he does the strolling players in Hamlet, and the mere village troop in Bottom and his friends.

Of such as these Hippolyta says: —

"When I have come great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes,
That I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And in conclusion clumsily have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome."

How well, however, does he excuse such actors when the fair Amazon calls the play the "silliest stuff:" —

"The best in this kind are but as shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them."

And again, though the play is

"Extremely stretched, and conned with cruel pains,"

Theseus says, with perfect courtesy: —

"I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it."

Hippolyta replies: —

"I love not to see wretched men o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing."

And Theseus pertinaciously rejoins: —

> "Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;
> And what poor duty cannot do,
> Noble respect takes it in might, not merit."

We need scarcely, but to elaborate our view of Shakspere, describe the reception that Hamlet gives to the itinerant players, each of whom he seems to remember, and to have conversed with.

Carefully, like a great manager, he lays down the laws of good acting. The actor is to speak trippingly, and not to mouth it, like a town-crier; not to saw the air; not to tear the passion to rags for the groundlings who love noise and dumb show; not to be too tame, neither to over do or under do; not to strut or bellow, or add extemporary verses; nor to overstep the modesty of nature. On the other hand, in the whirlwind of passion, he is to preserve a calmness, to suit the action to the word, the word to the action.

How finely does he sum up the actor's vocation when he says,—

> "The purpose of playing, whose end both at the first and now is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

In Henry VIII. he sketches the above-mentioned groundlings somewhat more minutely, and calls them

"Youths that thunder at the playhouses, and fight for bitten apples, that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, or the melancholy of Moorditch, could endure."

A deep tone of remorse and self-accusation is, however, visible in that mysterious part of Shakspere's writing — his Sonnets. The following passages, if they were written by him — and they have his rhyme and rhythm — speak of bitter regrets, and of dislike to a despised profession.

In the 110th sonnet he speaks with passionate regret, as if in answer to some insult or calumny: —

"Alas, 'tis true, *I have gone here and there*,
And made *myself a motley to the view*,
Gored mine own thoughts, made cheap what was most dear,
Made old offences of affections new."

And, again: —

"Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did *not better for my life provide*
Than public means, which public manners breeds:
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed,
Whilst like a willing patient I shall drink
Potions of eysell 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity hath enough to cure me."

We cannot help thinking that a little of Coriolanus's

pride was in Shakspere when he speaks of the "unstable rank-scented many;" and perhaps he disdained to woo their favour — to

> "——— mountebank their loves,
> Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
> Of all the trades of Rome."

Rather than beg, cap in hand, for their sweet voices, was it not perhaps, he thought — "better to beg, better indeed to starve."

Of Shakspere's individuality as a lover we have a few clear hints in the Sonnets: some of these were evidently written to Anne Hathaway, but he does not pun on her name, but only on his own: —

> "Swear to thy kind soul that I was thy *will*."
> "So then being rich in *will* add to thy *will*."
> "One *will* of mine to make thy large *will* more."

Of how *he* loved who painted the loves of Juliet the maiden, Imogen the wife, and Hermione the wronged, we need no proof.

The 154 sonnets published in the maturity of the poet's life require some comment, as they exhibit him to us in domestic life both as the lover and the friend — they remain the *opprobrium criticorum*, and are as unexplainable as Ogham inscriptions. Coleridge, with less than his usual acumen, considers all the sonnets to be addressed to a lady of high rank to whom the wedded poet was

secretly attached. The male friend to whom they seem written he believes an intentional veil. To our apprehension, the sonnets are of very various dates, and addressed to various persons; some are written to a young and noble gallant to induce him to marry; some to miscellaneous acquaintances; one to his wife, and several to a lady he is wooing.

In these cases it is easier to refute proofs than to collect them. We know that they could not have been written to his patron, the young Earl of Pembroke, and we are sure that there is no connection between the stanzas. We are not confident that all come from the hand of Shakspere, though most have the flow and cadence of his verse.

The feminine tenderness of the language can be easily explained by the exaggerated tone of friendship in those days. Shakspere calls his correspondent "lord of my love," and uses many of the same arguments for marriage that are to be found in Venus and Adonis. He speaks of him as young, and his mother as still living. The first fifty sonnets continue the same subject, and are as stanzas of one form, all urging the superiority of Hymen to Cupid — he uses the most fanciful arguments, reminding the youth of the change of days and seasons; and thoughts are found in these poems which are repeated in Measure for Measure,

and in Romeo and Juliet: he calls him "gracious and kind," and reminds him that he is like Jessica, "sad when he hears sweet music;" he says "dear my love," and alludes to his own early self-assurance of fame: —

> "Ah, do thy worst old Time, despite thy wrong,
> My love shall in my verse live ever young."

The 20th contains a clear proof of its being a man whom he addressed, for he says: —

> "A woman's face, by Nature's own hand painted,
> Hast thou the master mistress of my passion."

In the 21st he expressly distinguishes his verses as not addressed to "painted beauties."

The 22nd is of the same character as the preceding, but could not have been addressed to Anne Hathaway, who was older than himself, whereas in this he speaks of the lady to whom he writes as younger than himself. The three next seem simple dedications, and reveal no specific individuality, contain no mystery, are unconnected with those that precede and those that follow them, and stand by themselves. Nos. 27 and 28. are avowals of friendship, but in language too strained and ecstatic for sincerity, at least so we in these colder days should think from the expression "lord of my love;" they would seem to belong to the earlier series we have before noticed.

In the 29th and 30th we fall into fresh difficulties and are tantalised by momentary insights into a heart that seems to have felt the pangs of Othello's, and a brain that had been fevered like Hamlet's. They are maturer poems than any of the rest, and are more finished both in metre, style, and wording. They breathe a certain weariness of life, and have a tone of regret and restlessness. The line —

> "And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,"

seems to imply some family alienation.

The 32nd, again, is a very early poem, and has the character of the Love's Labour Lost metre. It speaks of "rude poor lines," refers to himself as young, and promises his friend better eulogies if life is spared him. In the 55th he paraphrases Horace, and says —

> "Not marble, or the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

An arrogant self-assertion which is never to be found in any but his earliest poems.

The 33rd and 34th are the first of a new series of sonnets, which seem to refer, yet in a conventional and not very heartfelt way, to some sin committed by a friend whom he still determines to love. The writer alludes to his own youth and to the short duration of their attach-

ment. It seems uncertain whether crime or misfortune had been the cause of this eclipse. There seems no reason to suppose, as some do, that it refers to the seduction of his wife by the Earl of Pembroke, a wild and licentious youth.

This supposition is doubtless grounded on the story of Posthumus and Imogen, as it is supposed Shakspere's wife did not follow him to London, though there is no proof that she did not, and there is merely a tradition that the poet visited Stratford once a-year.

The sonnet says: —

"My sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But oh! alas, he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now;
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may stain whom Heaven's sun staineth."

Seduction of one's wife is not a thing about which the most complaisant and forgiving husband could write: —

"No more be grieved at that which thou hast done."

The 35th sonnet follows up the same obscure thoughts, and through their twilight loom faint outlines of the great man's inner life, unless we are to suppose him always the actor, always the dramatist, and writing under the character of Ariadne or one of the mourning lovers of Ovid's Epistles.

The 36th sonnet is still more confusing: here the tables seem turned, and now the poet speaks of himself as the offender and his friend as the injured one. He talks of separation: —

"Let us confess that we two must be twain.
* * * * * *
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable act.
* * * * * *
I may not ever more acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name."

Had the poet's going on the stage alienated some richer patron, or is this all hyperbole and mere acted sorrow?

In the 38th, again, he speaks of some stain on his character. —

"Altho' our undivided loves are one,
So shall *this blot* that doth with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone."

Upon the 39th some found a theory that the sonnets alluding to separation were addressed by Shakspere to his wife left behind (perhaps deserted) at Stratford.

It runs mysteriously thus: —

"*E'en for this let us divided live,*
And our dear love lose name of single one,

That by this separation I may give
That one to thee which thou deserv'st alone:
And absence what a torment thou would prove,
Were it not thy sure leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly do deceive)."

The 42nd appears to lament the seduction not of a wife but of a mistress by a friend, and the writer seems evidently prepared to bear the loss with equanimity: —

"That thou *hast her* it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she *hath thee* is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly."

He prefers the friend to the mistress.

The 49th expresses a continued fear of alienation from a friend, promises to avoid his walks, and prays him if he will desert him to chose the present time when other misfortunes assailed the poet. In the 110th he laments his inconstancies to one —

"Whose worst essays had proved the best of love."

We must remember that one of Shakspere's earliest plays, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, sketches a false friend, and that, in fact, the plot itself turns upon a false friendship.

The 112th contains fresh lamentations for the degraded profession of an actor, and speaks of the brand —

"Which vulgar scandal stampt upon my brow."

Perhaps some false story of early deer-stealing had been already propagated and exaggerated by the ready tongue of slander. The 129th alludes to a reconciliation and to some past crime of the friend to whom the poet writes: —

> "For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
> As I by yours, you've passed a hell of time;
> And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
> To weigh how once I suffered in your crime."

The 123rd, 124th, and 125th contain vows of renewed affection for the "lovely boy" mentioned in the 126th. The 132nd, 133rd, and 134th pursue the same strain, and refer to a friend attached to the same mistress as himself: —

> "It's not enough to torture me alone,
> But slave to slaving my sweetest friend must be.
> * * * * *
> Of him, myself, and thee, am I forsaken."

In the 137th he speaks of his love as fixed unworthily, and talks of his days as "past best," although we have already heard him alluding to his youth — a distinct, incontrovertible proof of the different periods at which these fugitive poems were written.

In the 142nd he speaks again, detractingly, of his perjured mistress: —

" * * Those lips of thine
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,
And sealed false bonds of *love as oft as mine*."

It must be remembered that there is an extant anecdote of Shakspere which implies a life by no means of the most remorseless virtue.

In the 144th he again classes together his false friend and falser love. How could such poems have got into circulation without Shakspere's direct sanction?—that is the difficulty. He says:—

" My better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit, a woman coloured ill,
To win my soul to hell; a female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt the saint to be a devil;
And whether *that my angel be turned fiend*,
Suspect *I may, yet not directly tell*."

In the 147th he seems again impelled to love the false mistress.

In the 150th he speaks of the very refuse of her deeds. The 158th leaves us in deeper darkness than we commenced in, for with these strange words end the sonnets of Shakspere:—

" In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed vow broke, and new faith torn
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty?—I am perjured most."

This seems to refer to an erring wife to whom he confesses a licentious career.

The miscellaneous sonnets are more obvious. The 77th evidently accompanied a present of a pair of "tables" or a memorandum book, which is referred to again in the 122nd. In the 78th Shakspere speaks of his plagiarists, so that he must evidently have been beginning to be known: —

> "And every alien pen hath got my use."

In the 80th, 85th, and 86th he alludes to rival poets, who, he allows, are more learned than himself but not more free of heart. In the latter sonnet he mentions some great author whose works had made him desponding and stricken him dead: he says, speaking perhaps of Spenser: —

> "Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
> Above a mortal pitch."

It is indeed probable that Shakspere was among the numerous authors present at the public funeral of the unhappy bard of Mulla's shore, the would-be Sheriff of Cork, the dearest child of the Muses, and the abomination of the Irish rebels.

Some of the sonnets are evidently the poet's early love verses.

In the 127th, 131st, and 132nd, he alludes to the raven black eyes of, perhaps, Anne Hathaway. The 128th is written on seeing Anne playing on the virginals; he says quaintly:—

"Those dancing chips,
On whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blessed than living lips.
Since saucy Jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss."

In the 130th he alludes to her as not thought beautiful by many.

The most interesting of the sonnets contain distinct regrets at the ignominy of his profession. In the 110th and 111th, we have seen, he laments that Fortune should have driven him to make himself a motley to the view, and deplored a branded name. What real earnestness in these lines in comparison of the transcendental friendship of the earlier poems —

"And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
* * * *
Pity me then, dear friend."

And, again, in the 146th: —

"Buy terms divine, in selling hours of dross."

And in the 112nd: —

"Your love and pity doth the impression fill,
Which *vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow.*"

And again in a former one: —

> "Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure you,
> Even that your pity will suffice to cure me."

And again, more proudly: —

> "Now * * * * I throw all care
> Of others' voices, that my adder's sense,
> To critics and to flatterers, stopped are."

So much for the Sonnets, which are perhaps destined to remain enticing and baffling riddles, at once inviting and repelling curiosity. Of the loyalty of Shakspere his plays furnish many proofs. In Midsummer Night's Dream, there is a compliment to Elizabeth as "the fair Vestal throned in the West," whom Cupid's arrow could not pierce. The Merry Wives of Windsor contains a second indirect eulogy, the play itself being indeed, as tradition says, written in fourteen days, at the request of the queen, who wished to see Falstaff in love. There is also a tradition of her attempting to disturb his composure as a stage king by dropping her glove, and his returning it, without interrupting the play, with a speech in blank verse. In Macbeth there are two eulogies of James, one alluding to his touching for the king's evil, and another to the union of the two crowns. This whole play must have been aimed at the king, and was written three years after his accession. Its plot is drawn from Scotch history,

and deals with veritable witches. The scene is laid in Scotland, and describes the downfall of treason.

If tradition is true, the king complimented the poet in an autograph letter, afterwards in the possession of Davenant. Henry VIII.,—whoever wrote it, for it cannot be all Shakspere's,—is marred by a tedious eulogy, both of James and Elizabeth, which is put in the mouth of Cranmer, and delivered in a kind of prophetic rhapsody. The queen is to be wiser than Sheba, a pattern to all princes, a blessing to her subjects, and a terror to her enemies. James is the Phœnix rising from her ashes, adorned with "peace, plenty, love, truth, and terror."

Shakspere's pure feudal aristocratic principles adored divine right, and looked on a crown as a holy thing. His fancy rings wonderful changes upon it: he calls it the golden round, the glorious crown, the golden circuit, the garland, the hollow crown, the imperial metal; speaks with horror of the mob and rebellion, and pleads distinctly for the absolutism of sovereigns.

> "Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed head:
> The breath of worldly men cannot depose
> The deputy elected by the Lord."

Shakespere's allusions to contemporary events are not numerous, however frequent may be his allusions to

contemporary manners. In his historical plays, however, we have seen that he mentions the departure of Essex to Ireland, and King John's defiance to the pope.

We have no room to comment on many of Shakspere's more direct references to the manners of his age; but we stop for a moment to instance the numerous similes he drew from that bear garden which lay so near his own theatre. He describes the bears crushing the heads of foolish curs like rotten apples, frightening the dogs by the very shaking of their chains, or at bay among a circle of mastiffs. He sketches the dogs biting at those who withheld them, and whining under the bear's paw. Slender's first belief when he hears the dogs bark, is that some bears had entered the town, and he declares he has taken the famous bear Saccarson by the chain twenty times amid the crying and shrieking of the women.

From Hawking too he draws many similes. Othello talks of the jesses that bind Desdemona to him. In Henry VI. the king and queen talk pure hunting language.

> "Believe me, lords, for flying on the brook,
> I saw not better sport than yesterday;
> Yet by your leave the wind was very high,
> And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.
> *King.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
> And what a pitch she flew above the rest."

Warwick, too, boasts that he is a judge of a hawk's flight, and says: —

> "The proudest he that holds up Lancaster
> Dare stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells."

Of Painting he seems fond, but is no great judge of the art. In Hamlet he describes the earnest manner in which a painter views the face he is about to draw. In Timon of Athens he criticises a picture, and calls it a pretty mockery of the life. In Winter's Tale he speaks of that rare Italian master, Julio Romano. In Hamlet he mentions miniature painting. In Winter's Tale, he introduces the painted statue with the very life still warm upon the lip. To conclude, the Merchant of Venice contains a beautiful eulogy of a fair lady's portrait: —

> "But her eyes,
> How could he see to do them, &c."

On Music he is always eloquent. In his sonnets he notices the very technicalities of an art which he must himself have practised. He notes the sadness of some when they hear sweet music, and he believes in the music of the spheres.

In Religion, though defiant of the pope, he draws his priests generally as pious, self-denying, and sincere; his Protestant ministers foolish, knavish, and servile. On the one side are Evans, Martext, and Holofernes; on the other, Friar Patrick, the simulated monk in Measure for Mea-

sure; the holy father in All's Well that Ends Well; and Friar Lawrence in Romeo and Juliet. He leans to Purgatory in Clarence's dream, Claudio's musings, and many scenes in Hamlet.

His patriotic allusions must have been duly appreciated by men just fresh from discussing the pope's last bull, or his violent threatenings of excommunication. When the Armada was in sight of England must have been the time when patriots could call their island, with a strange moisture about their eyes, —

> "The precious stone set in the silver sea.
>
> * * * *
>
> This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-paradise."

or, believe it

> "Neptune's park ribbed and paled in,
> With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters,
> With sands that will not bear your enemy's boats,
> But suck them up to the topmast."

The whole play of Henry V. is full of eulogies of English yeomen, with noble lustre in their eyes, and of the honest national contempt for Frenchmen, or Barbaroi, the Gentiles.

He makes Portia kneel at wayside crosses; the Puritans he derides; the monks' abuses he hardly touches on;

Othello talks of baptism as "the seal and symbol of redeemed love;" and Henry V. of regeneration; Hamlet's ghost mentions extreme unction; and in the Midsummer Night's Dream the poet speaks of nuns as thrice blessed, but less earthly happy than "the rose distilled;" a bold thing to say in a play to be acted before the Queen, and which, indeed, contains one of the most poetical eulogies ever pronounced upon her.

As might be expected, the discovery of the New World made much impression on the poet's mind, for it gave a spur to the imagination of the whole century. The Tempest is founded on an old voyage to the Bermudas: the scene is in the West Indies, and Caliban is an Indian savage. In Love's Labour Lost he sketches the Carib worshipping the sun, and in other places he speaks of islands far away, undreamed shores and regions all of gold.

Shakspere was a lover of flowers: every play is rich with allusions to them. He knows of the spots in the cup of the cowslip, the early daffodil, the sweet March violet, the bold oxlip, and all sorts of lilies.

The scenery of Shakspere, where it is individualised, as in Venus and Adonis, is Warwickshire scenery; his mountains and seas are abstractions, not drawn from observation; he describes the English lark, but not the northern eagle; his forest scenes are recollections of the Stratford Park.

His allusions to his native country are frequent: Sly is a Warwickshire man, and several scenes in Henry VI. are laid at Coventry or Warwick; the neighbouring spots too, as the Cotswold and Daventry, are also mentioned; Windsor he drew from life; and with London he was familiar enough.

The allusions to his father's trade are scarce; though he does in one place speak of the insurrection of the clothiers in Henry VIII.'s reign. We dare not trace his characters minutely into nature, but do we not feel assured that mad Lear is the giant shadow of some Warwickshire idiot; Ophelia's death, a village suicide; and Falstaff, a London landlord and personal acquaintance? Pistol was a bully, to be seen any day at a tavern, and Francis had many types.

The few remaining facts of this poet's family may be put in a small compass: his birth was of that great middle class, that has produced the greatest and the best of England; not so rich as to be mere loungers, not so poor as to be degraded by poverty. The poet's father, whose name was John, was of good but reduced family, and married Mary, the daughter of Robert Arden, a gentleman of fortune of Wylnecote in the same county, whose sire was Governor of the Chamber to Henry VII., and had received a grant of renewal of Arms for services done in a certain Leices-

tershire field called Bosworth: Shakspere's grandfather was himself also an adherent of the Earl of Richmond.

In 1574 John Shakspere purchased some houses in Henley Street, Stratford. In 1578, perhaps from embarrassment, he mortgaged his wife's estate. In 1564, a few months before the poet's birth, the plague broke out, and committed great ravages at Stratford. Of the poet's boyhood we have no tradition, but a rambling one by that old foolish twaddler Aubrey, who says, "Shakspere was the son of a butcher, and he was wont when a boy and killed a calf to do it in a high style, and make a speech: there was at that time another butcher's son in the town, that was held not at all inferior for a natural wit, his acquaintance and neighbour, but he died young."

Of Shakspere's models we have no great knowledge. He imitated Marlow's rhythm and his subjects: he reshaped old dead plays, leaving some thousand lines untouched; he used Bible phrases; and his names are found in plays of the day; while from Spencer he drew several thoughts, and the plot of Lear.

From the 2nd book, 6th canto, of the Fairy Queen, Don John's plot to defame Hero seems drawn. In book 1. canto 10., despair prompting the Red Cross Knight to suicide, reminds us of Macbeth and his air-drawn dagger: "a sea of sorrow" in Spencer, becomes "a sea of troubles"

in Hamlet. From book 1. canto 10., and not from Geoffrey of Monmouth, he took the story of Lear: the names of Imogen and Oberon are from Spencer, and his names of fiends from Reginald Scott. Spencer's Venus and Anchises became his Venus and Adonis. Othello's phrase of "heart-strings" is in Spencer.

The witches "fair and foul" is in the same poet: the conflicting passions of Spencer's miser Malbecco for his wife and his money, seem to have suggested Shylock's frenzy for his ducats and his daughter.

Of Shakspere's plays, — rejecting as false Titus Andronicus, a bad imitation of Marlow, and Pericles as a poor pale Oxford scholar's Masque, — we have still existing eleven tragedies, containing 160,890 lines, each play having on an average 3050 lines: his earliest works, as might be expected, are the most diffuse; and scattered over the whole are about thirty songs, two of which are claimed by other writers.

Queen Elizabeth suggested the Merry Wives of Windsor; and his friend, Ben Jonson, is said to have encouraged him in the composition of his classical plays. His dramas were founded chiefly on chap books, chronicles, and translations from the Italian.

The Tempest is from the voyage of Sir George Somers.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona from Montemayor's Diana, translated from the Spanish.

The Merry Wives of Windsor from Tarleton's News from Purgatory.

Twelfth Night, Hamlet, and Much Ado about Nothing, from Biondello's tales (translated from Italian).

Measure for Measure from Whetstone's comedy of Promos and Cassandra.

Comedy of Errors, from Plautus.

Troilus and Cressida, from Chaucer and Lydgate.

The Roman plays, from North's Plutarch.

All's Well that Ends Well, and hints for Timon and Romeo and Juliet, from Painter's Palace of Pleasure.

As You Like It, from Lodge's novel of Rosalind.

Winter's Tale, from his friend Green's novel of Pandosto.

Othello, from Cinthio's novel of the Moor of Venice.

Lear and Cymbeline, from Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Henry IV., Richard II., Henry VI. and VIII., and Richard III., are old plays remodelled; and so it is supposed are Taming of the Shrew, Merchant of Venice, and Troilus and Cressida.

Was it haste or policy led to such a mind borrowing half when it might have created all?

It would scarcely come within our scope to review in

more than a few lines Shakspere's literary contemporaries.

There is Sackville, with his grand allegories, sad and solemn; Sidney, with his chivalrous and romantic phantasies, now grown tedious and artificial; Spencer, the Platonist and Puritan, overflowing with delicious harmonies and airy singing, yet full of learning as an encyclopædia, redundant and over long, though fragmentary; Daniel, equal and meditative; Drayton, voluminous, but vigorous; Fairfax, harmonious and fervid; Harrington, gay and witty; Davies, the profoundest thinker and closest of poetical reasoners; Donne, vigorous and subtle; Ben Jonson, graceful, tender as he was rugged, and robust; Decker, versatile and powerful; Chapman, passionate, sublime, and energetic; Webster, who has reached the bounds of pathos; Heywood, the most voluminous and nimble-witted of dramatists; Marston, Juvenilian in satire; Middleton, and Peele the musical, Green the natural, Marlow of the swelling line, Middleton, Lodge, and Greene, Kyd, Nash, Lily,—who can epitomise them all?

Then, for prose, Bacon's essays (his Novum Organon was not yet writ); Hackluyt's voyage, and Purchas, for travels. For translations; North's Plutarch, Holland's

Pliny, and Sandy's Ovid; Camden, Knolles, and Hollinshed, for history; Spelman and Stowe for antiquarians.

Strange lives led some of these men: Marlow dying from a bully's stab, Green of a surfeit of herrings and sack, Ben Jonson poor, and Spencer in poverty.

One age produced the finest plays, the most ideal and harmonious poetry, the most laborious and exact translations, the most vigorous paraphrases, the most amusing travels. The drama, scarcely began, reached at once its perfection, and a new system of philosophy overturned the despotism of Aristotle. Of Elizabethan wit, apart from its climax in Shakspere's comedy, we do not care much. For divinity, we have Hooker and Jewel, Parker, and a host of terse divines.

When we consider the age, and look down upon it from the future as from a tower, our wonder is, that half a century could have developed the mind of any one nation to such a degree, and that so many faculties as the poetical, historical, dramatic, and a dozen others, could have been contemporaneously stimulated in such harmony and with such power. Few nations could expect to boast many such epochs; and even the Pope and the Johnson age were not able to equal the fertility of the period of which we treat.

CHAP. XI.

ALCHEMY.

"But many artificers have been too swift,
With hasty credence to *fume* away their thrift."
Norton's Ordinal of Alchemy.

"Empoisoning themselves, and losing of their sights,
With odours and smokes, and waking up by nights."
Ripley's Compound of Alchemy.

Vitality of Elizabethan Superstition. — Alchemy. — The Alchemist of Edward IV.'s Reign. — Alchemists in Monasteries — Itinerant. — Tricks of Impostors. — Oriental Grandeur of Terms. — Arabic Words. — Alchemist Books. — Receipts. — Mysterious Jargon. — — Two Ways of making Gold. — Generation of Metals. — Ben Jonson. — Theory of Alchemy explained. — Refutation by Boerhaave's Experiments. — History of Alchemy. — Egypt and Arabia. — Roger Bacon. — Valentinus. — Pope John. — Paracelsus, the Arch-Alchemist. — Chaucer. — Ashmole. — Kelly. — Lully. — Dr. Dee's Adventures. — Friend of Elizabeth. — Conferences with Spirits. — Kelly his Speculator. —Visits Bohemia. — Dies Poor. — Dee's Enigmas and Receipts. — Rosicrucian Rhapsodies.

It throws a mysterious shadow over the age of Shakspere when we remember that his greatest contemporaries were believers in witchcraft and alchemy.

They believed, that is to say, that it was possible for man to discover a means of turning baser metals into gold,

and they believed that there were people who had sold themselves to the Devil, in order to obtain power to injure their enemies or their rivals. The imagination of the age was lively — its faith strong. God seemed nearer to the earth in those days than now, and the power of evil too. In all sciences there were dark corners, such as are in a room at twilight, which seemed to them doorways leading from the known to the unknown, and joining earth both to hell and heaven. Men were more humble when they felt that lightnings were lurking behind every cloud, and doomed spirits were howling beneath all feet. They felt in the presence of great beings, whom they loved and feared; and the universe was not as yet mapped out, allotted, ransacked, disenchanted, and exhausted, as every public lecturer and sciolist seems now to think it.

Of alchemy, as one of the strangest and least excusable of human delusions, we treat somewhat largely.

The old monkish writers of Edward IV.'s reign are full of allusions to the class of men known as alchemists: they describe them with bleared eyes, lean cheeks, threadbare clothes, and fingers stained and black with corrosives.

They were known at a glance in a crowd as multipliers, and laughed at for multiplying broken glasses, and losing silver in a foolish search for gold. These enthusiasts spoke of Geber and Avicenna, though they had angels' visions,

and were the companions of kings, were derided in the street by any Jack or Jill happy and merry, though the hair was growing through their hood, refusing to make even a bellows for such men without receiving ready money. They were known to dabble in blood, and to use wine, and soot, and salts, and powders, and to boast of the elixir and the quintessence, but never to wax a doit the richer. The mob formed their opinions quickly, and they were right. The alchemist had always discovered the stone, but wanted 20*l.* to bring it to light.

These alchemists promised great things: they would enable the King to win France or bring home the Holy Cross; but were much haunted by sergeants and men who had lent them 10*l.*, and were glad to get a noble. When, at last, they were pulled to Newgate or Ludgate, their pockets were found stuffed, not with coins, but with Paris balls and St. Martin's signets; and when their dupes and creditors assailed them with complaints, they used to declare they had been robbed of their elixir, and that, with help, they could soon make fine gold of tin.*

Some of these impostors crept into convents, under favour of the abbot or spiritual lord, promising, to use their own jargon, "to produce a royal medicine one upon

* Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum, p. 17.; Norton's Ordinal.

twelve." The monks would then bring them cups and spoons, and soon reduce themselves to threadbare cowls, and to the true poverty which the laws of the order inculcate. The old poet represents a gang of these blear-eyed cheats drinking the wine and laughing at their cheats.

> "The monks say they have many a pound.
> Would God, saith one, that some were mine.
> Hey ho! care away, let the cup go round.
> Drink on, saith another, the plan is sound:
> I am a master of that art,
> And warrant us we shall have a part."

There were others, who were itinerant quacks, going in threadbare gowns from town to town. Another writer (1557) laments his broken pots and burnt furnace, and curses the knavish groom that fell asleep and let his magic fire go out. In the midst of his dreams the enthusiast is prest for Calais and the French war, and in a rage snatches up a hatchet and breaks his glasses into shivers.

The same writer, whose poem is full of humour, describes a Prior of Bath who had discovered the Stone *, the Medicine, and the Elixir; and when the abbey was suppressed, hid them in a wall, whence they were stolen. This seems to have led to his partial loss of reason, for

* Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum, p. 300.

Charnock (the writer) met him afterwards, quite blind and led by a boy through the country. Pursuing the rule of his art, the old man made the young man his heir — no alchemist being allowed to die without disclosing the secret to some favourite pupil, lest the science should perish and come to a perpetual end.*

Shrewd, money-breeding men laughed at the art of multiplication, with its cant of subliming, amalgaming, engluting, imbibing, incorporating, cementing; and all its mystical utensils — discensories, sublimatories, viols, crosslets, cucurbits, stillatories, and furnaces for calcinations.

The alchemist's tricks of hollow coals full of gold, and their repeated failures, were as well known then as they are now. The world laughed at the beggarly garb and the plausible mendicancy of men who affected to have the riches of the Indies at their beck; but were met by the argument that such a disguise was requisite to conceal the elect few from the envy of a greedy nation. In country places, however, they still persuaded credulous yeomen to trust them with money to multiply with, but generally fled, leaving a few broken bottles in its place. There was always some hitch in the alchemist's scheme; an Ave Maria that had not been repeated, or a mali-

* Charnock's Breviary of Philosophy.

cious planetary aspect that had been overlooked. A peck of ashes, and a burnt-out furnace, were generally the returns of many months' labour; but, with all this, the fanatics never lost hope and the cozeners never failed to obtain dupes. The theory is not yet dead; and theoretical Liebig himself argues, that as men make diamonds they may perhaps make gold.

There is, indeed, a Talmudic grandeur about their palace with its twelve gates of calcination, solution, separation, conjunction, putrefaction*, &c., and we feel that the art is holy, a wonderful science, a thing of singular grace. The terms of the art, too, are wild and strange; the vulture's head, the bolt's head, the Jason's helm, St. Mary's bath, the pelican, the crosslet, the alembic — are not less awe-inspiring than the materials used: the water of the wood, the herb lunary, the white stone, the red elixir, the green salt, the blue fire — seem to fill the mind with visions as the heated liquid changes into dolphin-hues, into the black crow, the plumed swan, the peacock's tail, the green lion, and the crimson dragon. It is a perfect Arabian Nights' Entertainment to think of such sights causing bleared eyes, and weary vigils, and expended gold. To chain Hermes was no easy task.

* Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum, p. 107.

The alchemists had Arabic names for their minerals, as our modern astronomers have for many of the stars: they had Azrop, Azoch, and Zernoch; for spirits, Mathas, Tarmiel, and Baraborat. They spoke of Abraham, Kalid, and Elim, Belin, Alfid, and Hali, as much as of Aristotle and Anaxagoras. The Three Kings and Solomon were supposed to have known alchemy. Their ingredients were sometimes blood and earth, and sometimes the tree of life and the oil of height. The later brothers of the Rosy Cross grew even more mystical, and talked of the airs of Paradise, the river of pearl, the star soul, and the dragon turning into the swan, and giving place to the phœnix.

In the works of the earlier monkish alchemists we find a strange combination of religious maxims and chemical technicality. Purity of life is enjoined on the seeker; covetous men are warned of the certainty of their failure; prayer was enjoined, and invocations to the Trinity or to Christ and the Virgin became very frequent. In one early poem the philosopher's stone is spoken of as originally brought to Solomon by an angel from heaven; the presents of the Magi — gold, frankincense, and myrrh — were thought typical of sol, and sulphur, and mercury, and of the *spiritus*, *anima*, and *corpus*, of which the Trinity furnished an allegory. The works frequently end thus:—

"Joy eternal and everlasting bliss
Be to Almighty God, that never shall miss."

Or: —

"Unto that bliss that we may come
By the help of Mary's Son;
And of his moder that is so free.
Amen, good Lord, for Charity."

Sometimes the secret is left us enclosed in a knotty bundle of magic verses that no skill can untie. In one of these Phœbus is described as a fixed god of light and red as blood; and Daphne, fair, white, and volatile; and a water nymph. The heat of Phœbus dries the two into one; and then, drinking of the blood, changes it into a white stone; this is to be washed with virgin's milk till it flow as wax and leave no fume, and the elixir is obtained.

Here Phœbus (Sol) is gold, and Daphne fixed mercury.

Another enigma runs thus: —

"When 7 times 26 had run their race,
Then Nature discovered his black face,
But when a C. and L. had overcome him in fight,
He made him wash his face white and bright.
Then came 36 with great royalty,
And made black and white away to flee;
Methought he was a prince of honour,
For he was all in golden armour,
And on his head a crown of gold,
That for no riches it might be sold,
Which till I saw my heart was cold;

To think at length who should win the field,
Till black and white to red did yield,
Then heartily to God I pray
That ever I saw that joyful day."

The misfortune of alchemy was that, appealing to the imagination and to religious enthusiasm, its students were fanatics and poets, and not philosophers: the wrong character of mind and the wrong faculties were directed to a science that required a Newton, and not a Milton, for its investigation. Imagine the state of natural philosophy if astronomy had been pursued by Petrarch and not by Galileo; we should have had ladies' smiles divided into classes, and the effect of each attributed to planetary influence. Mr. Tennyson is a sweet poet, but we think he is very prudent to leave geology to Messrs. Lyell and Murchison.

There is, however, we cannot deny, something singularly attractive in the jargon of alchemic language; and much of what now seems mystic, was probably as well understood by readers of the fourteenth century, as algebraic signs are by a modern schoolboy: "the chase of the green dragon; the marriage of the red man and the white wife," were doubtless thin disguises seen through by all but the mere peasant, and kept up rather as a convention than a necessity.

The bird of Hermes, that eat its wings to make it tame,

was, perhaps, another way of saying, "a spoonful of magnesia night and morning:" the child that puts on the crown of gold, is undoubtedly, "when taken to be well shaken." To a Somerset ploughboy poor apothecaries' Latin is still a wonder and a thing of dread.

Who, a century ago, supposed that gases could be mixed and turned into water, or that earth could be formed from water?

The alchemist had two ways of making gold, by synthesis and transmutation.

The first was effected by combination of pure sulphur and mercury, by distillations and digestions numberless to purify the sulphur, and bring it to the last degree of exaltation or rectification. Few sages are, however, said to have done more than fix the mercury.

The second system started with the belief that Nature's object in producing all metals had been to make gold, had she not been hindered by the interposition of certain impure earths; these once removed, and mercury applied, pure gold was expected; and all failures were attributed to some immovable impurity: lead from its specific gravity, and copper from its colour, were most frequently the objects of experiment.

Ben Jonson had studied alchemy deeply, else he could not have been able so ingeniously to expose its follies.

According to him, these enthusiasts believed that gold, as well as all other metals, were formed of two parts—an unctuous water and a thick and viscous earth; where the moisture was least it became a stone; where the humid fatness was most, it turned to sulphur or quicksilver: these were the parents of all metals; from the water came mercury; from the fat earth sulphur; the last being the male or active, and the first the passive or female principle.*

As long as the doctrine of equivocal generation continued, and men believed as Virgil teaches, that bees could be produced from the body of a putrifying ox, such a theory seemed to have some foundation. Who could believe that the invisible seeds contained in a sealed-up bottle produce mould? Microscopic examination, and the study of fungi, have done much to explain this and other natural wonders.

Let us expand this explanation: the alchemists believed that all metals were compounds of earth and a pure inflammable substance called sulphur. The purest earth, and containing least sulphur, was mercury: gold was a close combination of sulphur and mercury, containing less

* Ben Jonson's Alchemist, Act ii. Sc. 1.

impurities than any other bodies. Geber and the Arabians, Roger Bacon and the English, Hanberg and the Germans, believed this, and the latter attempted to prove it: exposing regulus of antimony to the action of a great burning glass, he found it increased one-tenth in weight, and became more fixed. Mercury, exposed to digesting heat, left a residuum of white, hard, ponderous metal (Boerhaave found the same, but it vanished in fire). From this Hanberg deduced the inference that pure sulphur is solar light, that it unites with and increases all metals except gold, and gives them a greater fixity, and that combined with mercury it turns it into a metal. Modern chemists say, in reply, that the residuum is not mercury, but dross arising from some original impurity.

Putting their case simply, the alchemists may have sometimes purified gold from alloys, or extracted it from mixed metals. We must remember that mercury mineralized by sulphur does fix and change into cinnabar, a red and ochrous substance, opaque and transparent, from which vermilion is obtained.

The different amalgams, too, explain some of the mysteries of alchemy. Quicksilver softens all metals it is mixed with, and the decomposition of water and air seems to show us that there are no primary substances in nature. Let us, above all, remember Bishop Watson's words in

1781: "Considered but as a branch of physicks, chemistry is but yet in its infancy."

The whole theory of alchemy was refuted by Boerhaave. The alchemists asserted that mercury was the basis of all metals; whereas we assert that metals are simple and primitive, and cannot be decomposed.

They contended that by purifying mercury of all the impurities of even its virgin state, they could make it furnish nutriment for the seed of every metal; their great law was, that an active and passive principle prevailed throughout all nature; that every metal sprang from its peculiar seed, which when it met with its proper pabulum, fit matrix, and due fostering heat, by a vivifying principle multiplied itself and received an increase.

It has since been discovered that mercury at a certain degree of cold becomes solid and malleable. Boerhaave distilled mercury sixty times, and then for eight months attached a bottle of it to the hammer of a fulling mill. At the end of this time he found it changed into a black powder, acrid and brassy. He then, in a few months' digestion, turned mercury into powder by heat: but both these powders, at a certain stage of heat, became again running mercury: 500 distillations produced no change in the mercury, except in destroying its quantity.

Perpetual digestion did not succeed in fixing mercury;

he thence inferred the impossibility of mercury in mines, with so low a degree of heat, ever being changed into any other metal. The philosophers contended that mercury and a certain kind of sulphur were the base of all metals, and could be extracted from them; and Van Helmont declared he had succeeded with lead. In 1736, Boerhaave again proved that mercury and gold, however often they were distilled together, could not be changed: he distilled mercury from gold 850 times, but it still retained its specific gravity, and remained unfixed. He even distilled it 1009 times, and found that its specific gravity, compared with that of water, was as $13\frac{59}{100}$, while that which had only been once distilled was $13\frac{57}{100}$, a difference which a change of temperament in the air would account for.*

We are, however, quite sure that the alchemists were deep thinkers and great observers, and like the farmer's sons in the fable, fertilised the field, though they perhaps dug vainly for the treasure; their transmutations were not improbably unconscious platings; they were ignorant that arsenic was a metal; and did not understand the surprising effects of their coatings in disguising the properties of gold.

Alchemy may undoubtedly be traced to the chemical as-

* Watson's Essays, vol. iv. p. 231.

pirations of the Egyptian priests, expanded by the Alexandrian Greeks, who united Christianity and Paganism, and blended Asiatic mysteries with European learning. The word alchemy was used for the first time in the reign of Constantine, but Diocletian had long before ordered all the Egyptian books on this subject to be burnt, lest the ease of obtaining gold might excite Egypt to rebel from Rome.

Among the early writers were Synesius, on "The Philosopher's Stone;" Zosimus, of Panapolis, on "The Sacred and Divine Art of making Gold and Silver," twenty-four books; John, the High Priest in the Holy City, concerning "The Holy Art;" Theophrastus, on "The Divine Art;" Hierotheus, the philosopher, on "The Philosopher's Stone;" and Isaac, the monk, on "The Discovery of the Method of making Silver."

On the Arab deluge the Saracens took up the science: the court of Haroun el Raschid had its alchemists, and so had that of Almanzor and Abdalla Almamon. The great physicians Aricenna, Rhayes, and Alfaragius, were alchemists; and the very name of the science is Arabic. In the seventh or eighth century Geber, the father of chemistry *, published an abridgment of an ancient work.

* Watson's Essays, vol. i. p. 17.

After the Crusades, alchemy passed into Europe by easy stages, through Constantinople, and spread into Germany and finally England.

In the thirteenth century Albertus Magnus flourished in Germany, and Roger Bacon in England; while the great Raymond Lully obtained the favour of our own Edward III. All learned monks practised the art, and it was considered the noblest and most important pursuit of human wisdom. Pale men, dried and bleached by long watchings and the heat of the furnace, smiled, as the distant sound of war reached them, to think that fools should seek glory in so mad and erroneous a way. Pope John XX. in his infallibility asserted that he had made 200 ingots of gold by his own use of the elixir.*

The fifteenth century brought equally great men into the field—Isaac Hollandus, George Ripley, and Arnoldus de Villa Nova, and Basil Valentine. No longer confining themselves to alchemy alone, they made great discoveries in chemistry, and united with it the practice of physic. They first introduced Asiatic remedies and the use of mineral medicines, herbs and vegetables having hitherto furnished the whole *materia medica;* the leprosy and the venereal disease were conquered by mercury and anti-

* Watson's Essays, vol. i. p. 20.

mony, and the Galenists were compelled to confess its astonishing powers. The "*Currus Triumphalis Antimonii*," written by Valentinus, is a singular proof of the enthusiasm with which men hailed the new discoveries. The book contributed much to the introduction of the mineral into the practice of physicians; but they attributed too much to its influence, and tried to prove it a panacea. The prevalence of this idea still makes it a dangerous medicine in the hands of quacks.

The alchemist Pope John passed a decree prohibiting the science; and Henry IV. of England issued a similar enactment, not, as might be supposed, from an apprehension that men should ruin their fortunes in a vain search, but rather from a jealousy that prevailed lest government should grow so rich and powerful as no longer to require aid from the subject.

The elixir of life and the universal remedy were now the chemists' ideal. Sanguine and enthusiastic men pined for the great medicine that should heal all disorders, and, if not confer immortality, at least prolong human life to the antediluvian length. Opium and mercury were used by Paracelsus and Van Helmont with a success that seemed to augur that such a wished-for discovery was near at hand; and men of science waited for it like the Jews for the birth of the Messiah. Cheats made use of

this expectation, and defrauded the wealthy and the avaricious. Cornelius Agrippa and George Agricola were half conjurers, half alchemists, yet the latter benefited the world by able treatises on metallurgy and mineralogy.

To Elias Ashmole, a wrong-headed antiquarian of the times of Charles II., we are indebted for the preservation of a curious collection of early works on alchemy; among these are the "Ordinal of Alchemie," by Thomas Norton of Bristol, said to be a pupil of Sir George Ripley, a Carmelite in a Lincolnshire monastery in Edward IV.'s reign, and the author of a book called "The Twelve Gates;" "The Elixir," by Pearce, called the Black Monk; "Enigmas, and a Breviary of Natural Philosophy," by William Charnock, a writer whose tutor had been William Bird, the Prior of Bath Abbey at the dissolution; a poem by Richard Carpenter, a brother of the Bishop of Worcester in Edward IV.'s reign; "Blossoms," the author being a Bachelor of Physic in Henry VIII.'s reign; and works by Sir E. Kelly, Dr. Dee's companion.

All our early poets seem to have known something of alchemy. Chaucer wrote the Canon Yeoman's Tale to expose pretenders, having been himself instructed in the art by Gower, who wrote a poem on metals and stones; while Lidgate, the monk of Bury, composed "*Secreta*

Secretorum," a book full of the technicalities of chemistry.

Besides these poems there are many anonymous ones, or verses by doubtful authors, these being better and more curious than even those we have already mentioned. There is "The Bird of Hermes" and "The Hunting of the Green Lion," by Abraham Andrews, a vicar of Malden in the reign of Henry V.; "The Hermit's Tale;" and "The Standing of the Glass."

Ashmole and Lely both allow Kelly had the elixir; the former calls him the light of the world, but Lely mentions him detractingly. He was born at Worcester, and sometimes called Talbot: vicious and impudent, he lost his ears in a pillory at Leicester. He seems to have been one of the most daring and unprincipled rogues who ever studied alchemy. He went with Dee to Germany as speculator, accompanying a Polish noble, who was either duped by them or a sharer of their self-deceptions.

The Emperor Rodolph sending for them to Prague, Dr. Dee grew alarmed, and thought of returning to England; but Kelly agreed to teach the Emperor the secret. For some time the Emperor kept the crucible boiling and Kelly escaped; but at last, withholding his hand, the trick was discovered. Kelly was thrown into prison, broke his leg in attempting to let himself down by

sheets from the window, and soon after died miserably, unpitied and unwept.

Raymond Lully and Bombast Paracelsus were the predecessors of this man, and their lives were not a whit less extraordinary. Lully lived in the fourteenth century, was born at Majorca, and boasted that he had dicovered the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. If he did, he probably lost them again, as he became by turns missionary and hermit, and always beggar; and was, at last, killed somewhere by Mount Atlas by a blow from one of his unclothed congregation.

As for Paracelsus, he was the emperor of all quacks past and present. Philippus Auriolus Paracelsus Theophrastus Bombastus de Hohenheim was born in 1492 at Einsedlen, a little town near the Lake of Zurich. His father was a physician, and from him he acquired a taste for chemistry. He soon, however, grew restless and took to travel — restless men being fond of consoling themselves for their soul's imprisonment in this squirrel cage of a world, as a squirrel does, by continual motion. He roamed through Germany, conversing with barbers, old women, conjurors, chemists, and quacks; from thence he proceeded to Russia, and falling in the hands of the Tartars, he was taken to the Cham, who sent him to Constantinople to superintend the education of his son;

there he is said to have learned the grand secret, and returned to Europe with the philosopher's stone, and, what was still more valuable, some sound knowledge of the use of opium and mercury sufficient to cure many diseases and astonish the Galenists of the day. At Basle he set up for a physician, cured Frobenius a celebrated printer, and in 1527, being appointed Professor of Physic, began to deliver public lectures. His language was mysterious; like other alchemists, he wrapped up all his wisdom and his ignorance in the garb of parables, and he was reported to carry about a familiar spirit in the pommel of a long sword that always hung by his side. Perhaps it was on account of his zeal for ecclesiastical reform that he was expelled from the University of Basle. He now offered to teach the art of making gold, or to prolong the lives of his patients to any age by the use of his incomparable elixir. While still studying the laws of life, the conferer of immortality died of a simple fever in the hospital of Saltzburg, aged only forty-eight. His character remains still to be adjudged: Gifford, sceptical and severe, considers him a mere compound of Darwin and Cagliostro; other writers dub him a mixture of Barnum and Spurzheim, yet allow that he practised animal magnetism, and used two new and powerful Asiatic medicines with great success. When

Bacon could believe in astrology and Newton in alchemy, we may imagine Paracelsus might conceive that he had secret aid from unseen beings; with much learning, we can readily believe his language was rude and his manners arrogant and repulsive. Persecuted men have seldom pleasant tempers; and the consciousness of unusual learning has intoxicated greater men than even Paracelsus.

The great Elizabethan alchemist was Dr. Dee.

Dr. Dee was a Welshman, says his successor Lilly*, the astrologer, educated at Oxford, where he took his degree, afterwards, for many years, travelling in search of profounder studies. Queen Elizabeth visited him very often at his house at Mortlake, which the populace plundered during his absence at Prague, breaking his instruments, and spoiling his books, holding him as a magician and a witch: he may have united a little of the knave with the dupe, for he was secretly the Queen's spy, and received a salary from the secretaries of state. He was a learned man, of great judgment in the Latin and Greek tongues, a great investigator of the secret hermetical science, a great astronomer, a curious astrologer, a deep geometrician, and, indeed, excellent in all kinds of wisdom.

* Lilly's Autobiography, 1774, p. 147.

That self-complacent sage Lilly says, "Dee was the most ambitious person living, and was most desirous of fame and renown, and was never so well pleased as when he heard himself styled 'Most excellent.' He was studious in chemistry, and attained to good perfection therein; but his servant, or rather companion, Kelly, outwent him, viz., about the elixir, or philosopher's stone, which neither Kelly nor Dee obtained by their own labour and industry. It was in this manner Kelly obtained it, as I had it related from an ancient minister, who knew the certainty thereof from an old English merchant resident in Germany, at what time both Kelly and Dee were there. How Kelly died afterwards at Prague you well know: he was born at Worcester, and had been an apothecary. Not above thirty years since he had a sister living at Worcester, who had some gold made by her brother's projection."

Dr. Dee died at Mortlake, in Surrey, very poor, enforced many times to sell some book or other to buy his dinner with, as Dr. Napier of Lingford, in Buckinghamshire, oft related, who knew him very well: "I have read over his book of conference with spirits, and thereby perceive many weaknesses in the manage of the way of Mosaical learning; but I conceive the reason why he had not more plain resolutions was, because Kelly was very vicious, unto whom the angels were not obedient, or will-

ingly did declare the questions propounded; but I could give other reasons, but those are not for paper."

Dr. Dee was known to four emperors: Charles V., Ferdinand, and Rodolph, and he dedicated his "Monas Hieroglyphicus" to Maximilian. He was, as we have seen, befriended by Elizabeth, and he addressed a letter to King James; but for the Pope's ambassador appearing against him at the German Court, he would have gone to Rome, intending to publicly defend himself from the charge of sorcery.

Dee and Kelly being in the confines of the Emperor's dominions, in a city where resided many English merchants with whom they had much familiarity, there happened an old friar to come to Dr. Dee's lodging knocking at the door. Dee peeped down the stairs; "Kelly," says he, "tell the old man I am not at home." Kelly did so. The friar said, "I will take another time to wait on him." Some few days after he came again; Dee ordered Kelly, if it were the same person, to deny him again. He did so, at which the friar was very angry: "Tell thy master," he said, "I came to speak with him, and to do him good, because he is a great scholar and famous; but now tell him he put forth a book, and dedicated it to the Emperor; it is called 'Monas Hieroglyphicus;' he understands it not,—I wrote it myself,—I came to instruct him therein,

and in some other more profound things. Do thou, Kelly, come along with me; I will make thee more famous than thy master."

Kelly was very apprehensive of what the friar delivered, and thereupon suddenly retired from Dee, and wholly applied unto the friar, and of him had either the elixir ready made, or the perfect method of its preparation and making. The poor friar lived a very short time after; whether he died a natural death, or was otherwise poisoned or made away by Kelly, the merchant who related this did not certainly know.

Ashmole says that the year Dr. Dee left England his library of 4000 books was seized, and a commission was appointed to inquire into the nature of his studies (1592). In 1595 he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury denying that he employed evil spirits, and alluding, with honest pride, to his mathematical studies, and the number of his MS. works. In 1594 he wrote to the Lady Scudamore to pray her to beg the Queen either to give him full liberty under her broad seal to go where he pleased, or to hand over his case to be inquired into by the Council. It was reported about this time that Dee and Kelly had found a quantity of the elixir in the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. It was incredibly rich in virtue (one upon 272.330); one upon 100 was an average, but they lost

much in making projections, before they found the true height of the medicine.*

With this treasure, in 1583, they went to Bohemia with a Polish nobleman. At Trebona, in the presence of two English gentlemen, sent to Dr. Dee by the Emperor of Muscovia, they made projection with a grain upon an ounce and a quarter of common mercury, and obtained an ounce of pure gold. Ashmole knew people whose friends had seen Sir E. Kelly cut a piece out of a warming-pan, heat it in the fire, and then applying the elixir, turn it to pure silver, which was sent to Queen Elizabeth by the ambassadors at Prague. The same person had seen gold-wire rings made by Sir E. Kelly, who gave away 4000*l.* worth of them upon the marriage of one of his servant-maids. (Qu. How much did he give the maid as a portion, if he gave 4000*l.* of trinkets to the guests?)

At Trebona they lived, spending much time endeavouring to discover the great jewel, Kelly frequently visiting Poland in search of celebrated chemists. The two philosophers then fell by the ears, their wives also joining in the quarrel, and, after many reconciliations and disputes, Dee handed over to Kelly his powder, book, and

* Lilly's Autobiography; Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum, p. 481.

glass, and returned to England. At Bremen he presented the Landgrave of Hesse with twelve Hungarian horses, and arrived at Gravesend 26th of November, 1589, having been absent six years.

He was soon after welcomed by the Queen at Richmond, and resided at Mortlake, where Elizabeth frequently visited him, giving him at one Christmas 200 angels, and at another, 100 marks, sending him word to do what he could in alchemy and philosophy, for none should control or molest him. The courtiers, upon this, visited him, and presented him with gifts, Sir Thomas Jones offering him the Castle of Emlyn to dwell in.

His favour was fair at Court, and in 1595 the Queen made him Chancellor of Paul's, and gave him the wardenship of Manchester, where he was much vexed by the turbulent fellows of the college. He kept up a correspondence with Kelly until his death, just as he was on the point of returning to England. Ashmole says his imprisonment arose from the jealous cupidity of the Emperor, his anger, his rage and disappointment.

The Queen consulted him astrologically, and he predicted her death at Whitehall, but she went to Richmond, and there died.

Dee imparted his secret to Alasco, the Prince Palatine of

Poland; to Puccius, a learned man; Prince Rosenberg, and King Stephen.

In one of his own works, Dee complains of the damnable slander of those who called him the archconjuror and caller of devils of the whole kingdom.

Dr. Dee's conversations with spirits fill a large folio volume, written, as it would appear, in the utmost sincerity. It contains an account of the stone of vision still existing in some London museum, and which he asserts was the gift of an angel.

His visions were of various characters: some were visible to himself, and some only to Kelly, who appears to have been as rank a cheat as ever preyed upon mankind, and to have made the worthy doctor, with all his wisdom, an easy dupe, vexing him by his demands for more wine and higher wages always at critical moments, threatening to return to England, and finally driving Dee from the Emperor's Court back to his humble home at Mortlake. Sometimes an angel, in the shape of a little child in a shot silk gown, would enter his study, and commence a conversation, but generally the vision appeared in the chrystal, a film gradually clearing from its surface, and various scenes and figures passing across its face.

The first vision was at Leyden, May, 1583, when, according to Kelly, (for the doctor was never favoured

with the sight,) his faith not requiring such food, the angel, named Madini, came from his oratory, and began playing about his books.* She said she had six sisters, and rejoiced at the name of Jesus, and talked much nonsense about the Plantagenet family. Then appeared in the stone a husbandman clad in red, who prayed in an unknown language.

In the next vision appeared a woman clad in white, having a garland on her head and a precious stone upon her breast. Encouraged by Dee's credulity, Kelly seems to have grown more daring. By January of the next year Kelly saw Ariel standing on his (Kelly's) head; he appeared clad in a long white garment, tied with many girdles; his hair is long, and hangs down; he looks up to heaven, and says, "I am Ariel, the light;" the hand of Him that created heaven and earth, that talked with Esdras, and did comfort him in his affliction, &c. Ariel looks up to heaven, and then, pointing to a Bible, on which the show stone stood, declared the son of Perdition, Antichrist, would be known to the whole world in three years. It then thundered in the stone, and one appeared with fiery teeth, sitting on a judgment seat, with six councillors sitting on each side of him; a stone brighter than fire covered the Judge's head, and his seat was of gold and

* Casaubon's Relation of Dr. Dee, 1659, p. 1.

precious stones. Ariel then promised to Kelly that he should be a great seer, but heavenly understanding should be sealed from him.

It is possible that Kelly said this to flatter the doctor, who would rejoice in his old adversary being debarred from that spiritual perception which he himself possessed so strongly; while the promise of Kelly's becoming a great seer would, of course, increase his value in Dr. Dee's eyes.

At Cracow a new spirit named Nalsage* appeared to Kelly. He described him as wearing a gown of white silk, with a cape of white fur, and green tassels. His face was like Edward VI.; he held a gold wand in his hand, and stood on a table of mother-o'-pearl, covered with letters, which Kelly spent the day in deciphering, and Dee in piously writing down: —

h e r i
i d 3 s a i

This writing probably gave Kelly time to complete the invention of his vision.

The next day appeared a black hell hound, then a false spirit, with a false table, and lastly, the true Nalsage, who

* Casaubon, p. 73.

drives off his double with a bullet mould, and continues his prophecies: —

R S H D D S J J L u, &c.

After some days Kelly, to strengthen his hold on his foolish old master, pretended to have scruples, and refused to question such false spirits any more, a rebellion that nearly drove the doctor almost mad, he being then, as he believed, on the very verge of the discovery of great mysteries. The visions soon began again, but the prophecies were delivered in unknown language, as —

Biab. Azien. Com. Selt. Gir. P. Ad.

When the doctor grows tired of this jargon, Kelly is suddenly favoured with enlightenment, and translates the babble into English, scarcely more intelligible, in this manner: —

"Understand the voice of winds, O you the second of the first, whom the burning flames have flamed within the depth of my jaws, whom I have prepared as cups for a wedding, or as flowers, in their beauty, for the chamber of righteousness. Stronger are your feet than the barren stone, and mightier are your voices than the manifold winds."

Having by this time discovered that no absurdity was too great to be swallowed by the Doctor, Kelly, to avoid

the labours of invention, falls into arithmetical jargon, and spends a day delivering such oracles as this: —

"The first of the sixth, which is the eleventh of the twelfth, under

him 2000 500 80 8.

The second of the seventh, which is the sixth of the twelfth, under

him 5000 600 80 30."

After some unusually brilliant sketch of a house, with ruby and emerald doors, Kelly again refused to deal any more with spirits; and in order to prove his value, persuaded Dr. Dee to employ his own son, then quite a child, as seer. The boy looks, becomes half mesmerised, and sees nothing but black strokes and spots, probably the recollection of blotted school copies and illegible Latin exercises. At last he sees Xo written in white, and Do, the D joining the O. The next day he sees nothing. The moment Kelly is called in, he sees a book, and Latin sentences written on it, and a white hand, and, lastly, a moving globe. He then hears a prophecy, that after Elizabeth's death, one of the House of Austria should conquer England, but that a Welshman should save it, and reign as King Morgan.

This Welsh King was a clever invention to please a

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Welshman like Dr. Dee. O Kelly, did blarney ever assume so insinuating a form?

About this time various miracles were effected, to Dr. Dee's perfect satisfaction. That they were artifices of Kelly's, no one can for a moment doubt. The first miracle took place at Prague in April, 1586.* Kelly was standing in a balcony overlooking the vineyard; suddenly the gardener, who was pruning some vines, came towards him who addressing a few words to him, vanished over some cherry trees in a pillar of fire. He then went for the Doctor, who descending to the garden, found no one there, and sat down by some vine poles under an almond tree, attracted by a sheet of white paper blowing in the wind. Dr. Dee rose and picked it up, and found beside it three books, which he had diligently burnt some weeks before. He then fell on his knees, and thanked God for the miracle, Kelly appearing, of course, marvellously affected both in mind and body.

Soon afterwards the gardener appeared again, and, leading him to a furnace, showed him the other books all unburnt. Can we not at once see that Kelly had never burnt the books, and that the whole is a paltry trick?

The second miracle was the restoration of the show-

* Casaubon, p. 418.

stone which Kelly pretended an angel had carried away, it was found under Dee's pillow.

Dr. Dee, in his "Fasciculus Chemicus,"* lays down the rules of discovering the stone as certain and sure.† It says, according to some, it is made of one thing alone, and that argent vive; this is mixed with citrine sulphur, and becomes a mass of heavy lucid red. In the Magisteriall there were three earths, three waters, three times digested.

Every now and then the Doctor's pages are interspersed with such allegorical sentences as "Take a red dragon and 7 eagles (virgin);" "I saw a red toad drinking the juice of grapes even till his bowels were burst, or the thing whose head is red, feet white, and eyes black, the whole mystery." And again —

"Take thy dearest son, and join him equally to his white sister; drink to them a love cup, because the consent of good will joins one to another. Pour on them sweet wine till they be inebriated; and when the artist sees the white soul risen, let him join her immediately to her body, and let the queen borne by nine virgins, decently attend the bedchamber of so great a king."

With perfect satisfaction, and we believe sincerity,

* Dee's Fasciculus Chemicus, ch. 1. p. 1. † Ibid.

Dr. Dee thus describes the two great final processes of alchemy. The discovery of the philosopher's stone, and the means of multiplyiug of the first, he says: —

"Let three weights of red earth, and a double weight of water and air well beaten be mixed together, let an amalgama be made like butter or metalline paste, so as the earth being mollified may be insensible to the touch, add one weight and a half of fire. Let these be ordered in their vessel (the fire of the first degree), being most closely sealed, and the matter shall at length be terminated in a rock illuminated red and diaphonous, a part whereof take at pleasure, and having cast it into a crucible with a little fire, by drops give it to drink with its red oil and flux it, until it be quite poured out, and go away without smoke; and then take the elixir thus perfected into thine own, and keep it carefully. In God rejoice and be silent."

And then for multiplication.

"Take an ounce of the said elixir, and project it upon a hundred of purified mercury, and in a little time mercury made hot amongst burning coals will be converted into pure elixir; whereof, if thou castest every ounce upon another hundred of the like mercury hot, — will shine most purely to thine eyes."

The wise Doctor concludes his book with a few enigmas,

which contain doubtless many mysteries. He mentions the different planetary houses in which each process of alchemy is to be carried out, ending with the regal throne of love, "from whence our most potent king shall receive a crown decked with most precious rubies."

The stone or golden fleece he describes as guarded by a three-headed dragon, whose first head proceeds from the water, the second from the earth, the third from the air; and these three heads ending in one most potent, which will devour all the other dragons, and leaves the way open to the fleece.

With his concluding sentence we sympathise, and wish that the Doctor himself had benefited by his own advice.

"Farewell diligent reader," he says; "in reading these things, invocate the spirit of Eternal Light, speak little, meditate much, and judge aright."

The following is one of Dr. Dee's wildest and most mystic receipts: — "Take a red dragon, courageous, warlike, to whom no natural strength is wanting, and afterwards seven or nine noble eagles (virgins), whose eyes will not wax dull by the rays of the sun, cast the birds with the beast into a clean prison, and strongly shut up, and under which let a bath be placed, that they may be incensed to fight by the warm vapour. In a short time they will enter into a long and harsh contention,

until at length about the day forty-five or fifty, the eagles begin to prey upon and tear the beast to pieces; and his dying, it will infect the whole prison with its direful poison, whereby the eagles being wounded, they will also be constrained to give up the ghost. From the putrefaction of the dead carcases, a crow will be generated, which by little and little putting forth its head, the bath being somewhat increased, it will forthwith stretch out its wings and begin to fly; but seeking chinks from the winds and clouds, it will long hover about; take heed that it find not any. At length being made by a gentle and long rain, and with the dew of heaven, it will be changed into a white swan; but the new born crow is a sign of the departed dragon.

"In making the crow white, extract the elements and distil them according to the order prescribed, until they be so fixed in their earth, and end in snow-like and most subtile dust, which being finished, thou shalt enjoy thy first desire to the white work."

The latter alchemical works seem mere rhapsodies.

They contain doxologies.

"Soli deo laus et potentia,
Amen in Mercurio qui pedibus licet currum decurrit,
Aqua
Et metallice universalites, speratus." *

* Eugenius Philalethes de Lumine, 1651, p. 9.

They talk of a threefold chaos, and a threefold sapphire of chaos. In these six the influx of the metaphysical unity is sole monarch, and make up the seventh number of Sabaoth, in which at last, by the assistance of God, the body shall rest.

Soon after the time of which we write arose the Rosicrucians, a secret society, which, for a quarter of a century, astonished Germany, as the secret tribunal had done before. Philosophical societies, such as that founded by Baptista Porta at Naples in 1560; the severe inductive system of Bacon; public lectures on chemistry; the abandonment of much technical jargon; and, lastly, the shrewd investigations of the jesuit Kircher and the great Boerhaave finally completed the overthrow of an art, all of what was useful in which had long passed away into kindred sciences. The soul had gone forward into fresh worlds and new phases of being, the rotting body now was ready for the burial.

Let us not, however, join the foolish cry, and deride men who, however unsuccessful, however much associated with cheats and quacks, devoted their lives with such generous self-devotion, actuated by so noble an aspiration.

Just as the supposed fables of Herodotus have been found truths, and the legends of Marco Polo honest facts,

so may maturer science discover that the alchemist had some better foundation for his belief than we can now understand. Who a few years since could have credited the almost universal presence of gold in Scotland, Wales, England, and Ireland, in Russia, California, and Australia?

CHAP. XII.

WITCHCRAFT.

"Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire,
The time when screech owls cry, and ban dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand."

Henry VI. (Part II.), Act i. Sc. 4.

Vulgar Belief in Witches. — Causes of the Belief. — Epilepsy. — Hypochondria. — Crimes they were charged with. — Manners. — Spirits of the Age. — King James on Witchcraft. — A Witch Trial. — Mother Samuel and the Throckmorton Family. — Spread of epidemic Fears. — Execution of Mother Samuel, her Husband, and Daughter. — Puritan Divines. — Confession of the Witch. — Summers of Nottingham. — Reginald Scott's Names of Devils. — How to exorcise. — How to shut a Spirit in a Ring. — Charms. — Spells. — Vulgar Errors. — The Elephant and Unicorn, &c. — Virtues of Precious Stones. — Amulets. — Palmistry. — Astrology.

THERE was real vitality in Elizabethan superstition. The mariner who struck an old woman who railed at him, knew not but that she had power to sink his ship, make his children orphans, and his wife a widow. Old Reginald Scott says himself that the men of his time could endure no misfortune with patience as sent from the

hand of God; attributing all adversity, grief, sickness, loss of children, corn, and cattle to certain old women, living here on earth, and called witches; as though they themselves were innocent and had deserved no punishment. In such calamities they hurry and ride at once to the witch, and seek comfort or remedy in their tribulation."

Hail or snow, thunder or lightning, rain or wind, were all attributed to witches; and at the first shower the cry was, "Ring the bells, fumigate the air, and burn the witches:" the shrewd sceptics on such occasions would shake their heads, and say: "If all the devils in hell were dead, and all the witches in England burnt or hanged, I warrant you we should not fail to have rain, hail, and tempest, as now we have according to the appointment and will of God, and according to the constitution of the elements and the course of the planets, wherein God hath set a perfect and perpetual order."

In one parish alone, Scott mentions, there were eighteen women who claimed to be witches, and who professed by charms to heal the lame and blind: they were generally old, blear eyed, wrinkled dames, ugly and crippled, frequently papists, and sometimes atheists; of cross-grained tempers and cynical dispositions. The love of power or the love of money led them to play on their neighbours' credulity, and sometimes they were terrified

into a belief of their own evil influence; they were often poisoners and generally monomaniacs; they were hated and feared by the villagers, amongst whom they begged; while those whom they cursed were considered doomed men. Epilepsy, murrain, and all doubtful diseases were by ignorant physicians, in self-defence, set down to the agency of witches; the old woman's curse and a death being contemporaneous, were necessarily thought to be cause and effect; or the witch herself, alarmed at the apparent fulfilment of her wish, would perhaps confess to a justice that her power had produced the evil. She is burnt, and the village are henceforward implicit believers in witchcraft, as a proved and historical fact.*

Witches sent storms and barrenness, drowned children, made horses throw their riders, brought the ague, and could kill with evil eye, slay with lightning, dry up springs, pass through keyholes, go to sea in cockle shells, raise the dead, and prevent butter coming.

They could fly in the air where they would on a broomstick or a fern stalk: no detection of a witch's impotence could satisfy the peasant that these women were not invested with supernatural power.

They were accused of blaspheming God; sacrificing

* The Manningtree Witches, a true and exact Relation, &c., 1645.

their children to spirits; as they boiled infants, eat human flesh, and poisoned men. They were said to make two covenants with the devil, one public and one private, at their great witch sabbaths, when the devil appeared to them in person, exhorting them to fidelity, and promising them long life and prosperity. Then the novices were presented, and instructed to renounce the Christian Faith, despise the Sacrament, tread on the cross, and break the Fasts, joining hands with Satan, paying him homage, and yielding him body and soul.* He then charged them to bring more novices, and taught them to strangle unbaptised children, or steal them from their graves and boil the flesh; of the fat they made ointment, which when rubbed on their bodies enabled them to fly in the air; the rest they melted and drank with certain horrid ceremonies. Some witches sold themselves for a term of years, and some for ever: they then kissed the devil, and signed their bond with their blood, and a banquet ended the meeting: their dances, holding brooms in the air, were, it was said, accompanied with shouts of "*Ha-ha! devil, devil! danse here, danse here! play here, play here! sabbath, sabbath!*" During their absence at these festivals, spirits took their shapes and appeared at home in their

* King James's Demonologie.

absence, but these deputies would vanish at hearing the name of Jesus. Before they departed Satan gives them philtres and amulets, and puts his marks upon his minions. To him they are bound to offer every day a portion of their blood, or the dead bodies of dogs and cats.

The self-accused witches were often hypochondriacs, and still oftener ignorant women driven by despair and fortune to confess any charge made against them: they were sometimes ventriloquists, and pretended to have "familiars" inside them, which could answer every question. In this way, in 1572, a Dutchman at Maidstone pretended to be possessed of ten devils.

A night walk in the sixteenth century not only gave you a chance of meeting a witch in the shape of a hare or a cat, but the devil, with horns, fiery breath, tail, eyes like a bason, teeth like a dog, claws like a bear, "skin like a *niger*," and a voice like a lion.

The nurse scared her children with stories of bull-beggars, urchins, elves, hags, and fairies, changelings, Kelpie, Robin Goodfellow, the spoorne, the night-mare, the man in the oak, the Will-o'-the-Wisp, and the Puckle, Tom Thumb, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, and Boneless, Hell wains and demon dogs.

The English Solomon's opinions, wise as they are against witchcraft, could not properly fall within the range

of our subject, were it not that he was a contemporary of Elizabeth's as well as her successor.

The royal writer begins by vehemently denouncing Reginald Scott as little better than a Sadducee, because he had denied the existence of witchcraft. The book is dull and pedantic, stuffed with scriptural allusions and odd scraps of classical learning. His design in writing and dilating "on the genus, but not the species or differentia of demonology," was not he assures us to show "his learning," but to convince the unbelieving or wavering of the fearful abounding of *those detestable slaves of the Devil, God's hangman, the witches or enchanters.*

His first chapter falls foul of the witch of Endor. He then proceeds to consider the charms used by "daft wives," to cure the worms or stanch blood; and the predictions of astrologers, by which they learned who should be the victor in a singular (single) combat, or who should win at a horse race: these he calls the devil's rudiments, from which men climb up the slippery stairs of curiosity, and to satisfy their restless minds betake themselves to the black and unlawful study of magic.

"They that sup kail with the deil, have need of long spoons," is a warning to those who conjure spirits into circles, or write contracts with their own blood, at the risk of being carried off bodily if they violate any single

word of the bond. To some the devil appeared in the shape of a dog, cat, or ape, and answered any questions. To please others he animated dead bodies, or attended them for years as a page. Sometimes he could be conjured into a tablet or ring, and there detained. On all his servants the devil impressed a mark as a pledge and promise.

To many the devil foretold future events; to others brought banquets, or frayed them with armies in the air, or taught them card tricks, as he did to Soto, the Italian. Unfortunately for us, whenever other writers would enter into detail, our royal scribe, like a true dilettante, put us off with some shabby apology, and shirks the labour.

In his book on witches James confutes the possibility of its being mere melancholy that induced poor old women to believe they were witches, inasmuch as witches were often fat, rich, and happy.

To the poor the devil offers, he says, riches; to the rich, revenge; to the desponding, hope and recovery. He commenced his temptation by speaking to them at night, or when they were alone in the fields. Occasionally he appeared as a goat, or in an old church received the adoration of his subjects.

At these midnight meetings in "rat-haunted biggins,"

the witches preferred their requests to the devil; some for riches, some for revenge on their enemies. He then taught them to disjoint dead bodies, and use their pounded flesh for unguents; to others he taught the use of poisons and drugs, or told them how to raise storms to drive men mad, or to raise spirits to haunt houses. Many he instructed in the manufacture of waxen and clay images of their enemies, which, being roasted in the fire and pricked with needles, the persons whose names they bore were melted by continual sickness.

The King then proceeds to discourse of men-wolves, fairies, wraiths, and Brownies, common in the time of Papistry, the latter of whom were always supposed to be good spirits, making a house all the "sonsier."

He then attacks the Incubi and Succubi, very common then in such wild parts of the world as Lapland, Finland, and the North Isles of Orkney. We must, however, do the royal blockhead the justice to say, that in one of his lucid intervals he allows the incubus was merely the nightmare, and the man-wolf a species of hypochondria.

As to witchcraft, he foams about the mouth, sputtering, in broad Scotch, his scraps of Scripture and morsels of Latinity.

He describes the unfortunate possessed men, who we now know to be merely suffering from epilepsy, as raging

at the sight of holy water, flying from a cross, and trembling at the name of God. The symptoms he mentions are their supernatural strength, the swelling and agitation of the body, the stiffening of the muscles, and the uttering of unknown languages.

The King devotes also a chapter to the fairies, or good neighbours, and describes cases of witches who had been taken into fairyland, and saw the court and all the train, receiving from Titania stones of sundry virtues, and also the power of foretelling death.

The summary of this Scotch Solomon is, that magicians and witches should be put to death in obedience both to the will of God, and the civil, imperial, and municipal laws. The punishment should be by fire, and no sex, age, or rank to be exempt, excepting *bairns*. The consulters, trusters in, overseers, and stirrers up of witchcraft, this frightened and cruel judge looks upon as equally guilty. He considers that any witness, however infamous, was sufficient evidence, and believes that no alibi ought to preserve a witch against whom there was evidence. God, he believed, would save the innocent; and he considers the mark and the swimming ordeal, and the wi'ch's incapability of pronouncing holy words, are indisputable proofs of guilt.

Of these devilish practices, "never so rife as now," he thus concludes:—

"The great wickedness of the people, on the one part, procures this horrible defection whereby God justly punisheth some by a greater iniquity, and, on the other part, the consummation of the world, and our deliverance drawing near, make Satan to rage the more in his instruments, knowing his kingdom to be so near an end."

The following witch trial seems to epitomise almost all the peculiarities and horrors of this cruel superstition:—

About the 10th of November, 1589, one of the daughters of Robert Throckmorton, a gentleman of Warboyse, in the county of Huntingdon, a child of ten years of age, was suddenly seized with what we now can at once decide to have been epileptic fits. She would scream at intervals of half an hour together; and then would lie quietly, as if in a swoon, her limbs shaking as if she had the running palsy, so that no one could either bend her or keep her down, remaining in this state for two or three days together. Amongst other neighbours who came to see the child, partly from curiosity and partly from pity, was a poor old woman named Alice Samuel, who lived next door. The child was at the time in the fireside, held in a woman's arms, her grandmother and mother being both looking on. Soon after Mother Samuel entered the child grew worse,

and cried, pointing at her, "Did you ever see one more like a witch than she is? take off her black thrumb cap, for I cannot abide to look at her."

The child's mother, thinking want of rest had made it delirious, took it and laid it on a bed, hanging curtains up to the window to shade it from the sun, while the witch sat and spoke not a word, but looked dismal. Two days after, the child remaining ill, the parents sent to Dr. Barrow, a skilful water-doctor, at Cambridge, who declared the child might have worms, but had no falling sickness, and sent it some medicines. The third time he pronounced the child's body to be in good temper, and asked if there was no sorcery or witchcraft suspected in the child. Mr. Butler, another physician, was also consulted, but saw no symptoms of any disease. The parents then resolved to trust to God's will, never suspecting witchcraft till a month after, when two elder daughters fell ill, and cried out that Mother Samuel had bewitched them, and would kill them all. A month after a younger sister was attacked; and soon after, Miss Joan, the eldest daughter, about fifteen years of age. The attacks of the last named were worse than those of her sisters; she could scarcely be held in bed, and lost the use of all her senses: had sometimes seven fits in an hour, but when she recovered was ignorant of what had happened. The

female servants were next attacked, and cried out to burn Mother Samuel, as she would kill them all; but on leaving Mrs. Throckmorton's service these women all recovered, — the fear had become epidemic.

On St. Valentine's eve Mr. Pickering of Tichmarch Grove, Northampton, uncle of the children, came to Warboyse: he visited Mother Samuel, and begged her to come and visit the children; but she at first refused, fearing "scratching," as was indeed intended, divines having been consulted on the point. She had before this promised to come if she could be of service, though it was up to her chin in water, and though she lost some of her best blood in their service. As they were going in Mr. Pickering observed that Mother Samuel, who had tried to linger behind, whispered in her daughter's ear, "I charge thee do not confess anything;" upon being asked, she said she only desired her to hasten home and get her father his dinner. When they entered the hall the children, who were standing by the fire, instantly rolled on the ground, groaning in fits; one of them being taken to bed, heaved and struggled so that the strongest man present could not hold her down, her eyes remaining close, and her arms stretched out, stiff and immovable, scratching all the while at the bed-clothes, and exclaiming, "O, that I had her! O, that I had her!" Mother Samuel was then very

unwillingly brought in, and her hand placed near the child, who scratched it furiously, breaking its nails in its impatience; but although her eyes were closed, and her face turned, and a friend lying across her to keep her down in bed, the child refused to scratch anybody else's hand that was present. The second child did the same to Cicely Bender, another suspected person; the third child the parson of the parish refused to be allowed to be tested. The same night, after supper, when the company knelt down at prayers, the children fell again into fits, which stopped as soon as the minister ceased to pray. The next day Mr. Pickering took Jane Elizabeth Throckmorton to his house at Tichmarch, where she had many fits, sometimes losing one sense, sometimes another, and often all five at once. At grace, and during prayers, she shrieked, sneezed, and groaned, upon which Mr. Pickering took a Bible and read the first chapter of St. John, when she had another fit, as also at the mention of any good word. On the Sabbath morning she said she had almost forgotten to read; and when they told her to pray secretly in heart and spirit, she fell into another fit. During her fit she often smiled and laughed, and on being carried into the churchyard at once recovered. The attacks varied in number, from one to ten a day; on recovery, she rubbed her eyes and gaped, as if a spirit of the air

had departed. A day or two after, she cried that Mother Samuel had put a mouse into her mouth, and she ran crying through the rooms. The next day she nodded, as if drowsy, and in her struggles began to bend forward, as she had before done backward, and then sneezed forty times together, and bled at the nose. She laughed in her fits, and took to playing at cards to divert her mind.

As the child's fits continued they resolved to send her back to Warboyse, but as soon as ever the servingman's horse got upon the road she grew better, but directly he turned his horse's head back she fell sick again. A few days after this she began a new trick, halting and bending her head to her knees, and striking her head against the doorpost, saying she wanted to go to Warboyse, asking, when she awoke, how she came to be hurt. She then fell to playing at bowls with the children, for the more childish the sports, the less the fits troubled her. Directly she left the open air and went in doors, the fits would commence again with renewed violence. For twelve days she remained in the house without memory or speech, or the enjoyment of any sense; one leg became then drawn up, and she hopped on the other for three days together. In a few days after, drinking some milk, she asked her friends to listen if they could not hear the spirit lapping it up in her belly. She then said the spirit liked no good thing,

and therefore to anger it she burned all cards she could meet with. Then her eyes became closed, and her teeth set, and she would fling away any book she was reading if God's name was uttered, struggling so and swelling that two strong men were not able to hold her down.

They then put her through a catechism of questions:— Did she love the Word of God? she was troubled and tormented. Did she love witchcraft? she remained quiet. Did she love the Bible? she shook. Did she love papistry? she raged. Did she love the mass? she was still. Did she love the King? she grew furious. Did she love the Pope? she grew calm. Sometimes in her fits she ran violently out of the house, till the cool air brought her to her senses; but when somebody thanked God for recovering her once at supper, she relapsed into a fit. Sometimes she said "it comes," knowing the symptoms that preceded these attacks. At other times she had not power to give even this warning. Frequently, afterwards, she complained of sickness and pain, amid the tears of the bystanders. When on her seizures she generally expressed a wish to go home; but when awake would not stir from Tichmarch Grove.

In August her foot became again contracted, and she ate her meals as if in a trance, but lifted up her hand

after meat when grace was said, much to the comfort of her friends. When any one touched her contracted side, she groaned as if hurt, although there was no appearance of any outward bruise. If the other side was touched she smiled, not speaking for a whole month, but sewing, winding yarn, and knitting, or playing with the children for days together. Sometimes she lay on cushions on the ground, at others reading prayers aloud. If any one corrected her, she did not seem to hear them. If she came to the word Satan or Devil she shook violently, and would often cry out, "Wilt thou not suffer me to say my prayers? — wilt thou not suffer me to read? — I will say them — I will read;" and struggled to hold the book fast, particularly at bed time and the hours of family prayers. When Mother Samuel was mentioned, she shivered, and not unfrequently fell into a fit, exclaiming, "Could you not have held your tongue; I was well enough before you named her." When told she had been sleeping for five days, she wondered if the work would be done if all slept as she did.

Soon after this she had a terrible fit soon after dinner, in which she believed she saw Mother Samuel before her in a white sheet, with a black child sitting upon her shoulders, and, trembling and sweating, she cried out, "Look where she is! look where she is! Away with your

child, Mother Samuel! I will have none of your child! O save me, Uncle Pickering, from Mother Samuel's child!" She then wept bitterly that no one could save her, clenched her teeth, shook her head, and kept her hand to her mouth, refusing to open it to take even food, making at the same time gestures that she was both hungry and thirsty.

Towards night, observing the child had lost a front tooth, her friends inserted a quill into her mouth, and poured milk down it. Upon this she showed signs of great rejoicing that she had deceived her enemy. In respites of her fits she prayed and cried out, "I defy thee, thou wicked spirit! do what thou canst, thou canst do me no hurt; thou seest God is stronger than thou, thou hadst as good let me alone. I am glad in my heart that thou canst not overcome me." A few days after her fits recommencing, and her teeth closing firmer than before, Mr. Pickering determined to take her home; and directly she was set on horseback she began to rejoice and clap her hands.

She then grew more cheerful, and came to herself, wondering at the crowd of strangers; and presently her leg, which had been for three weeks benumbed, straightened, and grew pliant. As long as she kept moving towards Warboyse, she was cheerful and well, but if the train stood still and talked of return, she sank into a swoon, and lay like one dead, without sense or motion, and yet with a

complexion still lovely and amiable. They now began to keep a stick between her teeth to hold her mouth open, fearing she would be starved if the lock-jaw continued, and she took all her nourishment through a quill, except when buttered meat was rubbed against her teeth. The child's sisters were equally affected.

About a month after this Lady Cromwell came with her daughter-in-law, Mistress Cromwell, to see the children and comfort the parents. She wept to see them in their fits, causing old Mother Samuel to be sent for. The woman not daring to refuse to come, her husband being tenant of Sir Henry Cromwell, immediately came, and the children grew worse than before. Seeing this, Lady Cromwell took her aside, using threatening words, but Mrs. Samuel stoutly denied the crime, saying that Mr. Throckmorton and his wife did her a great deal of wrong in blaming her without a cause. The lady answered that the spirit within the children brought the accusation. Mrs. Joan then, in a fit, cried out "Mother Samuel does all this, somebody just told me, can no one hear the squeaking?" Desiring the old woman to listen, she listened, but denied that she heard anything.

Lady Cromwell then wished to take Mother Samuel into an upper room and examine her more strictly, with the help of Dr. Hall, a divine, but she refused to go, and

begged leave to return home. When the lady found the old woman obstinate, she suddenly tore off her kerchief, and with a pair of scissors cut off a lock of her hair, and gave it privately to Mrs. Throckmorton, to burn, together with her hair lace. Mother Samuel then cried out, "Madam, why do you use me thus, I never did you any harm as yet?"

The night Lady Cromwell left Warboyse she was troubled by a dream, in which she thought Mother Samuel's cat leapt on her and tried to tear the skin from her arms. Her struggles were so great that she awoke, and the next day fell sick, and remaining so till her death four years afterwards, becoming subject to fits and frequent flying pains in her head.

About Christmas, 1590, Mr. Henry Pickering, a scholar at Cambridge, came with some friends to stop a few days at Mrs. Throckmorton's house. On their way there they met Mother Samuel going to a neighbour's house for yeast, and unwilling to stop and talk because her husband was a cross man, and did not like her to gossip with neighbours; she seemed very impatient at their questions, although in a neighbour's house, and drowned all their voices by her loud railings against the Throckmortons, for allowing their children to accuse her whose distemper proceeded from their wantonness, which she would punish

if they were hers: they then asked her about her service of God and her faith, and she replied, that her God would deliver her, defend her, and revenge her of her enemies. When they asked her if she meant the same God as they did, she said, "Yes," but seemed reluctant to call the Lord the God of heaven and earth. Upon her saying her husband would beat her if she stayed, Mr. Pickering, with all the zeal of a young preacher, told her the vengence of God would surely wait on her, however she might deceive the world and herself, and that the only way to prevent his vengeance was to confess and repent if she had worked that wickedness upon the children; that if she did not repent, he hoped one day to see her burning at a stake, where he would bring wood and faggots, and the children should blow the coals. She replied that she would rather see him over head in the horse-pond, and so went away.

The children had in their fits at this very moment foretold that their uncle was going to see Mother Samuel; and had described her walking before them with her wooden tankard for the yeast, and her apron tucked up. Mr. Throckmorton then went out into the churchyard and met the visitors, upon which the children repeated all the dialogue in anticipation, except a few words which they said the wind prevented them hearing.

After this the children described a spirit in the shape

of a dun chicken, sent from Dame Samuel to vex and torment them, and telling them exactly what the witch was doing at that very moment in Samuel's house; a second sight, which repeated messages found to be always correct. The children were now often carried, sometimes twenty times in an hour, to Mother Samuel's house, always recovering the moment they entered the door, and falling down like a stone when they were removed. When she turned and came towards them they became well.

Mr. Throckmorton then dispersed his children, sending some to various friends, but keeping one or two at home. Some had fits as before, others very rarely. In 1592, four of the children being at Warboyse, their fits grew worse than ever. At the christening of an aunt's infant the sufferers seemed to see no one who was present but Mother Samuel. Towards Hollantide the spirits grew more familiar, and the children repeated for half an hour together conversations they had with them, saying, they would bring Mother Samuel to shame yet, and predicting how long their fits would last, for they frequently began when the peal had begun on the sabbath day. They said the devil told them he was weary of the old woman, and would in a little time bring her either to concession or confession. Mrs. Throckmorton, finding the fits were worse, offered the witch's husband 10*l.* to hire the best

servant in Huntingdon to do his wife's work, so that she might stay with the children. When old John Samuel would not consent to this, the father resolved the children should live there. When he left them the old man put out the fire, saying he would starve them, and though the weather was cold lit no fire, but the next day old Samuel allowed his wife to go and lodge in Mr. Throckmorton's house. The following day when he went for her he found her gone out of town, to prevent going, in spite her husband beating her severely with a cudgel, she went but returned the next day. The children in their fits cried out that Mother Samuel was feeding her spirits, and had entered into a league with them, so that her being with them would now no longer prevent the fits; the poor old woman, however, was still imprisoned in the house closely watched, some of the children eating nothing but from her hands; they often called her to see a spirit playing about them, but she declared she saw nothing. On one occasion Mrs. Throckmorton made the witch guess the number of fits that would take place on the morrow, and this she did correctly.

Mr. Throckmorton asked the old woman if it was true that witches fed their spirits daily with their blood, and bade her now confess and shame the devil; she denied it with bitter words and curses, desiring the Lord from heaven

to show some token upon her that she was no witch, and knew nothing of spirits. Upon this some present left the house, afraid of God's judgment; and soon after Mother Samuel's chin began to bleed, and she confessed it often bled when she was alone. The spirits were then supposed to have been sucking.

Not long after the children bade their father secure the witch's daughter, for she was going to hide. On going to the house they found her hid in the loft, the trap-door leading to it being fastened down with sacks of corn and tubs. On the father's calling for a crowbar to break it open she came down.

The poor persecuted woman began now to get weary of this continued torture, for the children told her openly that she would confess on a certain day, and entreated her to make a clean breast; they represented to her the joys of heaven and the torments of hell; reproved her for cursing them; and put her in mind of her neglecting her attendance at church, which she promised to mend. They then reminded her of her daughter's lewd bringing up, and her suffering her to control and beat her. They also neglected not to pray to God for her, and promised to forgive her if she would confess; but although they spoke this with tears, the woman remained hard and unconcerned. During this time she began to grow faint and

pale, and had repeated bleedings at the nose. The Throckmortons, afraid of her health, took great care of her, and she expressed herself obliged to them. She did nothing now but her own work, eat with the family, and generally slept with one of the children.

Soon after this one night at supper Elizabeth Throckmorton fell into a fit, which came on so often at meal times that the friends were afraid that she would starve, and accused Mother Samuel of a desire of killing her, and declared she should eat no food till the child was able to do so. Mother Samuel replied that she was sorry for the wench, and soon after this threat the child recovered. The next week Mother Samuel complained of being in pain every day in some new place, groaning all night, and disturbing everbody in the bedroom: Mr. Throckmorton and his wife sleeping in the same chamber, troubled at the old woman's moans, cried out, "In God's name what is the matter with you, Mother Samuel; what makes you groan so?" she said she felt something as big as a penny loaf stir in her stomach; it afterwards appeared she was quickening with child: Mrs. Throckmorton got out of bed, although it was very cold, and felt the swelling. The old woman said she had often heard the house was haunted with evil spirits, and she believed now she had one inside her; it was an evil house, she said, and haunted

with devils, and she wished she had never entered it. Mr. Throckmorton replied, that she herself had sent any evil spirits that were there. The next day a child fell into a worse fit than usual while Mother Samuel stood by, sneezing and struggling so, that the old woman, thinking the child would die, prayed for the space of two hours, desiring that the Lord would preserve her in that danger, and saying she hoped never to see the like again; but as she prayed the fit grew worse, particularly when she mentioned the name of God or Christ: the spirit then told the child that a worse fit was coming, but the child hoped God would deliver her, and defied its power. The children then all together prayed Mother Samuel to confess, that they might keep a merry Christmas. She replied, she would do them all the good she could, but would not confess to a thing she neither knew of nor consented to.

Mrs. Throckmorton went in and entreated her in the name of God to repent and confess, and said she hoped never to see them in such a state again; and at the father's entreaty, she then charged the spirit in the name of God to leave the children; they instantly, though they had been three weeks ill, wiped their eyes, pushed back their stools, and stood upon their feet. Mr. Throckmorton's face was then turned towards his children, and his back to the old woman, as he exclaimed, "Thanks

be to God." Looking round he saw the woman on her knees, and saying, "Good master forgive me, for I have been the cause of all the trouble to your children." She had no cause for using them ill, and had forsaken her Maker, and given her soul over to the devil. The grandmother coming and hearing loud talking in the parlour, she asked their forgiveness also. The three children then forgave her, and she kissed them.

As she stood still weeping and refusing to be comforted, they tried to console her, and sent for Dr. Dorington, the minister of the crown; but she nevertheless wept all night. The next day being Christmas-eve and the sabbath, the minister took a text of repentance from the Psalms, and recited her confession to the people, Mother Samuel weeping and lamenting all the sermon time, and drawing the eyes of all the congregation upon her; Mr. Throckmorton remembering that he had no witnesses, but the doctor and those of his own household, made her come into the body of the church, and declare openly that her confession had been voluntary. She then begged their prayers and forgiveness. As she still remained sorrowful, Dr. Dorington persuaded Mr. Throckmorton to let her go home, the husband bluntly saying she might come if she chose; but on her daughter abusing her for confessing, the next day being Christmas-day, she denied

all that she had confessed. On hearing this, Mrs. Throckmorton and the minister went to her house, and as they entered the door, heard her husband say, "Believe them not, believe them not, for all their fair speeches;" but they denied this afterwards. Upon being threatened to be taken before justices, she said she had only confessed from joy, that her prayers had so soon recovered them. Mr. Throckmorton said as the thing was published, and one of them must bear the shame, things should not pass so; and on her refusing to make a second confession in the church, he gave both her and her daughter in charge of the constables, to go with him to the Bishop of Lincoln. She then confessed again, saying she had been intimidated by her husband and daughter. Mr. Throckmorton had secretly sent for some of his neighbours from the church, and placed them under the parlour window, where he contrived to make her speak loud, so that they might hear her confession. She was then brought into the hall, where she denied it all; but the doctor read the confession, and the neighbours told her it was too late to deny. Upon this came in John Samuel, and abusing his wife, would have struck her; upon which she pretended to fall into a swoon. Mr. Throckmorton being determined to clear himself of that matter in the minds of the common people, brought the case before the bishop, and Francis

Cromwell, and Richard Joyce, justices of the peace at Buckden.

The following is a condensation of the examinations on the 26th of December, 1592:—Alice Samuel of Warboyse deposed that a spirit in the shape of a dun chicken sucked at her chin twice only since Christmas-eve; that being the cause of the evil that happened to the children, the chicken was now in her belly, and made her feel full and heavy. She never did hurt to any but those children. It was a beggar (upright man) who gave her the three spirits to torment Mr. Throckmorton, who she said was a hard man. She saw the spirits when the children had fits, and gave them private signs with her finger or head. She had three spirits, Pluck, Catch, and White, in the shape of dun chickens, and three others that she called by three smacks of her mouth. Two of these she sent to Mr. Throckmorton and his wife, but they returned, telling her that God would not suffer them to prevail; upon which she sent them to the children. Upon being taken to another chamber, and conjuring the devil three times in the name of the Trinity, she found out that the upright man's name was Langland, and that he was now gone on a voyage beyond seas. After this confession, Mother Samuel and her daughter were committed to Huntingdon Gaol; but with much difficulty, Mr. Throckmorton persuaded the

high sheriff and justices to accept bail of Agnes Samuel, that he might take her home and test the evidence of her guiltiness.

The following is an epitome of Dr. Dorington's report of this examination, read at the Huntingdon Sessions on Tuesday the 9th of the ensuing January:—About 12 o'clock, Mary, Jane, and Grace fell into fits, repeating continually, 'I am glad, I am glad, none so glad as I!' and foretold the coming of Agnes Samuel. When the woman was first brought they had no fits for some days, and then they began again with renewed violence. She then said the mother had given over her spirits to the daughter. One of them declared she saw a spirit named Blue, tumbling like a football or a puppet player, and in shape like the witches thrumb cap. She then said Agnes Samuel had too much liberty, and was at that moment talking with her spirits in the kitchen chamber. The spirit told her that another spirit named Smack was often with him.

The next day being sabbath, a gentleman came to see Mary from Brampton, and as she entered the door she fell in a fit. Mrs. Throckmorton then called Agnes Samuel, and bade her say, "I charge thee thou devil as I love thee, and have authority over thee, and am a witch and guilty of this matter, that thou suffer this child to be

well at this present." The child instantly wiped its eyes, and stood up recovered. In another fit Jane Throckmorton said, Smack had been fighting with Pluck with great cowl staves in Mother Samuel's yard, and Pluck's head been broken. The next day she had another fit, and Agnes Samuel prayed for her with the rest, and declared the diseases must proceed from some supernatural power. She said Catch came to her limping, and said Smack had broken his leg; she tried to strike him, but he leapt over the stick. At another time, Blue came with his arm in a sling, and said that Smack had broken his arm, but when it got well they would beat him. In a third fit she spoke of a spirit called Hardname, whose appellation consisted of eight letters, and every letter standing for a word. Smack told her that he had two cousins, and promised her she should have no more fits. She told him he and his fellows might hang, for she cared for none of them. Smack tried to induce her to love him, and offered to do anything for her, but she defied his temptations. Another time Smack came to her and said he had been fighting with Pluck and Catch, and had beaten them much, so that they would not dare to come to her any more. It also prophesied that she should scratch Agnes Samuel shortly, accusing her then of consenting to the death of Lady Cromwell. Rising early, it was found,

prevented the fits, and the children, it was observed, were generally able to foretel each other's attacks. When Agnes Samuel took them in her arms they grew well.

On the Huntingdon Session day, Mary Throckmorton being seized with a fit, declared the day was come in which she must scratch the witch; and when the maid was brought into the room, cried out, "Art thou come, thou young witch, who hath done all this mischief?" As the child could not move, it was then put in Alice Samuel's lap, the child clasped her hands about her neck and fell, scratching very fiercely till she had scratched off a piece of skin of the breadth of a shilling. The child expressed sorrow for the act, but said the spirit compelled her. The next day she said Catch had been with her and threatened her strongly for daring to encourage Smack, telling them she would not be well till she went to stay at Sommers, at an uncle's house two miles distant. A day or two afterwards, Elizabeth, another daughter, hitherto quiet and gentle fell into a fit, and dropping on her knees, scratched Alice Samuel's hand, crying out, "O! thou young witch, oh! thou young witch, fie upon thee, fie upon thee, who ever heard of a young witch before?" and when she recovered cried at having hurt her. During this scene, the girl Samuel cried on the Lord to help her, as the child wiped her hands and rubbed them with her blood,

declaring the devil made her do so. When the fit was over, the child began to exhort the witch to repentance, telling her if she did not pray night and day for God's favours, she would be damned in hell for ever. She also prayed her to confess that her soul might be saved. She then accused her of having been a witch for four or five years or more, and of killing the Lady Cromwell. She also accused the father of being a witch, and declared her wish to scratch him.

The father was then sent for, and the messengers met him coming to the house, having heard that his daughter was sick. The child instantly tried to scratch him, but seemed suddenly withheld, yet continued to accuse him of being a witch, and preventing his wife repenting. The man who was by nature of a churlish disposition grew rude and loud, and drowned the child's voice, crying out that she and all the company lied in calling him a witch, and would not be silent or listen till compelled by Mr. Throckmorton; but the child went on exhorting him amid all the noise. After an hour and a half's dispute, the old man was entreated to invoke the spirits as his wife and daughter had done; but he refused, saying no one should make him speak then, nor would he be brought to it for anything. Mr. Throckmorton declared he should not go, though the child remained for a week in the fit. Dr.

Dorington and the neighbours then repeated the words to encourage him to follow them. At last seeing Mr. Throckmorton firm, he repeated the words, "As I am a witch, and consenting to the death of the Lady Cromwell, so I charge the spirit to depart from Mrs. Elizabeth Throckmorton at this present, and to suffer her to be well."

The child, directly it heard the words, arose in perfect health, and wondered to see the company. She said she had been asleep, and knew nothing of what had happened, being ready to weep at what she was charged with saying. Some days after Mrs. Joan was taken ill and tormented with terrible pains in the head, so that she lay crying and groaning all night. By day she would lie in her bed shrieking and starting for four or five hours without intermission, sighing and groaning, with struggles and wrestlings. In her fits, she always desired to have her head held for fear of being torn to pieces; and when she felt them coming, cried out perpetually, "Hold!" Several times in the week she was near death, her fits being extremely long and dangerous, and worse when Nan Samuel was present. The next week she complained of being sore all over, as if she had been beaten. On Monday, the 19th of March, she had conversation with Smack, the spirit, who told her she should scratch Nan Samuel at the assizes in a fort-

night's time. Two days after, Grace being in the witch's arms, fell a scratching her hand fiercely, her jaw being locked, and she groaning and weeping at what the devil obliged her to do. Being very young, she had not strength enough to draw blood when she scratched. The children were frequently during this time exorcised by Nan Samuel, and upon that instantly recovered. The spirit accused the father, mother, and daughter of witchcraft, and told her she should scratch Nance Samuel twice, once for herself, and once for her aunt Pickering at Ellington.

The spirit also said that Mother Samuel had nine spirits, one of whom was then with her in the gaol, where she fed it with blood from her chin. John Samuel was a witch, who would be worse than the other two when they were hanged, for he would have all the spirits from the rest. The child then accused Samuel of bewitching a man and his wife named Chappel, who were his neighbours, and who had had fits like the children, and had once fallen in the street soon after meeting Samuel. The spirit also told her, when she scratched the witches, to pare her nails and burn the blood, or they would suffer for it.

In a few days the children scratched Nan Samuel several times ; and the witch praying for God's mercy, and joining in petitions to God, one of the children betrayed disposition to suicide, but always when with friends,

who prevented her either throwing herself in the fire, or into the water, or cutting her throat. During these times she seemed listening to some spirit talking, looking sorrowfully at the maid, and shaking her head; her face and voice at these times expressed the most inveterate dislike to Samuel, tearing at her hand, though unable to bring blood, crying she "might as good take it now as at any other time, for that she must have her penniworth." Dr. Dorington then spoke to the maid, telling her that God would not have suffered her to be tried by those spirits, and to be afflicted by those innocent children against their wills, if she were not consenting to those wicked practices her mother had confessed.

The maid denied all, and wished God might send some sudden token upon her that they might all know she was innocent of those matters, and presently her nose began to bleed very much. The maid said it had bled the day before, and wished that the bleeding might foretel no evil to her. In subsequent fits the children said they had not thought but that Father Samuel was as bad as the rest. Samuel, however, refused to come again to repeat the exorcism, and the child remained ill, sometimes weeping and melancholy, sometimes merry and playing; then she could not speak to anybody, or even hear or see them. She, however, could see clothes, and would wonder at a

pair of hose, a cloak, or a gown, weeping alone, for they seemed to her to hang in the air.

Sometimes at dinner she would close her mouth till Agnes Samuel put a knife to her lips, and then she would be instantly well. This last fit lasted three weeks.

On the day of the Assizes, when sitting in a chamber of the inn at Huntingdon, she suddenly grew well, and would scarcely believe anything had been the matter with her; but when Agnes Samuel replied to the company that she served God as other people did, Mrs. Joan, as soon as she began to repeat the Lord's Prayer and Belief, was grievously tormented. The fit recommenced if the witch maid, as they called her, repeated twice the name of Christ, or prayed him to have mercy upon her. Several hundred persons tried this experiment.

When the Court was broken up, Justice Fenner came into the Crown Inn, and went to see the child in the garden, where she was surrounded by justices and other gentlemen. While he was talking to her she fell into a fit, her eyes closing, her arms stretched out, and her whole body shaking. She was then led into an arbour, the company following, and praying with her. Then Mrs. Throckmorton told the judge that she recovered as soon as the maid repeated the Adjuration. This was tried with the usual success, but she soon after fell into another similar

fit, and was again recovered by the same means. When she recovered she told the judge she had been asleep. "I pray God," said the Judge, "send you no more such sleeps."

The next day the three prisoners were indicted for bewitching unto death Lady Cromwell, of Hinchbrook, contrary to God's laws, and the 16th Elizabeth. The other two indictments were for bewitching Mrs. Jane Throckmorton and others. The Grand Jury made no delay, but found them all guilty. The examination of the witnesses lasted from eight till one, when the jury and Judge declared themselves satisfied, and the trial terminated. Mrs. Jean Throckmorton being then in one of her usual fits, she was brought into Court, and old Samuel desired to rehearse the charm, but he refused, although the judge and others repeated it to him. He was then desired to pray for the child, which he did; and when he repeated the name of Jesus, the child grew worse. At last he consented to repeat the exorcism, and the fit ceased, the child wiped its eyes, asked her father's blessing, paid her respects to her friends, and said, "O Lord, father, where am I." Then the judge said, "You see she is now well, but not with the music of David's harp."

Robert Poulton, vicar of Brampton, deposed that John Langley, one of his parishioners, then sick in his bed, told him that having once, in Huntingdon, bid Mr.

Knowles, of Brampton, to give Mother Samuel no meat, for she was an old witch, his horse died that afternoon as he rode home, and within two days after he was twice in danger of his life, losing soon after twenty marks worth of cattle. Soon after he died.

Mr. Robert Throckmorton also said that, having once abused Mother Samuel, he soon after lost two beasts, a hog and a sow; a month after, a sow, worth four marks, also dying, he did as he was advised, and dug a hole and threw the body in, and covered it with faggots and sticks and burnt her, and afterwards all the other cattle did well.

The gaoler of Huntingdon deposed that a man of his, finding Mother Samuel unruly, had chained her to the bedstead, and that not long after he fell sick, and was seized with fits similar to those of the children, crying out that Mother Samuel had bewitched him, and died after six days' torment. Soon after this the gaoler's son was seized, and did not recover till he had scratched Mother Samuel.

In the afternoon, when the jury of life and death found the indictment *billa vera,* old Father Samuel said to his wife, in the hearing of many, "A plague of God light upon thee, for thou art she that hath brought us all to this, and we may thank thee for it." When the judge

came to pass sentence, the old man merely said, "The Lord have mercy upon me;" but the old woman, though nearly fourscore, declared she was with child, upon which every body laughed, and she herself most. She, however, refusing to waive this defence, a jury of women, who gave their service, said that if she was with child, it must be by the devil.

A bystander tried to persuade Agnes Samuel to declare that she was pregnant, but she refused to be called both witch and harlot; so the judge, after good divine counsel given to the prisoners, passed sentence of death upon them. The next day many godly men went to the prison to persuade them to confess and repent. Mother Samuel being asked by a justice whether she bewitched Lady Cromwell, denied it; but her husband, standing behind and hearing her denial, said, "Deny it not, but confess the truth, for thou didst it one way or another."

Being already, however, upon the ladder at the place of execution, Mother Samuel made a full confession to Dr. Chamberlin, who prayed with her; she said she had three familiar spirits, one of whom prompted her to revenge herself on Lady Cromwell for burning her hair lace.

With another spirit she bewitched Mrs. Throckmorton's children; her third spirit she had sent to sea, only two

of them having sucked. Her husband, she allowed, was also a witch, but she endeavoured to clear her daughter; then repeating the Lord's Prayer, she could get no further than the middle, and could not pronounce these words, "Deliver us from evil," nor, in the Creed, "I believe in the Holy Catholick Church." When the execution was over, the gaoler stripped the dead of their clothes, and found witch marks upon the old woman. From this time the children continued well, and their fits ceased.

To commemorate this event a sermon was preached annually at Huntingdon, on Lady-day (being fair day), by the preacher of Queen's College, Cambridge, the Cromwell family leaving 40*s.* a year to the corporation for such purpose.

Another witch trial of scarcely less interest is that of the possession, as it is called in old books, of William Sommers, a man of Nottingham, in 1597. This man, who was about twenty years old, having had fits for several weeks, the mayor and aldermen of the town sent for a Mr. Darrel, minister of Ashley, who was known by prayers and fasting to have recovered eight or nine persons. He at first refused, declaring that he only prayed like any other godly minister might do; but at last yielded to their desires, and after praying with 150 others, drove out the spirit, and was retained as preacher in Notting-

ham. When Sommers recovered he discovered several witches, including one Doll Freeman, kinswoman of an alderman of the town, who at once committed Sommers to prison as a witch. There, he said, the devil appeared to him in the shape of a mouse, and assured him he would be hanged if he did not say his possession was counterfeit, which he did, upon which they recommenced with increased severity.

To sift the matter a commission of twelve persons was instituted, and the depositions of threescore witnesses taken down by Mr. Darrel, seventeen of them examined. Sommers being brought in, fell down in a fit before the feet of the high sheriff himself; they then thrust pins into his hands and legs, but no blood followed, he remained still senseless, and when he awoke was unconscious of the pricks he had received. The Archdeacon of Derby, an enemy to Mr. Darrel, then, to the great joy of the town, confessed that the case showed supernatural interference. The Archbishop of York expressed himself satisfied that the case was one of possession, but remained opposed to Dr. Darrel's cure by prayer and fasting.

The witnesses deposed that they saw swellings in the body of Sommers, which suddenly changed their places and ran up from his legs to his chest, sometimes as big as a walnut, sometimes as a fist; a hollow voice was heard

to say, "He is mine." A clergyman then present said, "He is God's, and hath made a promise to be his in baptism." The voice replied, "I am God, Christ, and King; I made baptism, and he is mine by a new covenant, for I gave him three pence, and it is in the boy's glove." Sommers then roared and gnashed his teeth, and foamed at the mouth, so that five men had much ado to hold him. A great knocking was then heard in the room beneath, five shapes moved under the coverlet, and the bed-clothes shook like leaves. Sometimes, when the swelling moved to the face, the skin under the eye grew black. Another witness deposed to Mr. Darrel's depossession; 150 persons met at seven o'clock in the morning to consecrate the whole day to prayer and fasting, prayers being offered against the sins of those times; the boy twisted his mouth and cried bitterly, presenting all the demoniacal symptoms mentioned in the ninth of Mark. When Mr. Darrel came to the words, "All things are possible to him that believeth," he answered, "Thou liest," and tried, with clawing hands, to fly at the preacher; when he came to the verse, "He came out of him," Sommers seemed to vomit, and the congregation joining in fervent prayer, he came suddenly well, going to sleep upon a bed upon which he was thrown, and presently returning thanks upon his knees, and returning home with his master quite well.

The wife of a neighbour declared she had seen him gathered up into a ball and thrown up three times half a yard high, and sometimes seen him cast into the fire, when the swelling came there being generally a smell of brimstone in the room. Once the voice said, "I will bind William Sommers's tongue and members for three days." He then discovered Millicent Horslie, at Bridgford, to be a witch. A surgeon of Nottingham declared at one time he roared with three voices, one like a bull, the second like a bear, and the third a small trumpet-voice, that could not well be counterfeited. The blacksmith swore he spoke Latin, and one woman said she observed something like three kittens moving under the bed-clothes.

One John Letwellie swore that, coming to the said Sommers in the presence of Mr. Darrel and others, he found him in a fit, and so strong that several persons were soon tired with holding him; and another time, finding him well, and exhorting him out of the word of God, he was suddenly thrown from the place he sat in on his head.

The rest of the trial has little interest.

Old Reginald Scott, a deep master of old learning, gives us the names and shapes of all the dukes and marquesses of hell — Barbas, Barbatos, Zepar, Amaimon, and their brothers. From these names Shakspere drew all his spirits — Beelphegor, Barbazon, and the rest.*

* Reginald Scott's Discoveries of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 158.

No Arabian Nights can equal the wonder of these shapes. Agones has the likeness of a fair old man riding upon a crocodile, with a hawk upon his fist. He commands thirty-one legions of spirits, and has power over earthquakes. Amaimon has a wolf's body, a serpent's tail, dog's teeth, and a raven's head, is omniscient, and dominates over forty legions. Armoday hath three heads, the first like a bull, the second like a man, the third like a ram, and rides on a dragon. He discloses hid treasure, *and teaches arithmetic.*

Each spirit has a particular hour wherein he may be best bound. An exorciser was required to fast three days, and then, drawing a circle and holding a ring, had to repeat the prayer of adjuration. To conjure a dead man's spirit, it was necessary to go to the grave at midnight with a companion, who bore a candle in the left hand and a crystal stone in the right, the conjuror holding a hazel wand with the names of God written on it, Teragrammaton + Adonai + Agla + Craton +. Then, striking three times on the ground, with a prayer, he commanded the spirit into the stone, where it appeared in the shape of a child, after many scenes of terror.

When this was over, the exorciser might depart to his house, draw two circles with chalk, and summon the fairy

Sybilia.* Within the first circle sat the master and his companion, the master having his book in his hand, and his assistant the crystal stone. The master wore a parchment penticle, inscribed with three crosses, and the words Sorthie, Sorthia, Sorthios, and repeated the conjuration seven times. She was to appear in the shape of a beautiful woman, in a white vesture, and was dismissed by the repetition of a prayer.

If certain mystic characters were written on paper, and buried on the site of supposed hid treasure, at a certain aspect the paper would burn if there was money really concealed.

To go invisible, the conjuror retired for nine days from the face of man; and putting on clean clothing, lit a candle of virgin wax, and prepared a fire of charcoal; then taking clean water and boiling it, the exorciser washed himself, going three times round the fire, and holding the candle, and repeating the adjuration; then going to bed, with a white silk kercher round his head, the invoker expected that a spirit would appear in the night, and put on his finger the ring of invisibility.

To imprison a spirit in stone was a work of greater labour, it required fasting, *clean shaving*, and two days'

* Reginald Scott's Discoveries of Witchcraft, ch. 8. p. 156.

repetition of the seven psalms and Litany. On the sixth day the exorciser procured five bright swords, and drew with one of them a given circle, writing on each one a name — Lithrael, Malartha, Thamalor, Falcius, and Silvana; and thrusting a sword through each. He then repeated his invocation, holding the stone in his hand. Having done this five times, five kings, with a marvellous company, appeared out of the north, and alighting from their horses, knelt before him, offering to do his will. The spirit then appeared in the stone to fulfil his master's will for ever. The difficulty was to bind him by some bond.

Sometimes the conjuror wore a girdle of lion's skin, with the name of God written upon it. The Solomon's circle he described with a bright knife, on the blade of which were written various mystic words.*

There were also prayers, by which a dying man could be forced to fulfil his promise, and appear after death to the exorciser. These strange prayers had frequently a wild power about them singularly impressive, as in the following case: — "I conjure thee, Sybilia, by the blood that ran out of the side of our Lord Jesus Christ, crucified, and by the opening of heaven, and by the rending of the

* Reginald Scott's Discoveries of Witchcraft, 1584.

temple, and by the darkness of the sun in the time of his death, and by the rising of the dead in the time of his resurrection, and by the Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the unspeakable name of God, Tetragrammaton."

And again: —

"I conjure thee, Spirit Orobas, by the golden girdle which girded the loins of our Lord Jesus Christ, so thou, Spirit Orobas, be thou bound into the perpetual pains of hell fire for thy disobedience and unreverent regard that thou hast to the holy names and words, and his precepts. I conjure thee, Orobas, by the two-edged sword which John saw proceed out of the mouth of the Almighty; and so thou, Spirit Orobas, be torn and cut in pieces with that sword, and to be condemned into everlasting pain, where the fire goeth not out, and where the worm dieth not. I conjure thee, Orobas, by the heavens and by the celestial city of Jerusalem, and by the earth and sea, and by all things contained in them, and by their virtues and powers. Therefore let the divine Trinity, thrones, dominions, principalities, potentates: cherubims, and seraphims, and all the souls of saints both of men and women, condemn thee for ever, and be a witness against thee at the day of judgment, because of thy disobedience; and let all creatures of our Lord Jesus Christ say thereunto Fiat, Fiat, Fiat. Amen."

The vulgar errors of the Elizabethan age are all duly chronicled, thanks to the patient industry of Browne, an old physician of Norwich. Other absurdities have taken their place, but still the poorest English peasant no longer believes that the elephant has no joints *, cannot kneel, and sleeps standing; that the horse and dove have no gall; that the beaver mutilates itself to escape pursuit. That a badger has legs of unequal length, or that the bear shapes its cubs by licking, are now exploded fallacies.

No one credits the story that the basilisk poisons with its glance, though they may allow the existence of the old sea serpent of the Scandinavian mythology; any child may go to the Zoological Gardens and satisfy himself that the wolf's eye cannot deprive a man of speech; any gamekeeper will tell you a deer does not live 200 years; any boatman that a dead kingfisher hung up by the bill will not tell which way the wind lies; "rappers" draw crowds to see them; but not a Londoner would listen to us if we spoke of griffins with lions' bodies and eagles' heads. Sensible men expect daily to hear of a man with a tail in some new part of Africa, but would never believe the old story of the phœnix that burnt itself, and from whose ashes sprang a successor. Naturalists no longer dispute as to whether

* Sir T. Browne's Works, 1686, p. 83.

a salamander can live in fire; or about the precious stone in the head of the frog. The amphisbœna, with two heads, though Pliny avows its existence, figures now only in fairy stories, where it is necessary that two wicked princes shall be simultaneously bit; any labourer will tell you the mother viper is not killed by its young, and that the much slandered mole has, after all, undoubted eyes. The naturalists tell us that the lampry's nine eyes are only ornamental spots; chamelions no longer live on that cheap food, air; nor do we suppose even the salmon to do so, though food is so seldom found in its stomach.

We are able to speak more positively than the worthy physician, whom we abridge, and assure our readers that ostriches do not live on tenpenny nails, that they may swallow, but cannot digest, iron; unicorns' horns are no longer used in medicine, and spermaceti is no more a mystery.

To the poets now we leave the legends of swans singing their own dirges. To fabulists the assertions that peacocks are ashamed to look at their own legs; that toads and spiders poison each other, and that a man is afraid of a fowl. We still believe that earwigs get into the brain; we know now that snakes bite and do not sting, and that ants do not gnaw the corn they store up to prevent its germination.

No modern writer on natural philosophy would now have to deny that man's spittle was poison to a snake; that the nightingale sings with her breast to a thorn; that mice could be bred from carrion; or that quails fed on hellebore. The tarantula and the lamb of Tartary, that strange vegetable assuming the form of an animal, have now slowly changed from assumed truths to real fables.

The laborious Holland's translation of that great compiler, Pliny, filled the Elizabethan age with errors, not only of the age's birth, but also with all the long-buried follies of antiquity. Crystal was thought to be congealed ice; a diamond was believed to be rendered soft by goat's blood; glass was thought a poison, and gold a cordial; gunners no longer expect a bullet to melt in its flight, although the white or noiseless gunpowder that they so largely sought for has long ago been found.

The far-seeing physician, so far beyond his time, takes pains to assure us that coral is not soft under water; that porcelain is not made of earth buried for a century under ground; that carbuncles do not shine at night; that the mandrake had a root in the shape of a man, but that it grew not under gibbets, nor gave a shriek when it was pulled up.

It is singular that a man, shrewd enough to detect these fallacies, should yet believe that bees were generated from

dead oxen, hornets from horses, and lice from sweat; that he knew that the mistletoe was sprung from an evil humour in a tree's sap; yet from this goes on to calmly and gravely overturn the opinion that a bay tree could protect one from lightning, and to deride the fables of the rose of Jericho and the Glastonbury thorn.

Browne first showed the death-watch to be an insect, that the grubs in oak galls did not foretel war or pestilence, and that elder and dewberries were not harmful: he first began to deride the practice of using plants to heal diseases merely from their names, or the shape of their leaves seeming typical of some peculiar disease: he showed too that elf arrows were fossils, and that precious stones had no magical virtues.

With his quaintness, so wise and so eccentric, the old physician assures us that the ring finger has no particular connection with the heart; that drowned men float the ninth day when the gall breaks; that a man undisturbed by fear would swim naturally; and that man weighs heavier dead than alive. He showed that meat and drink have not separate passages to the stomach; that blessing a friend who sneezed had no reference to sneezing being a symptom of some infectious disease; and he denies that all Jews stink; or that there is a nation of pigmies.

This daring medicus attacks even astrology, laughs gravely at men's minds changing every seven years, or

the climacterical year sixty-three being the most dangerous epoch of one's life. In a few chapters he annihilates mermaids and unicorns; denies that pelicans feed their young with their own blood; or that dolphins are crooked as we see them represented in maps.

The Elizabethan superstitions were more numerous than our own, though Welshmen still believe in fairies, and the midland peasantry in witches and necromancy. If a hare crossed the road it was an ill omen; so was the appearance of the owl or raven; the fall of salt was unlucky; and it was dangerous not to break an egg shell before the meal was over: the cheek burning or the ear tingling was ominous, and so was a cold shuddering down the back. All these were Roman superstitions, and are mentioned by Pliny and others. Amongst other ancient sayings then retained, were "A smoke follows the fairest!" "Ungirt,—unblest!" They believed the sun danced for joy on Easter day; that a caul had miraculous virtues; they dreaded to sit cross legged; pared their nails and cut their hair at certain periods, and never shaved the moles upon their faces; they drew prophecies from the spots on their nails; they looked with superstitious respect on swallows; believed that candles burnt blue on the approach of spirits; that children left uneducated would speak Hebrew; and that Adam and Eve had no navels.

Ghosts were seen every day in these good old foolish credulous times, when the dead seemed to elbow the living; then there were fire drakes, and Friar Rushes, and all the spirits we still have, and a great many more. Fairies were to be seen any night, though the old people said they had left when the monks were turned out of the Abbeys, as if when ignorance was expelled the nation had at once grown wiser: there were mine spirits, and headless Dukes of York, and skeleton coaches, and wild huntsmen, and Brownies who did farmer's work, and water spirits, and English banshees, and red-handed ladies who rustled down old corridors, and mysterious trees that fell when the old lord died, as if in anticipation of being destroyed by the new heir, and armies of spirits that would fight in the air and listened to no Riot Act; not to mention rains of blood and frogs, and unnatural sheep with five heads, and runaway comets, and flaring bonfire meteors: these were every-day sights at a time when prodigies were observed, and not reserved for country newspapers short of matter, and still shorter of invention and sense. Every old brain-addled student fancied himself a Faust, who had but to pronounce a black-letter charm to call up a brace of ugly demons.

The belief in amulets and charms was almost universal. The papists wore medals and prayers which protected

them from thieves: there were charms for the falling sickness, for the bites of mad dogs, for the toothache, for pregnancy, for king's evil, for thorns in the flesh, and the headache; there was one to open locks, one to drive away spirits, and one for the rot in horses. For the falling sickness the charm was the following:

> "Ananizapta, ferit mortem dum lædere querit,
> Est mala mors capta dum dictus Ananizapta;
> Ananizapta Dei nunc miserere mei."

The other superstitious remedies were to drink in the night at a spring from the skull of a murdered man; to eat a pig killed with a murderer's knife: or take the sick man by the hand and whisper softly in his ear, "I conjure thee by the sun and moon, and by the gospel of the day, delivered by God to Hubert, Giles, Cornelius, and John, that thou rise and fall no more."

For hydrophobia the magical remedies were equally strange; a silver ring was put on the patient's finger, and in the ring was written the words "+ Habay + Habar + Hebar +," or else he was pricked thrice in the nose by one who said, "I am thy Saviour! lose not thy life!" Pills made of the skull of a man that had been hanged, were also efficacious; others wrote on a piece of bread words in Latin bad enough to lay any ghost, and let the patient swallow it.

If all these failed, as they sometimes did, the concluding prayer was used, "O rex, gloria Jesu Christe, veni cum pace. In nomine Patris, pax, in nomine Filii, pax, in nomine Spiritus sancta, pax, Gasper, Melchior, Belthasar + pax + pax + Deus et pax + ."

The witches' charms were some in verse and some in prose; of both of these we subjoin specimens — while picking simples for burns, repeat —

"Hail to thee, holy herb,
Growing on the ground,
All in the Mount Calvary
First wert thou found.
Thou art good for many a sore,
And heal'st many a wound,
In the name of sweet Jesus,
I take thee from the ground."

"The fire bites, the fire bites, the fire bites, the Father with thee, the Son with me, the Holy Ghost between us both to be; then spit over one shoulder, and then over the other, and then three times right forward."

To bear rack tortures patiently, Dismas and Gestas, the two thieves who suffered with our Saviour, were invoked.

For sleep the country people would say: —

"In nomine Patris up and down,
Et Filii, et Spiritus sancte upon my crown,
Dear Christ upon my breast,
Sweet Lady send me eternal rest."

There were also charms to find out thieves and witches,

and charms for arrow wounds and agues. For the flux an old charm was often used: —

> "In the blood of Adam death was taken,+
> In the blood of Christ it was all to shaken,+
> And by the same blood I do thee charge,
> That thou do run no longer at large."

The learned men, if not the vulgar, believed in the magical virtues of certain precious stones, the very existence of which is not denied. There was alectorius, found in a capon's belly, that assuageth thirst and makes the wearer invincible; halcyonus, a stone found in the swallow's nest, that cureth melancholy; and the stone found in a toad's head, and another in the body of cranes. Agate was said to protect the wearer from serpents, amethyst made a drunken man sober, coral preserved from enchantment, heliotrope stanched blood, hyacinth preserved from lightning, topaz cured madness, chalcedony preserved from melancholy, cornelian from flux, and sapphire gave courage and was of great virtue against the gout.

Men believed in the divining rod and palmistry. The poorer sort hung hollow stones in their stables to keep off the nightmare, used chips of the gallows as amulets against agues, rubbed dead men's hands to cure warts, and drank roast-beef bones powdered as remedies against

the flux. If a child died and his neck remained flexible for some hours, the nurses thought some one else would soon die in the same house. If a woman with child looked on a dead body, it was a sign her child would be pale.

The old Chaldean imposture, astrology, will never die out as long as the stars remain unvisited, and earth has fools for inhabitants.

Kepler, who considered astrology too much neglected, and containing much occult wisdom and many hints of truth, calls the theoretical science "the foolish daughter of a wise mother." Is it not a wonder of the world that every year prophecies should be published and largely circulated, as pretentious and invariably as false as those of Belshazzar's Magi, a thousand good years ago? With these mere astral quacks we must include the class of preachers who every six months announce the Millennium as positively as if they were the especial favourites of God and were entrusted with the secrets of Providence. No failure daunts these empirics; they always point to the morrow and rely upon the present never overtaking the future. There is always as good a reason for the prophecy failing as there is for a doctor's patient dying. Not fifty years ago an alchemist's lamp burnt in a London printing-office; and hundreds of enthusiasts still believe

in the errors of Paracelsus and his mystics. It is, however, probable that exact science may have overlooked some of the instincts of astrology, just as modern medicine despises simples, and is yet always importing some new mineral. To retrace the path of the past is often the nearest way round to the future, for some think we move in a circle and not in a straight line; that in old age we relearn the wisdom of childish perceptions; and in intellect arrive finally at a conviction of the divine keensightedness of the unaided heart, that no prejudice can blind, if its guidance be confided in, and a deaf ear turned to the iron, unfeeling, purblind reason.

In the reign of Elizabeth the tenets of Paracelsus, that strange mixture of science, charlatanism, and madness, were beginning to spread in England. The growth of Platonism, and the ideal tendencies of the age fostered by the drama, and a combination of circumstances, led men to embrace mystical theories, which seemed of such antiquity and good descent, and of which the wisest men had been dupes. Bacon himself was a believer in astrology; and Shakspere speaks with respect of planetary influences, of the music of the spheres, and in this respect does not seem much beyond his age.

We should not pretend, even if we could, to give any

sketch of the mysteries of this limitless science. The primary law was, to use the words of Cornelius Agrippa, that the low is always subject to the higher, and that the earthly depends on the stellar.

Every planet ruled a peculiar country, a special part of the body, and a distinct disease and profession — Aries, the head and face; Taurus, the neck and throat; Gemini, the foot, arm, and shoulder. Taurus ruled over Iceland, and men cold, dry, and phlegmatic; while Gemini was potent over hot and moist.

Some conjunctions of planets were good and some evil. Saturn and Mars were of evil, and Venus and Jupiter of good omen; Sagittarius made men ruddy and of chesnut hair. If the lord of the fifth house was, at the time of birth, in the first house, the child's nature would be conscientious, benevolent, wise, and discreet; it would be a good traveller, going long journeys into far countries.*

Every noble had his astrologer, much more every monarch; and Elizabeth consulted Dr. Dee, who saw spirits. There were even astrologers at country fairs, who professed to invoke the devil, and kept a rascally jackpudding to play the ghost. The servant learnt the visitor's errand, and informed his master by signs and

* Isagoge to the Astral Science, 1658, *passim*.

preconcerted signals, such as our sham clairvoyants and spirit-rappers now use.

These cunning men told farmers where their sheep had strayed, and the farmer's wife how to save her chickens from the fox. They generally knew a little chemistry and a good deal of jugglery, and could frighten the simple by optical tricks and simple legerdemain.

Agrippa tells us that the heavenly tends to earthly, earthly to heavenly, and that in everything in nature there is aspiration and progression, as grass eaten by an animal becomes living and sentient, and part of that animal. He, in fact, teaches a metempsychosis which is also the concealed doctrine of many of our modern poets, who look with awe at flowers as once men or about to become so.

They believed that the position of the stars at the time of our birth decided our fate in life. To ascertain this, and to read the future, they divided the heavens into twelve divisions called mansions or houses, the first house was that part of the sky on a level with the horizon when the sun rose; the second was at noon; the seventh at sunset; and the fourth at midnight; the rest filled the intermediate degrees, and were either cadent or succedent.*

* Manual of Astrology, *passim*, 1828.

The first was the house of life, the second of riches, the third of kindred, the fifth of children, the sixth of sickness, the seventh of marriage, the eighth of death, the ninth of religion, and so on.*

There were also four trigons, — fiery, airy, earthly, and watery; and five aspects, — sextile, quartile, trine, oppositive, and conjunctive.

These related to the relative distances of the planets from each other; the trine was when the sun had gone a third of the distance from the meridian; the sextile when it had gone a sixth.

But no more of this jargon; all the truth in which is allegorical, and all the error plain.

* Zadkiel's Horoscope, p. 47.

CHAP. XIII.

WAPPING IN 1588.

"Your mind is tossing on the ocean."
Merchant of Venice, Act i. Sc. 1.

Sketch of Wapping. — Adventures of the Age. — Heroism. — Extension of Commerce. — Scene in a Sea-side Tavern. — Hatred of the Spaniard. — Sea Chivalry. — Voyage of Master Parker of Plymouth. — Escape to Guatimala. — Sea Yarns. — Valiant Fight of Ten Merchant Ships of London and Twelve Spanish Galleys. — The Centurion of London. — Escape of John Fox from a Turkish Prison. — The religious Sentiment. — Spanish Cruelties. — Names of Vessels. — Our Navy. — English Army. — Decline of Archery. — Uses of Archery. — Archer's Fittings. — Defects of Archers.

THE Wapping of Elizabeth's day was a dense net-work of narrow, dirty streets, whose fronts nodded to, and almost touched, each other. Below were rope walks, biscuit shops, old clothes stores, and dusty piles of Indian curiosities, much as are at present in such localities. In the parlour of the "Drake's Head," or "Gallant Howard," sat old sunburnt, scarred sailors, talking of Virginny, or of the chase of some Indian chief. Incredible lies are heard emerging, like the utterance of oracles, not from the incense of an altar, but from dense clouds of tobacco-

smoke, lit here and there by stars of dull red flame. There are tales of the Inquisition Chambers, with baring of shrivelled arms and branded breasts, and much stripping of legs to show the red band where the fetters clasped, or the dark hole where the poisoned arrow entered; what cheers, too, from the balconies and the great chimney-corner when some great captain enters, and proposes a fresh cruise to the Golden City, the vexed Bermoothes, or the pearl fisheries. Lion hearts, every one in iron frames, ready for hot or cold death, — fire or steel, — so the dollars are won, and the Spaniards can be stripped. Away they go, flag flying, and men cheering, for the Horn Cape, El Dorado, or the Land of Fire.

Whoever has any love for the golden age must have read the three folios written by that excellent scholar and brave spirit, Richard Hakluyt, preacher, and sometimes student of Christchurch, Oxford.

It is from those wonderful records alone that we can fully learn to appreciate the ardour of commercial enterprise that animated the voyagers of this reign, when a lion-hearted Queen ruled over lion-hearted subjects; was it not then that Richard Chancelor reached Russia by the North Cape, and by a new route then that Sir Hugh Willoughby coasted Nova Zembla, and Frobisher and Davis toiled for the North-West Passage? Raleigh, and Drake,

and Hawkins, were all contemporaries in the reign in which Shakspere and Jonson flourished, Burleigh governed, and Bacon thought.

There was not a ship that set out from Plymouth but had a crew of Argonauts, heroes who loved England, and were ready to die for her. Against the Papist and the Spaniard, the greatest successes with the smallest means were the rules with these men. The *Sunshine*, a smack of 50 tons, leaves Davis to discover a passage between Greenland and Iceland; the *Centurion*, of London, a tall ship, weakly manned, beats off five Spanish galleys in the Straits of Gibraltar.

The *Primrose*, of London, 150 tons, escapes from under the very guns of Bilboa, and carries off the Corregidor himself.

The enterprise is in all regions: sober citizens of London travel to Moscow, are found in China, visit Barbary, embark for Guinea, colonise Virginia, trade with Goa, have consuls at Damascus, threaten the King of Algiers, and obtain privileges from the Grand Turk.

It is John Fox, a simple English sailor, who delivered 266 Christian slaves from captivity at Alexandria. There is Miles Phillips, one of Hawkins's sailors, who eats parrots with the cannibals, who is sold as a slave at Mexico, who is imprisoned by the Inquisition, who, hearing

of Drake's arrival, escapes from Vera Cruz, and from Cavallos to Spain, and so to England.

Every day at Dartmouth voyagers were landing fresh from grapples with Indians and Spaniards, their necks strung with pearls of the Pacific, or jewels from Brazil, carrying strange birds on their wrists from the woods of the Bermudas, or leading in leashes the hunting leopards of Hindostan.

But there were also disasters, for every sea is bounded by a shore of death. Sir Hugh Willoughby and all his crew were frozen in Lapland; Drake and Cavendish died of broken hearts, and Raleigh's schemes proved futile; thousands of Englishmen fell victims to Indian arrows and Spanish bullets; thousands pined away in the galleys of Bilboa, the prisons of the Inquisition, the mines of Peru, and the dockyards of Algiers; quicksands, whirlpools, reefs and shoals, had all their victims; and at this price we purchased our commercial greatness: deserts, mountains, rivers, and forests were burying-places for our travellers; but the survivors returned to widen our empire and buttress it with colonies.

Our voyagers explored Muscovy and Persia, and the Great Khan, and the Russian Emperor entered into an alliance with our nation. We rivalled Venice in energy, and Genoa in enterprise; our ships were in every

sea, and our foot-prints on every shore. English flags waved over the ports of Candia and Cyprus, Tripoli and Constantinople. English faces were to be seen among dusty images in the streets of Jerusalem and Alexandria, in Venice and Pegu, at Calicut, and at Rhodes. Quicksilver and plate, pegos and ducats, ingots and jewels, rolled together on the quays of the ports of Devon, coin-stained with Spanish blood, and won by the sweat of Englishmen. The Emperor of Ethiopia, and the Lama of Thibet, had both heard of England, and seen the ambassadors of its Queen. Simple merchants of Exeter commenced a trade with Senegal and Guinea, and private enterprisers captured Spanish caricks, and plundered Indian cities.

In the tavern of any seaport town you might hear swarthy men, with scarred faces and gold earrings, narrate stories of Drake's Portugal voyage, or of Essex's capture of Cadiz, of the Earl of Northumberland's voyage to the Azores, or of the noble death of Sir Richard Greenvil. The navigators were never tired of justifying their intrepid piracies, by narrations of Spanish cruelty and aggression. Had not the Spaniards wasted 30,000 Indians in Hispanioles alone, besides many millions of a poor harmless people elsewhere; men, too, who might easily have been persuaded to have become Christians. Were the Spaniards

not ravenous strangers, greedily thirsting for English blood, men who hated us more than any nation in Europe, —who detested us, as Hakluyt says, "for the many overthrows and dishonours they have received at our hands, whose weakness we have discovered to the world, and whose forces at home, abroad, in Europe, in India, by sea and land, we have, even with handfuls of men and ships, overthrown and discomfited."

What burning patriotism shines out in the final words of the old travel writer: —

"Let, therefore," he says, "any Englishman, of what religion soever, have no other opinion of the Spaniards but that those whom he seeketh to win of our nation, be esteemed base and treacherous, unworthy persons, or unconstant fools, and that he useth his pretence of religion to no other purpose but to bewitch us from the obedience of our natural prince, thereby hoping in time to bring us to slavery and subjection, and then no other shall be unto them so odious and disdained as the traitors themselves, who have sold their country to a stranger, and contrary to the humane and generall honour, not only of Christians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, but who have always sustained what labour soever, and embraced even death itself, for their country, prince, or commonwealth. To conclude, it hath ever to this day pleased God to

prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of foresworn traitors, and of unjust practices and invasions. He hath ever been honoured of the worthiest kings, served by faithful subjects, and shall, by the favor of God, repell and confound all whatsoever attempts against her sacred person or kingdom. In the meantime, let the Spaniard and traitor vaunt of their success, and we be true and obedient vassals, guided by the shining light of her virtues, shall always love her, serve her, and obey her, to the end of our lives."

The following is such a yarn as might have been heard in a winter night at a tavern at Wapping: —

"It is the voyage of Master William Parker, of Plimmouth, Gentleman, to Margarita, Jamaica, Truxillo, Puerto de Cavallos, situate within the bay of Honduras, and taken by Sir Anthony Sherley and him, as likewise up Rio Dolce; with his return from thence and his valiant and happie enterprise upon Campeche, the chief town of Yucatan, which he took and sacked with six and fifty men, and brought out of the harbour a frigat laden with the king's tribute, and surprised also the town of Sebo."

"In the yeere 1596, William Parker, of Plimmouth, Gentleman, being furnished with a tall ship and bark at his own expence; the ship called the *Prudence,* of 120 tonnes, wherein himselfe went captaine, and the bark

called the *Adventure*, of twenty-five tonnes, whereof was captaine one Richard Hen, departed from the foresaid haven of Plimmouth in the moneth of November, having 100 men in his company.

"The first place where we touched in the West Indies was the Isle of Margarita, on the coast of Tierra Firma, where we took a Spanish gentleman and others, who for his ransom set at liberty Master James Willis and five other Englishmen, which were prisoners in Cumana, who otherwise were never like to have come from thence. Thus passing from thence, we sailed over the Isle of Jamaica, where the second of March we met with Sir Anthony Sherley, who before our coming had taken the chief town in the island, and was now almost in a readenes to depart; and where consorting ourselves with him, we departed from Jamaica the sixt of March, and resolved to set upon the strong town of Truxillo, neer the mouth of the bay of the Honduras; and having sailed to Cape de Coorientes upon Cuba, to seek a bark of mine for our better strength, but not finding her, we went for the Cape Honduras, where we purposed to entrap the watch, and to have sacked the town of Truxillo. But the watch discovering us, made great fires, and the town presently shot off a great piece, and answered with fires. Notwithstanding, the next day being the 31st of March, we

brought our ships under the fort and landed our men; but it was a vain purpose, for the town is invincible by nature, and standeth upon the top of a very high hill joining close to the sea, environed with woods of such exceeding thickness, that there is no passage through the trees; there is also but one very narrow and steep lane to goe into the towne, at the end whereof is a gate very strongly fortified, so that it is not to be approached unto unlesse it be upon the sudden and with surprise of the watch; wherefore with the losse of some few men we retired from this enterprise.

"From hence we passed up further into the gulfe the 2nd of April, with intention to invade the town of Puerto de Cavallas, where we arrived the 7th of April, and took the same, finding it well fortified, but nothing answering our expectation for wealth. Whereupon Sir Anthony Sherley and I, being hitherto frustrated of our hopes, resolved here to enter up to the bottom of the Dolce, and to pass overland into the South Sea. Wherefore we set forward, and entered above thirty leagues up the said Rio Dolce, thinking to have passed overland with two companies of men, and to have carried a pinnesse in sixe quarters, to be set together with skrewes, and therein to have embarked ourselves in the South Sea, and there for a time to have tried our fortune, and to have returned

overland to the bay of Honduras; but this our diligence took no effect, because of the huge highness of the mountains and the length of the way being more than was given out at the first. When with much grief we returned out to Truxillo, where I departed from Sir Anthony Sherley.

"After my departure from this worthy knight, I set my course for Cape de Coloche, which lieth on the east part of Yucatan, from whence I ranged all the north coast of the said promontory of Yucatan, until I came unto Cape de Conoscido, where I put fifty-six of my men into a periago or long Indian cunoa; and leaving my ship six leagues from the town of Campeche, at three of the clock in the morning I landed hard by the monasterie of San Francisco, and took the said town of Campeche, with the captain and Alcalde, finding therein 500 Spaniards, and in the two towns close adjoining to the same 8000 Indians. The multitude of Spaniards which fled upon my first assault, by ten of the clocke in the morning assembling together renewed their strength, and set furiously upon me and my small company. In which assault I lost some six of my men, and myself was shot under the left breast with a bullet, which bullet lieth still in the chine of my back. Being thus put unto our shifts, we devised on the sudden a new stratagem for having divers of the townsmen prisoners;

we tied them arme in arme together, and placed them instead of a barricade to defend us from the fury of the enemy's shot; and so with ensign displayed, taking with us our six dead men, we retired with more safety to the haven, where we took a frigate which rode ready fraught with the king's tribute, in silver and other good commodities, which were presently to be transported to St. Juan de Ulloa, and brought the same and our periago or cunoa to my ship, which lay in two fathome water six leagues from the town, being not able to come any neerer for the sholds upon that coast. Over against the place where our ship rode, stood a towne of 300 or 400 Indians called Sebo, which we likewise took, where we found Campeche wood, good to dye withal, with ware and honey. This done we left this coast, and turned up to Cape de Coloche againe, and anchored every day at noone because of the brizes, and in turning up I lost my barke, called the Adventure, which was taken by two frigates of warre, which were manned out from Campeche, wherein Captain Hen and thirteen of my men were taken and afterward executed, as since we understand by some Spanish prisoners that were taken in those parts. After we had staid five weeks on this coast, we shaped our course for Havana, where finding nothing, we disembogued and came along by the Isle of Bermuda, and crossed over to

the bank near Cape Race in twenty-two fadomes, and from thence sayling for England, we fel with Sillie about the first of July, and within two days after arrived at Plimmouth, where we found the Right Honorable the Erle of Essex setting forth with a great fleet for the Isles of the Azores."

The following extract from another sailor's narrative shows the dangers to which these hardy men grew enured:—

"Wherein is shewed how I escaped to Quatimala, upon the South Sea, and from thence to the port of Cavallos, where I got passage to goe into Spaine, and of our arrival at Havana and our coming to Spaine, where I was like to have been committed prisoner; and how through the great mercy of God I escaped, and came home in safetie into England in February, 1582.

"The next morning (daylight being come) I perceived by the sunne rising what way to take to escape their hands, for when I fledde I tooke the way into the woods upon the left hand, and having left that way, went to Mexico, upon my right. I thought to keep my course as the woods and mountains lay, still direct south, as near as I could, by means whereof I was sure to convey myself farre enough from that way that went to Mexico: and as I

was thus going on the woods, I saw many great fires, made to the north, not past a league from the mountaine where I was; and travailing thus in my bootes, with mine iron coller about my necke, and my bread and cheese, the very same forenoone I mette with a companye of Indians which were hunting of deere for their sustenance, to whom I spake in the Mexican tongue, and told them how that I had of a long time bin kept in prison by the cruel Spanyards, and did desire them to help me to doff mine iron coller, which they willingly did, rejoicing greatly with me that I was thus escaped out of the Spanyard's hands. Then I desired that I might have one of them to guide mee out of those desert mountains towards the south, which they almost willingly did, and so they brought mee to an Indian towne 8 leagues distant from thence, named *Thalapa*, where I stayed three days, for that I was somewhat sickly, at which towne (with the golde that I had quilted in my dublet) I bought me an horse of one of the Indians, which cost me 6 *pezos*, and so travailed south. Within the space of two leagues I happened to overtake a grey friar, one that I had been familiar withall in Mexico, whom then I knew to be a zealous good man, and one that did much lament the cruelty used against us by the inquisitors; and truely hee used me very courteously; and I having confidence in him did indeed tell him that I was minded to

adventure to see if I could get out of the sayd countery, if I could find shipping, and did therefore pray him of his ayde, direction, and advice therein, which he faithfully did, not only in directing me which was my safest way to travaile, but he also of himselfe kept me company for the space of three days, and ever as we came to the Indians' houses (who used and entertained us well), he gathered among them in money to the value of 20 pezos, which at my departure from him he freely gave unto mee, so came I to the city of Quatimala, upon the South Sea, which is distant from Mexico about 250 leagues, where I stayed six days, for that my horse was weake; and from thence I travailed still south and by east 7 days' journey, passing by certain Indian townes, until I came to an Indian towne distant Mexico, direct south, 309 leagues; and here at this towne enquiring to go to the Port de Cavallos, in the North-east Sea, it was answered, that in travailing thither I should not come to any towne in 10 or 12 days' journey, so here I hired two Indians to be my guides, and I bought hennes and bread to serve us so long time, and took with us things to kindle fire every night, because of wilde beasts, and to dress our meates; and every night, when we rested, my Indian guides would make two great fires, between the which we placed ourselves and my horse, and in the night time we could hear the lions roare, with tygres, ounces,

and other beasts; and some of them we could see in the night, which had eyes shining like fire; and travailing thus for the space of 12 days, we came at last to the Port of Cavallos, upon the East Sea, distance from Quatimala, south and by east, 200 leagues, and from Mexico 450, or thereabouts. This is a good harborough for shippes, and is without either castle or bulwarks. I having dispatched away my guides, went down to the haven, where I saw certain ships loden chiefly with Canary wines, where I spake with one of the masters, who asked me what countryman I was, and I told him that I was born in Granado. He said that then I was his countryman. I required him that I might passe home with him in his ship, paying for my passage; and he said yea; so that I had a safe conduct or letter testimonial to shew that he might incur no danger, for, said he, it may be that you have killed some man, or be indebted, and would therefore run away. To that I answered that there was not any such cause. Wel, in the end, we grew to a price, that for 60 pezos he would carry me into Spaine. A glad man was I at this good hap, and I quickly sould my horse, and made provision of hennes and bread to serve me in my passage; and thus, within two days after, we set saile, and never stayed until we came to Havana, which is distant from Puerto de Cavallos, by sea, 500 leagues, where we found the whole fleete of

Spaine, which was bound home for the Indies; and here I was hired for a souldier, to serve in the Admiral ship of the same fleete, wherein the General himselfe went; there landed, while I was here, 4 ships out of Spaine, being all full of souldiers and ordinance, of which number there were 200 men landed here, 4 great brass pieces of ordinance, although the castle were before sufficiently provided; 200 men more were sent to Campeche, and certaine ordinance, 200 to Florida with ordinance, and 100, lastly, to St. John de Ulloa. As for ordinance, there they had sufficient, and the very same which was ours, which we had in the 'Jesus,' and those others which we had planted in the place where the viceroy betrayed M. Hawkins, our General, as hath been declared. The sending of those souldiers to every of those ports, and the strengthening of them, was done by commandment of the King of Spainne, who wrote also by them to the General of his Fleete, giving him in charge so to doe, as also directing him what course he should keepe in his coming home into Spaine, charging him in any hand not to come nigh to the Isles of Azores, but to keep his course more to the northward, advertising him withal what number and power of French ships of warre and others Don Antonio had at that time at Tercera the isles aforesaid, which the General of the Fleet well considering, and what great store of riches he had to bring

home with him into Spaine, did in all very duetifully observe and obey, for in trueth he had in his said fleete 37 saile of ships, and in every of them there was as good as 30 pipes of silver one with another, besides great stores of gold, cochinilla, sugar, hides, and cana fistula, with other apothecaries' drugs. This our general, who was called Don Pedro de Guzman, did providentially take order for their more strength and defence, if need should be, to the uttermost of his power, and commanded, upon paine of death, that neither passenger nor souldier should come aboard without his sword and harquebus, with shot and powder, to the end that they might be the better able to encounter the fleete of Don Antonio, if they should hap to meet with them or any of them: and even as the weather was fair, the said General would himself go aboard from one ship to another, to see that every man had his full provisions according to the commandment given; yet, to speake truely what I think, two good tall ships of warre would have made a foule spoile amongst them, for in all this fleet there were not any that were stronge and warlike appointed, saving only the Admiral and Vice-Admiral, and again over and beside the weakness and ill furnishing of the rest, they were all so deeply laden that they had not been able (if they had been charged) to have held out any long fight. Wel, thus we set saile, and had a very ill

passage home, the weather was so contrary; we kept our course in manner north-east, and brought ourselves to the height of 42 degrees of latitude, to be sure not to meet with Don Antonio his fleet, and were upon our voyage from the 4th of June until the 10th of Sept., and never saw land till we fell with the Arenas Gordas hard by S. Lucar; and there was an order taken that none should go on shore till he had licence; as for me, I was known by one in the ship, who told the master that I was an Englishman, which (as God would) it was my good hap to hear; for if I had not heard it, it had cost me my life. Notwithstanding, I would not take any knowledge of it, and seemed to be merry and pleasant that we were all come so well in safety. Presently after licence came that we should go on shore, and I pressed to be gone with the first. Howbeit the master came unto me, and said, "Sirra, you must goe with me to Sivil by water." I knew his meaning well enough, and that he meant there to offer me as a sacrifice to the holy house, for the ignorant zeal of a number of these superstitious Spaniards is such that they think that they have done God good service when they have brought a Lutheran heretic to the fire to be burned; for so do they account of it. Wel, I perceiving all this, tooke upon me not to suspect anything, but was still jocund and merry. Howbeit, I knew it stood me upon to shift for

myselfe, and so, wayting my tyme, when the master was in his cabin asleepe, I conveyed myselfe secretly down by the shrouds into the ship boate, and made no stay, but cut the rope wherewithal she was moured, and so by the cable haled on shore, where I leaped on land, and let the boat go whither it would. Thus, by the help of God, I escaped that day, and then never stayed at S. Lucar, but went all night by the way which I had seen others take towards Sivil, so that the next morning I came to Sivil, and sought me out a worke master, that I might fall to my science, which was weaving of taffataes; and being entertained, I set myself close to my worke. Within 4 days after I heard one of my fellows say there was great enquiries made for an Englishman that came home in the Fleete. 'What an heretique Lutheran (quoth I) was it? I would to God I might know him, surely I would present him to the holy house,' and thus I kept still within doors at my work, and fained myself not well at ease, and that I would labor as I might to get me new clothes; and continuing thus for the space of three months I called for my wages, and bought me all things new, different from the apparell that I did weare at sea, and yet durst not be over bold to walk abroad; and after understanding that there were certain English ships at S. Lucar bound for England, I tooke a boate, and went aboard one of them, and desired

the master that I might have passage with him to goe into England, and told him secretly that I was one of those which Capt. Hawkins did set on shore in the Indies. He very courteously prayed me to have him excused, for he durst not meddle with me, and prayed me therefore to return from whence I came, which, when I perceived, with a sorrowful heart God knoweth, I took my leave of him, not without watry cheeks; and then I went to S. Mary port, which is 3 leagues from S. Lucar, where I put myself to be a soldier, to goe in the King of Spaine's gallies, which were bound for Majorca; and coming thither in the end of the Christmas holidays, I found there two English ships, the one of London, and the other of the West Country, which were ready fraighted, and stayed but for a faire wind. To the master of the one which was of the West Country went I, and told him that I had been two years in Spaine to learn the language, and that I was now desirous to goe home and see my friends, for that I lacked maintenance; and so having agreed with him for my passage, I took shipping, and thus, through the providence of Almighty God, after 16 years' absence, having sustained many and great troubles and miseries, as by this discourse appeareth, I came home to this my native countrey of England in the year 1582, in the month of February, in the ship called the Landret, and arrived at Poole."

After this the landlord himself drew out a pamphlet and read the Narrative of a London Merchant Captain.

"*The Valiant Fight, performed by Ten Merchant Ships of London, against Twelve Spanish Gallies, in the Straits of Gibraltar, the 24th of April,* 1590.

"It is not long since sundry valiant ships, appertaining to the merchants of London, were fraighted and rigged forth, some for Venice, some for Constantinople, and some to sundry other places of trafique amongst these ensuing, met, within the Straits of Gibraltar, as they were taking their course homewards, having before escaped all other danger; whereof the first was the 'Salomon,' appertaining to the Alderman Barnam of London, and the 'Bond,' and the 'Troyd' of Harwich, which went forth the first day of February last; the second was the 'Margaret and John,' belonging to the Wats of London; the third was ths 'Minion;' the fourth was the 'Ascension;' the fifth was the 'Centurion,' of Master Cordal; the sixth, the 'Violet;' the seventh, the 'Samuel;' the eighth, the 'Crescent;' the ninth, the 'Elizabeth;' and the tenth was the 'Richard,' belonging to the Duffield. All these ships being of notable and approved service, coming near to the mouth of the Straights, hard by the coast of Barbary, descried twelve tall gallies, bravely

furnished and strongly provided with men and munition, ready to seize upon these English ships, which being perceived by the captains and masters thereof, wee made speedy preparation for the defence of ourselves, still waiting all the night long for the approaching of the enemie. In the morning early, being the Tuesday in Easter Weeke and the 24th of April, 1590, according to our usual customes, we said service and made our prayers unto Almightie God, beseeching him to save us from the hands of such tyrants as the Spaniards, whom we imagined to be and whom we knew and had found to be our most mortall enemies upon the sea; and having finished our prayers and set ourselves in readinesse, we perceived them to come towards us, and that they were indeed the Spanish gallies that lay under the conduct of Andre Doria, who is Viceroy for the King of Spaine in the Straights of Gibraltar, and a notable knowne enemie to all Englishmen. So when they came somewhat nearer unto us, they waived us a maine for the King of Spaine, and wee waived them a maine for the Queen of England, at which it pleased Almighty God greatly to encourage us all in such sort, as that the nearer they came the less we feared their great multitudes and huge number of men, which were planted in those gallies to the number of two or three hundred men in each galley; and it was thus

concluded among us, that the four first and tallest ships should be placed hindmost, and the weaker and the smallest ships foremost, and so it was performed, every man being ready to take part in such successe as it should please God to send.

"At the first encounter the gallies came upon us very fiercely; yet God so strengthened us, that if they had been ten times more we had not feared them at all; whereupon the 'Salomon,' being a hotte shippe and having sundry coal pieces in her, gave the first shotte in such a soure sort, as that it shared away so many men as sate on the one side of a galley, and pierced her through in such manner as that she was ready to sinke, which made them to assault us the more fiercely; whereupon the rest of our shippes, especially the foure chiefest, namely, the 'Margaret and John,' the 'Minion,' and the 'Ascension,' followed, and gave a hot charge upon them and they at us; whence began a hot and fierce battaile with great valiance, the one against the other, and so continued for the space of sixe hours. About the beginning of this our fight there came two Flemings to our fleete, who seeing the force of the galleys to be so great, the one of them presently yielded, strooke his sailes, and was taken by the gallies; whereas if they would have offered themselves to have foughte in our behalfe and their owne defence,

they need not to have been taken so cowardly as they were to their cost. The other Fleming, being also ready to perform the like piece of service, began to vaile his sailes, and intended to have yielded immediately. But the trumpetter in that shippe plucked foorth his faulchion and stepped to the pilote at the helme, and vowed that if he did not speedily put off to the English fleete, and so take part with them, he would presently kill him, which the pilote for fear of death did; and so by that means they were defended from present death, and from the tyrannie of those Spaniards, which they doubtless should have found at their hands.

"Thus we continued to fight six houres and somewhat more, wherein God gave us the upper hand; and we escaped the hands of so many enemies, who were constrained to fly into harbour and shroude themselves from us, and with speed to seek for their owne safetie. This was the handiework of God, who defended us all from danger in such sort as that there was not one man of us slaine; and in all this fierce assault made upon us by the Spanish power, we sustained no hurt or damage at all more than this—that the shrouds and backestay of the "Salomon," who gave the first and last shotte, and galled the enemie shrewdly all the time of the battell, were cleane striken off.

"The battell being ceased, we were constrained for want of wind to stay and waft up and down, and then went back againe to Tition in Barbary, which is sixe leagues off from Gibraltar; and when we came thither we found the people wonderous favorable to us, who being but Moors and heathen people, shewed us where to have fresh water and all other necessaries for us, and there we had such good entertainment as if we had been in any place of England.

" The governor was one that favored us greatly, whom we, in respect of his great friendship, presented with gifts and such commodities as we had in our custodie, which he wonderfully wel accepted of, and here we stayed foure dayes.

" After the battel was ceased, which was on Easter Tuesday, we stayed for want of winde before Gibraltar until the next morning, where we were becalmed, and looked every houre when they would have sent foorth some fresh supply against us; but they were farre unable to doe it, for all their gallies were sore battered that they darest not come foorth of the harbour by reason of our hot resistance which they so lately before had received, yet were they greatly verged thereunto by the governour of the said towne of Gibraltar.

" At our being at Tition in Barbary there we heard

report of the hurt that we had done to the gallies; for at our coming from them we could not well discerne anything at all by reason of the smoake which the powder had made. There we heard that we had almost spoiled those twelve gallies, by shooting them cleane through; that two of them were ready to sinke, and that wee had slaine of their men such great abundance as that they were not able to furnish forth any more gallies at all for that yeere.

"Thus after we came from Tition we assayed to depart the Strait three severall times, but could not passe, yet, God be thanked, the fourth time we came safely away, and so sailed with a pleasant winde untill wee came upon the coast of England, which was in the beginning of the moneth of July, 1590."

After this, a sunburnt, broad-chested seaman, with a scar on his right cheek-bone, told the following: —

"*The valiant Fight performed in the Straight of Gibraltar by the 'Centurion,' of London, against Five Spanish Gallies, in the Month of April,* 1591.

"In the month of November, 1590, there were sundry shippes appertaining to several merchants of London, which were rigged and fraught foorth with merchandize

for sundry places within the Straight of Gibraltar, who, together, having winde and weather, which oft time fell out very uncertaine, arrived safely in short space at such places as they desired, among whom was the 'Centurion,' of London, a very tall ship of burden, yet but weakely manned, as appeareth by this discourse following:—

"This aforesaid shippe, called the 'Centurion,' safely arrived at Marseils, where, after they had delivered their goods, they stayed about the space of five weekes and better, and then tooke in lading, intending to return to England.

"Now, when the 'Centurion' was ready to come away from Marseils, there were sundry other shippes of smaller burden which entreated the master thereof (whose name is Robert Bradshaw, dwelling at Limehouse) to stay a day or two for them, until they were in a readinesse to depart with them, thereby persuading them that it would be far better for them to stay and goe together, in respect to their assistance, than to depart of themselves without company, and so happly, for want of aide, fall into the hands of their enemies in the Spanish gallies: upon which reasonable persuasion, notwithstanding that this shippe was of such sufficiencie as they might hazard her in danger of the sea, yet they stayed for those little shippes according to their request, who did together put to sea

from Marseils, and vowed in general not to flie one from another if they should happen to meete any Spanish gallies.

" These small ships, accompanied with the 'Centurion,' sayling along the coast of Spaine, were upon Easter day, in the Straight of Gibraltar, suddenly becalmed, where immediately they saw sundry gallies make towards them in very valiant and coragious sort, the chiefe leaders and souldiers in those gallies bravely appeared in silk coates, with their silver whistles about their neckes, and great plumes of feathers in their hattes, who, with their calivers, shot at the 'Centurion' so fast as they might, so that by ten of the clocke, and somewhat before they had boarded the 'Centurion,' who, before their coming, had prepared for them, and intended to give them so soure a welcome as they might, and thereupon having prepared their close-fights and all things in a readinesse, they called upon God, on whom only they trusted, and having made their prayers and cheered up one another to fight so long as life endured, they beganne to discharge their great ordinance upon the gallies; but the little ships durst not come forward, but lay aloofe, while five gallies had boarded them, yea, and with their grapling-irons made their gallies fast to the said shippe called the 'Centurion.'

" The gallies were grapled to the 'Centurion' in this

maner: two lay on one side, and two on another, and the admirall lay full in the sterne, which galled and battered the 'Centurion' so sore, that her maine-maste was greatly weakened, her sailes filled with many holes, and her mizzen and sterne made almost unserviceable. During which time there was a sore and deadly fight on both sides, in which the trumpet of the 'Centurion' sounded foorth the deadly points of warre, and encouraged them to fight manfully against their adversaries; on the contrary part, there was no warlike musicke in the Spanish gallies, but only their whistles of silver, which they sounded forth to their own contentment, in which fight many a Spaniard was turned into the sea, and they in multitudes came crawling and hung upon the side of the shippe, intending to have entered into the same, but such was the courage of the Englishmen, that so fast as the Spaniards did come to enter, they gave them such entertainment that some of them were glad to tumble alive into the sea, being remedielesse for ever to get up alive. In the 'Centurion' there were in all, of men and boys, fourtie and eight, who together fought most valiantly, and so galled the enemie that many a brave and lustie Spaniard lost his life in that place.

"The 'Centurion' was fired five several times with whilde fire and other provision, which the Spaniards threw

in for that purpose, yet, God be thanked, by the great and diligent foresight of the master, it did no harme at all.

"In every of the gallies there were about 200 souldiers, who, together with the shot, spoiled, rent, and battered the 'Centurion' very sore, shot through her maine-mast, and slewe 4 of the men in the said shippe, the one of them being the master's mate. Ten other persons were hurt by means of splinters which the Spaniards shotte; yea, in the ende, when their provision was almost spente, they were constrained to shoote at them hammers and the chaines from their slaves, and yet, God be thanked, they received no more damage; but by spoyling and over-wearing of the Spaniards, the Englishmen constrained them to ungrapple themselves and get them going, and sure, if there had been any other fresh shippe or succour to have relieved and assisted the 'Centurion,' they had slaine, sunke, or taken all those gallies and their souldiers.

"The 'Dolphin' lay aloofe off and durst not come neere, while the other two small shippes fled offe, so that one of the gallies went from the 'Centurion' and set upon the 'Dolphin,' which ship immediately was set on fire with their own powder, whereby both men and shippe perished; but whether it was with their good wills or no that was not knowne unto the 'Centurion,' but sure if it had

come forward and been an aide unto the 'Centurion,' it is to be supposed that it had not perished.

"Five hours and a half this fight continued, in which time both were glad to depart only to breathe themselves, but when the Spaniards were gone they never durst return to fight; yet the next day six other galleys came and looked at them, but durst not at any hand meddle with them.

"Thus God delivered them from the handes of their enemies, and gave them the victory, for which they heartily praised him, and not long after safely arrived in London.

"There were present at this fight Master John Hawes, Marchant, and sundry other of good accompt."

Then a hardy keen-eyed man in the corner told the following yarn: —

"*The worthy Enterprize of John Foxe, an Englishman, in delivering* 266 *Christians out of the Captivitie of the Turks, at Alexandria, the* 3*rd of Januarie.*"

And with loud cheering he begins: —

"Among our merchants here in England it is a common voyage to traffike into Spain; whereunto a ship being called the 'Three Half Moones,' manned with thirty-eight men, and well fenced with munitions, the better to encounter their enemies withall, and having wind and tide,

set from Portsmouth, 1563, and bended her journey toward Sivill, a citie in Spain, intending there to trafique with them, and falling neere the Straightes they perceived themselves to be beset round with eight gallies of the Turks, in such wise, that there was no way for them to flie or escape away, but that either they must yield or else be sunke, which the owner perceiving manfully encouraged his company, exhorting them manfully to shew their manhood, shewing them that God was their God and not their enemies; and requesting them also not to fainte in seeing such a heape of their enemies ready to devour them; putting them in mind, also, that if it was God's pleasure to give them into their enemies' hands, it was not they who ought to shew one displeasant looke or countenance there against, but to take it patiently, and not to prescribe a day and time for their deliverance, as the Citizens of Bethulia did, but to put themselves under his mercy; and againe, if it were his minde and good will to shew his mighty power by them, if their enemies were ten times so many, they were not able to stand in their hands; putting them likewise in mind of the old and ancient worthinesse of their countrymen, who in the hardest extremities have always most prevailed and gone away conquerors; 'Yea, and where it hath been almost impossible, such,' quoth he, 'hath been the valiant-

nesse of our countrymen, and such hath bene the mightie power of our God.'

"With other like encouragements, exhorting them to behave themselves manfully, they fell all on their knees, making their prayers briefly to God; who being all risen up againe perceived their enemies by their signes and defiance bent to the spoyle, whose mercy was nothing els but crueltie; whereupon every man tooke him to his weapon; then stoode up one Grove, the master, being a comely man, with his sworde and target, holding them up in defiance against his enemies; so likewise stood up the owner, the master's mate, boatswaine, purser, and every man well appointed. Now likewise sounded the drums, trumpets, and flutes, which would have encouraged any man had he never so little heart or courage in him.

"Then taketh him to his charge John Fox the gunner, in the disposing of his pieces in order to the best effect, and sending his bullets towards the Turkes, who likewise bestowed their pieces thrice as fast towards the Christians. But shortly they drewe neere, so that the bowmen fell to their charge in sending forth their arrows so thicke among the gallies, and also in doubling their shot so sore upon the galleys, that there were twice so many of the Turkes slaine as the number of the Christians were in all. But the Turkes discharged twice as fast against the Christians,

and so long, that the ship was very sore striken and bruised under water, which the Turkes perceiving, made the more haste to come aboard the shippe, which ere they could doe many a Turke bought it deerely with the losse of their lives; yet was all in vaine, and boarded they were, where they found so hotte a skirmish that it had been better they had not meddled with the feast. For the Englishmen shewed themselves men indeed, in working manfully with their brown-bills and halbardes; where the owner, master, boateswaine, and their company stood it so lustily that the Turks were half dismaied. But chiefely the boateswaine shewed himselfe valiant above the rest, for he fared amongst the Turkes like a wood lion, for there was none of them that either could or durst stand in his face; till at last there came a shot from the Turkes which break his whistle asunder and smote him on the breast, so that he felle down, bidding them farewell and to be of good comfort, encouraging them likewise to winne praise by death, rather than to live captives in misery and shame, which they hearing, indeed, intended to have done, as it appeared by their skirmish, but the prease and store of the Turkes was so great that they were not able long to endure, but were so overpressed, that they could not wield their weapons, by reason whereof they must needs be taken, which none of them intended to have been, but

rather to have died, except only the master's mate, who shrunk from the skirmish like a notable coward, esteeming neither the valure of his name, nor accounting the present example of his fellows, nor having respect to the miseries whereunto he should be put. But, in fine, so it was that the Turks were victors, whereof they had no great cause to rejoice or triumph. Then would it have grieved any hard heart to see these infidels so violently illtreating the Christians, not having any respect for their manhood which they had tasted of, nor yet respecting their own state; how they might have met with such a bootie as might have given them the overthrow; but no remorse thereof, or anything els, doth bridle their fierce and tirannous dealing, but that the Christians must man the galleys to serve in new offices, and they were no sooner in them but their garments were pulled over their eares and torn from their backs, and they set to the oares.

"I will make no mention of their miseries, being now under their enemies' raging stripes. I think there is no man will judge their fare good or their bodies unloden with stripes, and not pestered with too much heate and also too much colde; but I will go to my purpose, which is to shew the end of those being in meere misery, which do continually call upon God, with a stedfast hope that he will deliver them, and with a sure faith that he can

do it. Nigh to the citie of Alexandria, being a haven towne, and under the dominion of the Turkes, there is a roade, being made very fensible with strong wals, whereunto the Turks do customably bring their gallies on shoare every yeere in the winter season, and there do trim them and lay them up against the spring-time. In which roade there is a prison, wherein the captives and such prisoners as serve in the gallies are put for all that time until the seas be calm and passable for the gallies; every prisoner being most grievously laden with irons on their legs, to their great paine and sore disabling of them to any labour taking. Into which prison were these Christians put and fast warded all the winter season. But ere it was long, the master and the owner, by means of friends, were redeemed: the rest abiding still by the miserie, while that they were all (through reason of their ill usage and worse fare miserably starved), saving one John Fox, who (as some men can abide harder and more misery than others can, so can some likewise make more shift and work more devises to help their state and living than other men can do) being somewhat skilful in the craft of a barbour, by reason thereof made great shift in helping his fare now and then with a good meale. In so much, til at the last God sent him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison, so that he had leave to go in and

out to the road at his pleasure, paying a certain stipend to the keeper, and wearing a locke about his leg, which liberty likewise sixe more had upon like sufferance, who by reason of their long imprisonment, not being feared or suspected to start aside, or that they would work the Turks any mischiefe, had liberty to go in and out of the said road, in such manner as this John Fox did, with irons on their legs, and to returne again at night.

"In the yeere of our Lord 1577, in the winter season, the gallies happily comming to their accustomed harbour, and being discharged of all their mates, sails, and other such furniture as unto gallies do appertaine, and all the masters and mariners of them being then nested in their own homes, there remained in the prison of the said road two hundred threescore and eight Christian prisoners, who had been taken by the Turk's force, and were of sixteen sundry nations; among which there were three Englishmen, whereof one was named John Foxe, of Woodbridge, in Suffolke; the other, William Wickney, of Portsmouth, in the county of Southampton; and the third, Robert Moore, of Harwich, in the county of Essex; which John Foxe having been thirteen or fourteen yeares under their gentle entreatance, and being too weary thereof, minding his escape, weighed with himself by what means it might be brought to passe, and continually pondering with him-

self thereof, tooke a good heart unto him, in hope that God would not be always scourging his children, and never ceased to pray to him to further his pretended enterprise, if that it should redound to his glory.

"Not far from the road, and somewhat from thence, at one side of the city, there was a certain victualling-house, which one Peter Unticaro had hired, paying also a certain fee unto the keeper of the road. This Peter Unticaro was a Spaniard borne and a Christian, and had been prisoner about thirtie yeares, and never practised any means to escape, but kept himself quiet without touch or suspect of any conspiracie, until that nowe this John Foxe using much thither, they brake one to another their minds concerning the restraint of their liberty and imprisonment, so that this John Foxe at length opening unto this Unticaro the devise which he would faine put in practice, made privie one more to this their intent, which three debated of this matter at such times as they could compasse to meete together, insomuch that at seven weekes ende they had sufficiently concluded how the matter should be if it pleased God to farther them thereto, who making privie to this their devise, whom they thought they might safely trust, determined in three nights after to accomplish their deliberate purpose. Whereupon the same John Foxe and Peter Unticaro, and the other six, appointed to meet

altogether in the prison the next day, being the last day of December, where this John Foxe certified the rest of the prisoners what their intent and devise was, and how and when they minded to bring their purpose to passe, who thereunto persuaded them without much adoe to further their devise, which the same John Foxe seeing delivered unto them a sort of files, which he had gathered together for this purpose, by the means of Peter Unticaro, charging them that every man should be ready discharged of his irons by eight of the clocke on the next day at night.

"On the next day at night the said John Foxe and his six other companions, being all come to the house of Peter Unticaro, passing the time away in mirth for fear of suspect till the night came on, so that it was time for them to put in practise their devise, sent Peter Unticaro to the master of the roade in the name of one of the masters of the citie with whom this keeper was acquainted, and at whose request he also would come at the first, who desired him to take the pains to meete him there, promising him that he would bring him back againe. The keeper agreed to goe with him, willing the warders not to bar the gate, saying that he would not staye long, but would come again with all speede. In the meane season, the other seven had provided them of such weapons as they could get in that house, and John Foxe took him to

an old rusty sword-blade without either hilt or pomell, which he made to serve his turne, in bending the hand ende of the sword instead of a pomell, and the other had got such spits and glaives as they found in the house.

"The keeper now being come into the house and perceiving no light, nor hearing any noise, straightway suspected the matter, and returning backward, John Foxe standing behind the corner of the house stepped forth unto him, who perceiving it to be John Foxe, saide, 'Oh! Foxe, what have I deserved of thee that thou shouldest seeke my deathe?' 'Thou villaine,' quoth Foxe, 'hast been a bloodsucker of many a Christian's blood, and now thou shalt know what thou hast deserved from my hands;' wherewith he lift up his bright shining sword of tenne yeares rust, and stroke him so maine a blowe, as there withall his head clave asunder, so that he fell starke dead on the ground; whereupon Peter Unticaro went in and certified the rest how the case stood with the keeper, who came presently foorth, and some with their spits ran him through, and the other with their glaives hewed him insunder, cut off his head and mangled him so, that no man should discerne what he was.

"Then marched they toward the roade, whereunto they entered softly, where were six warders, whom one of them asked, saying, who was there? Quoth Foxe and his

company of friends, 'All friends,' which when they were all within proved contrary, for (quoth Foxe) my masters here is not to every man a man, wherefore looke you play your parts, who so behaved themselves in deede, that they had dispached the six quickly. Then John Foxe intending not to be barred in his enterprise, and minding to work surely in that he went about, barred the gate surely, and planted a cannon against it.

"Then entered they into the gaoler's lodge, where they found the kees of the fortresse and prison by his bedside, and there had they all better weapons. In this chamber was a chest, wherein was a rich treasure and all in ducats, which this Peter Unticaro and two more opening, stuffed themselves so full as they could between their shirts and their skinne, which John Foxe would not once touch, and sayde that it was his and their libertie which he sought for, to the honor of his God, and not to make a mark of the wicked treasure of the infidels. Yet did these words sinke nothing into their stomaks, they did it for a good intent; so did Saul save the fattest deere to offer unto the Lorde, and they to serve their own turne. But neither did Saul scape the wrath of God, therefore neither had they that thing which they desired so and did thirst after, such is God's justice. He that they put their trust

in to deliver them from the tyrannous hands of their enemies, he (I say) could supply their want of necessaries.

"Now these eight being armed with such weapons as they thought well of, thinking themselves sufficient champions to encounter a strong enemie, and coming into the prison, Fox opened the gates and doors thereof and called forth all the prisoners, whom he set some to ramming up the gate, some to the dressing of a certain galley (which was the best in all the roade, and was called the Captaine of Alexandria), whereinto some carried mastes, sails, oares, and other such furniture as doth belong unto a gallie.

"At the prison were certain warders, whom John Foxe and his company slewe; in the killing of whom there were eight more of the Turkes which perceived them and got them to the toppe of the prison, unto whom John Foxe and his company were faine to come by ladders, where they found a hot skirmish — for some of them were there slaine, some wounded, and some but scarred and not hurt, as John Foxe was thrice shot through his apparell and not hurt, Peter Unticaro and the other two men that had armed them with the duckats were slaine, as not able to wield themselves, being so pestered with the weight and uneasy carrying of the wicked and profane treasure, and also diverse Christians were as well

hurt about that skirmish as Turkes slaine. Amongst the Turkes was one thrust through, who (let us not say that it was ill fortune) fell off from the top of the prison wall, and made such alowing that the inhabitants thereabout (as here and there scattering stood a house or two) came and damned him, so that they understood the case, how that the prisoners were paying their ransomes; wherewith they raised both Alexandria, which lay on the west side of the roade, and a castle which was at the citie's end next to the roade, and also another fortresse which lay on the north side of the roade; so that nowe they had no way to escape but one, which by man's reason (the two holdes lying so upon the mouth of the roade) might seem impossible to be a way for them. So was the Red Sea impossible for the Israelites to passe through, the hills and rocks lay so on the one side and their enemies compassed them on the other; so was it impossible that the wals of Jericho should fall downe, being neither undermined, nor yet rammed at with engines, nor yet by man's wisdom, policie, or helpe sat or put thereunto — such impossibilities can God make possible. He that held the lions of old from renting Daniel asunder, yea, or yet from once touching him to his hurt, cannot behold the roring canons of this hellish force. He that kept the fier's rage in the hot burning oven from the

three children that praised his name, cannot he keepe the fier's flaming blastes from among his elect?

"Now is the roade fraught with lustie soldiers, laborers, and mariners, who are faine to stand to their tacking in setting to every man his hand, some to the carrying of victuals, some munitions, some oares, some one thing and some another, but most are keeping their enemie from the wall of the roade. But, to be short, there was no time mispent, no man idle, or any man's labour ill-bestowed or in vaine, so that in short this gally was ready trimmed up. Whereinto every man leaped in all haste, hoysting up the sayles lustily, yielding themselves to his mercie and grace in whose hands are both wind and weather.

"Now is this gally on flote and out of the safetie of the roade. Now have the two castles full power upon the gally. Now is there no remedy but to sinke: how can it be avoided? The canons let fly from both sides, and the gally is even in the middest and between them both. What man can devise to save it? there is no man but would thinke it must needes be sunke.

"There was not one of them that feared the shotte which went thundering round about their ears, nor yet were once scared or touched with five-and-forty shot which came from the castles. Here did God hold forth

his buckler, he shieldeth now this gally, and hath tryed their faith to the uttermost.

"Now commeth his special helpe, yea, even when man thinks them past all helpe; then commeth he himself down from heaven with his mighty power; then is his present remedie most ready prest, for they saile away, being not once touched with the glance of a shot, and are quickly out of the Turkish canon's reach. Then might they see them coming downe by heapes to the water side, in companies like to swarmes of bees, making shew to come after them with gallys, in bursting themselves to dress up the galleys, which would be a swift piece of work for them to doe for that they had neither oares, mastes, sailes, cables, nor anything else ready in any gally. But yet they are carrying them into them, some into one gally and some into another, so that being such a confusion amongst them without any certain guide, it were a thing impossible to overtake them; besides that, there was no man that would take charge of a galley, the weather was so rough, and there was such an amazedness amongst them: and thereby I think their God was amased thereat, it would not be but he must blushe for shame, he can speak never a word for dulnes, much less can he helpe them in such an extremitie; well howsoever it is, he is very much to blame to suffer them to receive

such a gibe. But, howsoever their God behaved himselfe, our God shewed himselfe a God indeede, and that he was the only living God, for the seas were swifte under his faithfull, which made the enemies agast to behold them; a skilfuller pilot leades them, and their mariners bestirre them lustily, but the Turkes had neither mariners, pilot, or any skilful master that was in a readinesse at this pinch.

"When the Christians were safe out of the enemie's coast, John Fox called to them all, willing them to be thankfull unto Almighty God for their delivery, and most humbly to fall down upon their knees, beseeching him to aide them into their friend's land, and not to bring them into another danger, sith hee had most mightily delivered them from so great a thraldome and bondage.

"Thus, when every man had made his petition, they fell straightway to their labour with the oares, in helping one another when they were wearied, and with great labour striving to come to some Christian land, as neere as they could gesse by the starres; but the winds were so diverse, one while driving them this way, another while that way, that they were now in a new mayse, thinking that God had forsaken them and left them to a great danger, and forasmuch as there were no victuals now left in the gally, it might have been a cause to them

(if they had been the Israelites) to have murmured against their God, but they knew how that their God had delivered them out of Egypt, was such a loving and mercyfull God, as that he would not suffer them to be confounded in whom he had wrought so great a wonder; but what calamitie so ever they sustained, they knew it was but for their further tryall, and also (in putting them in mind of their farther miserie) to cause them not to triumph and glory in themselves; therefore, having, I say, no victuals in the gally, it might seeme that one miserie continually fell upon another's necke, but to be briefe, the famine grew to be so great that in twenty-eight days wherein they were on the sea, their died eight persons, to the astonishment of all the rest.

"So it fell out that upon the twenty-ninth day after they set from Alexandria they fell on the Isle of Candie, and landed at Gallipoli, where they were made much of by the abbots and monks there, who caused them to stay there, while they were well refreshed and eased. They kept there the sworde wherewith John Foxe had killed the keeper, esteeming it as a most precious jewell, and hung it up for a monument.

"When they thought good, having leave to depart from thence, they sailed along the coast till they arrived at Tarento, where they sold their gally and divided it, every

man having a part thereof. The Turkes, receiving so shameful a foile at their hands, pursued the Christians and scoured the seas, where they could imagine that they had bent their course, and the Christians had departed from thence on the one day in the morning, and seven gallies of the Turkes came thither that night, as it was certified by those who followed Foxe and his companie, fearing least they should have been met with, and then they came afoote to Naples, where they departed asunder, every man taking him to his next way home, from whence John Fox took his journey into Rome, where he was well entertained of an Englishman, who presented his worthy deed unto the Pope, who rewarded him liberally, and gave him his letters unto the King of Spaine, where he was well entertained of him there, who, for this his most worthy enterprise, gave him in fee twenty pence a day; from whence, being desirous to come into his own countrye, he came thither at such time as he conveniently could, which was in the year of our Lord 1579; who being come into England, went into the Court and shewed all his travell unto the Councell, who, considering of the state of this man, in that he had spent and lost a great part of his youth in thraldome and bondage, extended to him their liberalitie, to help to maintain him now in age,

to their right honour, and to the encouragement of all true-hearted Christians."

In these voyages, the religious sentiment is as manifest as the patriotic is. Before a voyage, the sailors pray; after a victory the sailors fall upon their knees: shipwrecked men offer thanks to God for their deliverance; by none is God ever forgotten, or His omnipotence unacknowledged. Every sailor who returned had stories to tell of new countries and strange people. They had been tortured by the Spaniards; had been stripped by the Caribs; travelled naked through Indian forests full of snakes; forded rivers black with crocodiles; had spit on the Spanish idols; had been branded, and manacled, and whipped, and goaded with spears; had been delivered from prison by Spanish ladies, or had escaped by murdering the friars who guarded him.

Archery was on the decline in Elizabeth's reign. The Spanish arquebussiers laughed at our arrows, and that kind of artillery was allowed to be decayed much to the indignation of the old men, who thought the bow a national weapon, since it won Cressy and Agincourt.

The militia was, however, not neglected in these times of danger, for, in 1514, there were 1,172,674 men able and ready to bear arms in case of invasion; every town had its guardhouse, and every village could supply its three

or four archers or gunners. One baron alone, for barons were still ambitious and rebellious, had in store 1000 corslets, guns, pikes, and bows, besides poleaxes, flasks, touch-boxes, and targets. In these times every traveller carried his pistol, and even the minister wore his dagger, while the yeoman and peasant had their pikes or quarter-staffs. In place of the bow, cannon was used of all size and calibre: there was the robinet, of 1 pound; the falconet, of 2; the falcon, of $2\frac{1}{2}$; the minion, $4\frac{1}{2}$; the sacre, 5; the demi-culverin, 9; the culverin, 18; the demi-cannon, 30; the cannon, 50; and the basilisk, of 60.

As for the navy, Elizabeth had twenty-five great ships, not to mention three galleys, lying generally, like crouching tigers, in Gillingham Road. The names of these terrors of Don Spaniard were quaint, and unlike ours.

There was the "Bonadventure," the "White Bear," the "God's Revenge," the "Jonas," and the "Philip and Mary." Every year a man-of-war was built, for an outlay of about 2000*l.* Mariners prided themselves on vessels running 900 miles in seven days, and going to the West Indies and back in thirteen weeks, from Colchester. Do not let us chuckle and talk of steam, but blush to think what use these great men would have made of it with the genius of Frobisher, and the courage of stout-hearted Grenville. In Hollinshed's time this great country had

135 vessels above 500 tons, above 40, 656 tons; seventeen of these first were worth 1000*l.*, or 3000 ducats, and the royal vessels were valued at double this.

The first soldiers used brown-bills, and pikes, and halberts; but the musket was rapidly superseding the bow, much to the regret of old men.

Old Roger Ascham's predilection for drawing the long-bow, though not an unusual one with authors, produced as eccentric a book as Isaac Walton's equally quaint and honest, but less fresh and natural. There is a smell of the dust of old tomes about one, while the other is still altogether odorous of May bloom and new-cut hay.

Ascham earnestly advises the gentlemen and yeomen of England not to change their old and faithful weapon, that had stood them in such stead and in so many fields, for "any other thing, how good soever it seem to be," and exhorts them to learn to handle it in peace, so as to make it a sure defence in time of war. Other strong weapons, which experience had proved good, and the Royal Council approved, he considered should not supersede shooting, but only aid and help the archers to strengthen and defend the realm.

He eulogizes archery as drawing youth from idleness, vice, and unthrifty games; calls it an honest pastime for the mind, and wholesome exercise for the body; neither too

vulgar for great men, nor costly for poor men; not done in corners, but in open day, a sport fairly practised by Apollo, Darius, David, and Commodus, and fit to keep students in health. He concludes by failing not to mention Henry VIIIth's statute for encouraging archery, which was even with this aid beginning to decline.

The Elizabethan archers' fittings were not very different from those of the present day; they were, however, more carefully selected, and had less the air of implements used merely for amusement.

There was first the bracer or leather case for the arm, to prevents its being hurt by the bowstring, and also to assist the passage of the string, which the sleeves might have impeded.

The shooting glove, to save the fingers from rubbing, containing a small pocket, to hold linen cloth and wax.

The strings were of hemp, silk, and flax, and were thrown away directly they began to fret.

The best bows were of yew, but they were also made of Brazil wood, elm, wych, and ash; a good bow was known by its being small, long, heavy, straight, strong, without knots, and the grain long and fine. The archer kept it carefully in a case, and constantly rubbed it with a waxed cloth, abstaining from shooting on wet and on frosty

days. The smallest cracks and strains were watched and checked.

The best arrows were of ash, but always of a wood proportioned to the strength of the archer. Sometimes they were pieced with a heavier material, to make them balance better.

The best feathers were those of the grey goose, but there was much controversy as to the merits of the gander, the young goose, and the fen goose; and great skill in the fletcher or arrow maker was required in this branch of his trade. The shape of the head was also of much importance: blunt heads were good for length, sharp heads good in a wind, but silver spoon heads best of all for both qualities. The archer always carried with him a file to sharpen his arrows, as well as a whetstone, a fish skin, and a cloth.

As we enter into this detail, to show the mysteries that lie even in the simplest arts, we proceed to abridge the old student's amusing catalogue of bad habits into which archers fell.

Some pushed their head forward as the arrow left their string; others stared, put out their tongue, bit their lips, or held their necks awry.

A few, in drawing, shook their bows, or stood pointing at the mark; some twisted, as if they were pinched behind,

or cowed down as if they were shooting at crows; one man would struggle as if he never could shoot again; another would shoot almost without taking aim.

There were other mistakes still more absurd: one man scraped his cheek with the bowstring; another lifted up his right leg at every shot; not a few ran after their shaft; others, who overshot, ran back as if to recall the arrow; some held a foot up till the arrow fell, and others writhed and struggled as if to correct the badness of their aim.

The good archer neither stooped nor stood too erect. He placed his arrow, with the cock feather up, drew easy and equally, did not hold, and loosed quick and hard; he took care to look at his mark stedfastly, and not on his arrow, and observed the fluctuations of wind and weather. Ascham also advises the bowman not to be angry, and to be neither too desponding nor too sanguine. If near the sea coast, the wind was to be studied, and not less so by the river side. By throwing up a feather or a little grass, the archer could ascertain the direction of the current, and its strength and extent. In those cases he varied his arrows, and selected them, heavier or lighter, as the need required. 250 yards was thought a moderate distance for a strong man's shot.*

* Ascham's Toxophilus.

CHAP. XIV.

ELIZABETHAN COUNTRY LIFE.

Characteristics of the Elizabethan Age. — Social System. — Feudalism. — Complaints of the Age. — The Inclosures. — Country Gentleman's House. — Farmer's House. — Decline of Hospitality. — Rise in Prices. — Depreciation in Value of Money. — Remedy for the Evils. — Grazing and Tillage. — Luxury. — Balance of Trade. — Religious Disputes. — Social Dangers. — Increase of Poor. — Beggars and Thieves. — Lawyers. — Farmers and the Clergy. — Condition of Yeomen. — Merchant's and Yeomen's Tables. — Food. — Hours of Meals. — Decay of Cities. — General View of England. — Horses and Dogs. — Elizabethan Village. — Schoolmaster and Farmer. — Homage of Wealth. — Farmer's Furniture. — Sketch of Country Amusements. — Farmers' Annoyances. — Tusser and his Points. — Labourers' Feasts. — May-Day. — Country Sports. — Costume. — Country Pastor. — Ale-House. — Champaign and Woodland. — Life of Farming Servant. — Farmer's Work for a Year. — The Still-Room. — Cordials and Perfumes. — Remedies. — Simples. — Charms. — Receipts. — Antidotes. — Queen Elizabeth's Apothecary. — Theory of Elizabethan Medicine. — Virtues of precious Stones. — Simple and Simpletons. — Medicines of the Day.

THE Elizabethan age was an age of fervent patriotism and strong religious feeling. Commercial enterprise had become a passion. The greater the claims upon the national mind, the more extraordinary became its efforts. For all kinds of ambition there was an ample field — for the poet,

the drama; for the soldier, the Spanish war; for the merchant, colonial discovery. In every profession there were conquests to be made and trophies to be won: the dramatist might associate with Shakspere; the statesman with Burleigh; the voyager with Raleigh; the soldier with Sidney. The great minds in each profession must have excited their rivals to strain every sinew in noble competition. With all their growth and progress, the nation still remained simple in manners and uncorrupted by luxury, though the old men lamented the ruder age that was passing away, and believed that the prevailing extravagance in dress was an infallible sign of national decay. They complained of an increased price of food, and lamented the decline of hospitality, and the fraud and trickeries of trade. Such lamentations are not peculiar to the Elizabethan age. There are always prophets enough to predict the coming destruction of a nation of which their jaundiced eyes can see only the vices.

The peculiar characteristics of the Elizabethan social system were the absolute power of the Sovereign, and the growing restlessness of the religious Reformers. The Roman Catholics, a persecuted minority, were exiles and martyrs; the Puritans factious and fanatic. The former were the subject of theological denunciation and of state decrees, the latter of dramatic invective and satirical ridi-

cule. Shakspere sketched the precisian in Malvolio, and his friend Ben Jonson devotes a play to expose them to contempt. Hated by Elizabeth, despised by the wits of her Court, they seem to have been dreaded by none. The Protestant nobility and the sullen Catholic lords, gloomy and superstitious in their dreary country houses, united to deride the Puritan tradesmen, who looked on the Maypole as an idol, and the hobby horse as a fabrication of Satan.

The feudal lord, still a sovereign on his own estate, was generally regarded with affectionate respect by his yeomen, tenants, and his crowds of serving-men. He did not disdain to appear as the village rival; he gave a fat buck for the rustic bridal; he was the friend and patron of all; the old hall was the County Court; its owner was neither feared nor dreaded; the young squire led his tenants to the Low Countries; the old knight's daughter was the cynosure of the county and the gem of the Court; holidays were frequent and work light.

The golden age of which we write, like all other golden ages past and present, had its grumblers, rational and irrational.

In the country the farmers and labourers chafed at the frequent new inclosures, which they said made land dearer, and turned tillage into pasture so fast that one man only lived where threescore had once obtained sub-

sistence, and one plough worked where a dozen had been seen stirring; labourers' food rose in price, and mechanics' wages were reduced to starvation pitch. Less 'prentices were in consequence kept, and many cities fell into poverty and desolation; the paupers increased, and the idle and the discontented grew daily more numerous.*

The merchants complained that only London was thriving.

The country gentlemen, on the other hand, declared that inclosures increased the number of cattle, and kept corn cheap, but yet lamented and confessed the dearth of food. Craftsmen replied to all this by declaring that it was never a merry world since gentlemen turned graziers; that tradesmen in their time seldom died rich, or left bequests to charities, and could scarcely find meat and drink for their 'prentices and servants. To make up for this rise in prices, landlords demanded higher fines and higher rents; many were driven to give up their households and to take chambers in London, with a lacquey and a page in the place of some ten stout serving-men, and twenty or more other helps. In 1581, people complained that 200*l.* a year did not go so far as 200 marks had done sixteen years before.

* W. Stafford's Briefe Conceipte of English Pollicye, 1581, p. 15.

To remedy this, landlords took farms that fell in, into their own possession; purchased others and stored them with sheep. "This," cried the poor man, "drives true husbandry out of the country, for it is now everywhere, sheep! sheep! sheep!" Clergymen complained that their first fruits and tenths grew smaller; and University men, that poor students left the University as soon as they knew enough Latin to serve them for the post of lawyers' clerks, secretaries, auditors, or receivers.

Shopkeepers cried out that trade had never flourished since the debasement of the coin in Henry VIII.'s reign, when all the heavy old money was exported to obtain the per-centage which was offered for it by foreign merchants, and prices rose as the value of current money fell. In 1580 they proved that caps were sold at 2*s.* 6*d.* that had been valued at 14*d.*, shoes at 12*d.* that were once worth only 6*d.*, horses' shoes for 12*d.* when the old price was 6*d.* Labourers also who were paid still only the stated 8*d.* a day; and serving-men, at 40*s.* a year, suffered most by these changes. Things were dearer by one half than they had been thirty years before. Geese once 4*d.* had now risen to 12*d.*; chickens at 1*d.* were now 3*d.*

Farmers complained of husbandmen's charges for articles of food, and husbandmen of farmers' increase in rents; nor would the latter reduce their prices even by an offer of moderation on the part of the landlord, unless he could also buy his ploughs and cloth also cheaper, but these were often bought from foreign merchants, whose charges he had no power to control.

For these evils the political economist of that day declared the only remedy was an edict, fixing a scale of prices; putting wheat at 8*d.* the bushel; rye at 6*d.*; barley at 3*d.*; a pig or goose at 4*d.*; capon 4*d.*; hen 1*d.*; wool at a mark the tod; and velvet at a mark a yard, instead of 20*s.* They perceived that strangers brought over things that were cheap with them and dear in England, as paper, painted cloths, oranges, pippins, cherries, perfumed gloves, &c.: Englishmen bought dear and sold cheap. Wise men said that nothing could prevent the importation of base money, or the exportation of English food.

With all these complaints the nation grew every day greater, wiser, and richer; there can be no doubt that these evils did exist, but their effects were less universal and less permanent than these Jeremiahs could foresee, and were produced by transitory and inevitable causes which indicated progression.

There were, however, constant riots about the new inclosures. Plays were written against them. Ben Jonson himself pressed forward to grapple with the evil that seemed so dangerous and hurtful. Old men almost wept to see arable land which had given many poor men a living, fallen suddenly into one man's hand; where corn and cattle had been reared, there was now only sheep; and instead of 200 cottagers, half a dozen shepherd's people who dreaded thirty years' more inclosure and the increase of discontented paupers. In spite of this, however, the far-seeing could not help observing that Essex, Kent, and Northamptonshire, the favourite counties for inclosures, were also the richest; and civil lawyers held it as a maxim, that tenants in "common" were not such good husbandmen as tenants in "several;" but the more prudent, nevertheless, lamented to see poor men unjustly deprived of their common rights. To this the inclosers replied, that wool was a great article of commerce, and made England rich; and that the interest of the few was subservient to the interest of the many: that corn was cheap, and that pastures increased the number of clothiers.

The incloser and the holder back of corn were men hated by the poor as much as the attorney or the informer are now, and old men talked of England then as old

Scotchmen do now of the Highlands. The evil seemed progressive and irremediable.

The remedies proposed by the political quack salvers* were numerous: some thought that tillage should be encouraged by depressing wool, and so keeping down the profits of pasture. They proposed to prevent its passing over sea unwrought by making it pay a heavy duty, and to give corn a free passage instead of forbidding its exportation, unless it was under 10*d.* the bushel. They conjectured that all scarcity would be prevented by the avarice of corn dealers, who would keep back plenty for dear years. The Queen would have less custom on wool, but more on clothes made in the country. Their great object was that we should buy less of foreigners than we sold them, especially of trifles. They foolishly thought all money kept in the country was saved, and all that went to strangers was lost.

The object of these statesmen was to load foreign articles with duty to encourage the defeated English manufacturer.

When far-seeing men replied that other nations could also close their market in revenge, they replied that what

* Stafford's Briefe Conceipte, p. 85.

we sold were to them indispensable, whereas what we bought were mere useless superfluities and luxuries.

All trades connected with wool went on flourishing, both the capper, the clothier, and the wool carder. The real evil seems to have been not the decline of agriculture, but the debasement of the coin which raised the price of provisions.

Many men imagined that Henry VIII.'s debasing the coin was a blessing to the country, and that in years of scarcity a king had nothing to do but to coin a sufficient quantity of plausible brass;* but the wiser saw as we all now see, that money is the mere representative of certain wares, and must always be made to represent them in a due proportion. Searchers were appointed to keep the old true money in the country and keep out the false; but merchants hid them in ballast and in wine vessels, and the evil went on. The king was enriched for the time, and then ruin and empty exchequers were his bequests to his wiser but poorer successors.

Various men complained that yeomen grew effeminate, would not wear heavy armour in their exercise, and took to shirts of mail and quilted coats that could not throw off a bullet. Country gentlemen, they lamented, decorated

* Stafford's Briefe Conceipte, p. 80.

their houses, and reduced their households. Their tapestry now came from Flanders, and what had once been devoted to full hearted hospitality, was now lavished in selfish and useless luxury. Papists said the secret monastery revenues all went to Rome, and took much treasure from England; and men ruined themselves by saving up to buy attainted land. Many were of opinion that wool should be exported unwrought, and clothiers put down; for these turnouts were frequently noisy and tumultuous, when war or a glut in the English market effected a depreciation of English cloth; but others wisely said, that instead of destroying clothing other trades should be encouraged, which might draw labourers from that one exclusive employment.

One great source of misery in this age was certainly the increase of luxury, arising from the vast riches which the discovery of America, and our wars with Spain, threw up upon our shores. If we did not have free trade with the Indian ports, we had at all events the power to plunder those who had the will to trade, and a good excuse for the deed. It was patriotic retaliation, chivalry, enterprise, discovery; anything but robbery, for is it not thought impossible to commit a robbery in the house of a robber? To rob him is an act of justice expected by God, demanded by man, and approved of by the world.

In Henry VIII.'s days, a man worth 40*l.* after paying his debts was held a rich man, but in the days of Elizabeth a mere beggar; as gold grew cheaper, provisions grew dearer, and the pamphleteers of Elizabeth's reign knew all this without any aid from Adam Smith. We must not indeed forget that only a fourth part of the kingdom was then in cultivation.

Various remedies were proposed for inclosures, all of which turned upon increasing the profits of tillage and lessening that of grazing, finding that the tillage of ten acres brought more profit than the grazing twenty, but for the expense of servants and materials. They wished to give the farmer liberty to sell corn anywhere, and at all times at home and abroad.

The fact, however, really was, that even in Henry VIII.'s reign the evil had been much greater; there being so great a demand abroad for English wool, that the plough was laid aside for the crook. By one of Hal's edicts, men who kept flocks of 20,000 sheep were restricted to 2000 head.

The decay of various cities they attributed to the decline of various branches of manufacture that had supported them. It was conjectured that 20,000 more mechanics could have been employed in the making of small articles of luxury then exported from beyond seas, as

tapestries, hats, paper, gloves, points and girdles, tin vessels and glasses, crockery, tools, tennis balls, cards. Of the profitable trades to a country, the Elizabethan economists reckoned chiefly clothiers, cappers, worsted makers, pewterers, and tinners. Coventry, once famous for blue thread, was now a decaying place, for the thread was imported.

Bristol, once famous for point making, was now at a standstill; this was partly attributed to the senseless avarice of guilds, and their jealousy of foreign workmen, not freemen of their corporation. To remedy this decay, the statesmen proposed to encourage the settlement of foreign workmen, to compel towns to put their seals on goods, and to compel all tradesmen to submit to the rules of some corporation.

Remedies were even proposed by these reformers for the great spread of religious schisms. Dissension was attributed to the want of excellency in ministers, which compelled laymen to take upon them a judgment in spiritual things. Rectors were non-residents and unqualified. Bishops lived away from their cathedral cities; visitations were irregular; and synods neglected. The benefices varied from 100 marks to 20 marks a year. The faults of the laity were attributed to over study of obscure and non-essential points of religion, and to the pretensions

of factious ignorance. What strange foreboding of the danger of Puritanism is manifest in the following words of an Elizabethan pamphleteer; "except we reform ourselves first, I can have no greate trust to see this general schism and division in religion utterly taken away; it may *perchance with authority be for a time appeased, but never so as not to spring up again.*" The Puritans objected to dancing, festivals, theatres, balls, and even coloured dress; and yet, in spite of this, were the sincerest and best men of the age.

Religious disputes at this time were sorely troubling the people. In almost every house there was sedition and division; there was debate between neighbour and neighbour, father and son, man and wife. Calm men entreated for toleration, and for patience, since all professed to wish for the truth, and the truth alone. Some said half prophetically, "it were better take an end betimes than too late, when percase more harm shall have happened of this dangerous schism." Foreign war and internal discontent were even in alliance insufficient to shake the expanding greatness of England: at the real moment of danger the Puritan was as patriotic as the Protestant; the Roman Catholic often as loyal a subject as the Puritan.

Amongst other social dangers of the day was the number of unemployed poor. These were the results of lax law

and the dissolution of the monasteries: the monks had gathered herds of mendicants round every convent, and when the convent fell the crowd became thieves and vagabonds. England, in the age of Cervantes, was as full of picturesque scoundrels as Spain itself: there were gipsies, astrologers, and tribes of adventurers as subtle as they were daring; Gil Blas were to be found in any tavern side by side with Autolycus and Nym, for the laws, though bloody and cruel, were still inadequate and remiss.

The poor were divided into several classes: the impotent poor, as orphans, aged, and incurably diseased; the casual poor, as sick, wounded soldiers, and decayed householders; and, thirdly, the thriftless poor, as vagabonds, rogues, and ruined spendthrifts, who took to the woods in the winter for shelter, and kept the champaign in summer. For the first two sorts there was a weekly offertory throughout England. Those who would not consent to be supported by their own parishes were delivered to the whip of Justice, and were, as Harrison strongly puts it, "gradually eaten up by the gallows." The punishment for the Egyptians was sharp and cruel, they were whipped and burnt in the right ear; on the second offence bored in the other ear, and on the third conviction hung.

Among these English Arabs were included bearwards, minstrels, jugglers, strolling players, tinkers, pretended scholars, sham sailors, prisoners gathering for fees, feigned madmen, tellers of fortunes, fencers, and practisers of physiognomy and palmistry.

Men were put to death for the simplest felony; but the bar and wheel were not used as on the Continent, although men were hanged alive in chains, or first strangled and their right hands cut off. Felony included embezzlement above 40*s.*, sorcery, stealing hawks' eggs, poisoning, and desertion.

The lawyers of Elizabeth's reign were rich and extortionate; thirteen or fourteen years' practice made them rich enough to turn wealthy landholders. 400*l.* was thought only fair profits for a serjeant-at-law's gains in a single term. The old habit of sitting on stools under the pillars of St. Paul's to receive clients had grown into desuetude, and lawyers could now seldom be induced to stir from their chambers without a fee. They were known to receive several angels, and yet never appear in court; and their grasping avarice and neglect of their poor clients were loudly denounced by poets, dramatists, and historians. In spite of the local Chancery courts of York and Ludlow, poor men toiled up to London to visit Westminster Hall, and willingly ruined them-

selves in hopes of dragging down their adversaries in their own destruction. Welshmen, proverbially litigious, walked up barefooted to the great city, with their stockings round about their necks, in hopes by begging from their richer countrymen to be able to carry back half-a-dozen writs in their satchels to vex and harrow their whole circle of neighbours. There were certain villains, called Promoters, who acted as negotiators between countrymen and the pettifoggers, who kindled quarrels and promoted law. Two of these men, named Dennis and Mainford, were known through all Essex. Another of these wretches, named John of Ludlow, in a few years brought many to beggary. One man he killed with a broken heart, and his son he reduced to pauperism.

The great lawyer who waited for clients at his pillar in St. Paul's by the money changers, had nothing in common with the pettifogger, who lived by fanning the animosity of mankind, by rousing pride, and keeping alive hatred. The judges of the day threw much more of their individual passions into their charges and speeches than a judge would now be permitted to do. At Essex's trial, Coke loaded the unfortunate man with insult and abuse, and treated him as one already doomed to death before the verdict was returned. Much of what is now the province of the lawyer was then performed by the

scrivener, who drew up marriage deeds, arranged contracts, and wrote letters. As might be expected, these irresponsible men were not unfrequently suspected of forgeries and other fraudulent subtleties: with such power and such temptations we can hardly wonder that their characters were not always stainless.

The farmers of Elizabeth's reign, as we have shown, preferred grazing to tillage; and though not more than a fourth part of the island was set apart for corn, the soil had grown more fruitful and the husbandmen more painful, skilful, and careful. For the curious agriculturist we may add, that the average yield of wheat was fifteen or twenty bushels an acre. The culture of hops had just become as profitable as to supersede the Flemish importations, and to return a profit of 200 marks for twelve acres of reclaimed bog land. Our cattle bore comparison with any nation's. The cultivation of the grape had been lately tried, but failed — successful as it was in the Middle Ages, when Ely was called the Island of Vines. Madder, rape, and flax were equally neglected, though some of them were commanded by statute to be grown.

Rude, but hearty in manner, the Elizabethan farmer was one of a distinct class strongly divided from either

the labourer or the gentleman. He could not pass beyond the boundaries of his class, and he did not wish to do it; he could hawk and hunt, attend the fairs, and occasionally visit London, but he never thought of rivalling the lord of the manor. He was generally superstitious and a great respecter of old customs.

The clergy were poor and neglected — the reformation had not raised their social position; they were poorer than the monks, and had less power.

The Conference had been lately discontinued. At these meetings two of the younger ministers expounded, and an elder acted as mediator, pronouncing upon the soundness of the doctrine and the learning of the disputants. The clergy complained of the small livings of 5*l.* a year, and of the weight of taxes which fell upon their body, of their small first-fruits, tenths, and subsidies.

The churches were still full of the remains of Popery; but the images, shrines, tabernacles, and roodlofts were nearly destroyed; the stained windows suffered to decay; the choir was no longer separated from the body of the church; and the holidays reduced from ninety-five to twenty-seven. The Papists accused Protestants of wearing threadbare gowns, of maintaining no hospitality, and of leaving no money in charity. They lamented the decay of cathedral schools, and the degradation and per-

version of prebends, &c. With a few exceptions, religion seems to have been at very low ebb. Sunday was a day of revelry; the parish priests were ignorant men, sharing in tavern merriment; the vitality of religion was with the Puritans, who wished to keep Sunday sacred, to restrain the cruelty of some of our amusements, and to purify the stage. But while Hooker and Jewell were alive, the English Church could not have been dead; and the ashes of Ridley and Latimer were still blowing over the land.

Some writers lamented the increase of merchants, and the advance of prices through their monopoly. Sugar had risen from 4*d.* a pound to 2*s.* 6*d.*; raisins from 1*d.* to 6*d.* The chief exports at this time were broad cloth and kersies, cottons, friezes, rugs, tin, wool, beer, bays, fustian, lead, and fells. The newest commerce was to the East and West Indies, the Canaries, China, Muscovy, and Tartar; the established commerce to Spain, France, Florence, Denmark, Norway, Scotland, and Ireland.

The yeomen of England were always its chief boast, its best patriots, its stoutest defenders, though no masters or gentlemen but plain goodman John and Thomas; they were rich, educated their sons at the universities, and frequently bought up the lands of unthrifty knights. The

labouring classes sat on inquests, and were churchwardens, sidesmen, ale tryers, constables, and headboroughs.*

There was much greater luxury at Elizabethan tables than had ever before been known in England. White meats, as cheese and butter were called, had become the food of the lower classes; the rich baking meat daily, but keeping every Friday as a fast. French cooks grew renowned, and the dainties of Portingale were inveighed against by the lovers of old usages. The writers of the time speak with pride of the state preserved at the nobles' banquets, the silver dishes in which the meat was served, the silver bowls, the Venice glasses, and the gilded flagons. The lordliest joints went down in gradation from the host himself, till the hacked, dismembered fragment reached the humblest retainer.

No man kept a full cup at his elbow, but was served by the butler, who then replaced it upon the buffet. The glass of Venice was the fashionable and favourite material for wine-cups, and its importation formed an extensive article of commerce.

The merchant had seldom more than three or four dishes upon his table; they were famous for their love of jellies made into shapes of birds and beasts, march-

* Harrison's Int. and Hollinshed, 1586, p. 163.

panes wrought into mythological shapes, conserves, suckets, florentines, and sugar bread. Potatoes were known as Indian delicacies, and began in 1587 to be cultivated in England, but were still regarded with a silly prejudice as unhealthy stimulants.

Of wine, considering 30,000 tuns were imported annually, there could have been no lack. Of these, half was French small wine, as claret, &c., and half Italian and Spanish. The most valued — malmsey, muscadel, bustard, clary, cyprus, and canary, — were equally celebrated; and mead, wormwood, and hippocras were favourites as compositions. The beer at great houses was generally March beer, of two years' tunning; the stalest beer, and the newest bread, were the serving-men's great delicacies.

The artificers delighted in souse and brawn; and at country festivities every man brought his own dish, the host finding bread, drink, sauce, house-room, and fire. Frugal enough, they were happy with a cup of wine and a plate of venison, and with such dainties loved to boast that they had feasted as well as the Lord Mayor of London himself; occasionally scurrilous and noisy, they were always simple, hearty, and unaffected. At the nobleman's table the guests were almost silent; but the yeomen were lusty and merry, and as renowned for their hospitality as the Londoner was for his somewhat chary reception of

strangers, who, instead of their own fat capons, beef, and brewis, got a cup of wine, a napkin to wipe the mouth, and a cold "You are heartily welcome." The poorer class eat rye or barley bread, and in times of distress even cakes made of peas or beans.

The finest wheat bread was the manchet; the second was the clean, which was more yellow; then came the ravelled or coarser flour; and, lastly, the brown and black bread. The most rye and barley bread was eaten in the champaign countries.

Cider* was drank in Sussex, Devon, Hereford, Kent, and Worcester; the Welsh had their metheglin; the Essex people their mead, made of honeycombs and water and pepper, and hydromel, a weaker form of the same beverage.

The moderate contented themselves with dinner and supper, whereas their fathers had breakfasts, beverages, and rear suppers. The frugal blamed the new habit of long sitting, many not rising till three o'clock, then going to evening prayer, and returning to supper. The nobility, gentry, and students dined at eleven, and supped at five; the merchant dined at twelve, and supped at seven; but at the Universities out of terms, the scholars' dinner was at ten.

* Hollinshed, vol. i. p. 170.

On fish days the dinners began with butter and eggs, and the hot wines were always brought last to the tables.

All the complaints of the day are summed up in the following passage from an old pamphlet, for a long time foolishly attributed to Shakspere, merely from its signature W. S. (William Stafford).

Speaking of the cities of England, the writer alludes to the growing wealth of London: —

"So be the most part of all the townes of *England*," he says, "London onley excepted*, and not only the good townes are some decayed in their howses, walles, streates, and other buildings, but also the countrey in their highwayes and bridges, for such poverty rayngneth every where that few men have so much to spare as they may give anything to the reparation of such wayes, brydges, and other common easements; and albeit there be many things layde down now which before time were occasions of much expenses, as May games, wakes, revels, wages at shootinge, wrestling, running, throwing the stone or barre, and besides that, pardons, pilgrimages, offrings, and many such other things, yet I perceyve we be never the wealthyer, but rather the poorer, whereof it is so I cannot well tell, for there is such a general dearth of all

* Stafford's Briefe Conceipte of English Pollicye, p. 15.

things as before twenty or thirty years hath not been the like, not only of things growinge within this realme, but also of other merchandize that we buy from beyond the sea, as sylkes, wynes, oyles, woode, madder, yron, steele, waxe, flaxe, lynnen-cloth, fustyans, worsteddes, coverlets, carpets, and all hearses and tapestrys, spyces of all sort, and all haberdasher ware, as paper, both white and browne, glasses, as well drinckinge and looking as for glasinge of windowes, pinnes, needles, knives, daggers, hats, cappes, broches, buttons, and laces; I wot well all these doe cost nowe more by the thyrde parte than they did but a few yeares agoe: then all kind of vittale are as deer or deerer agayne, and no cause of God's part thereof as farre as I can perceave, for I never sawe more plenty of corne, grasse, and cattell of all sorte, than we have at this present, and have had (as ye know) all these twenty years passed continually, thanked bee our Lord God. If these enclosures were cause thereof, or any other thinge els, it were pity but they might be remooved.

"Then you know, he that may spende now by such revenues and fees, CCCli. a yere, may not keepe no better port than his father, or any other before him that could spend but nigh CCli., and so ye may perceive it is great abatement of a man's countenance to take away the thirde part of his living; and therefore gentlemen do

study soe much the increase of their landes and inhaunsing of their rentes, and to take fearmes and pastures to their owne hands as yee see they doe, and all to seeke to maintain their countenances as their predecessors did, and yet they came shorte therein: some other seeing the charges of household increase so much, as by nò provision they can make it can be helpen, give over theyr householdes and get them chambers in London, or aboute the Courte, and their spende their time, some of them with a servant or two, where he was wont to keepe thirty or forty persons daily in his house, and to doe good in the countrey, in keeping good order and rule among his neighbors: the other sorte be even serving-men and men of warre, that having but their olde stented wages, cannot finde themselves therewith, as they might afore time, without ravin or spoile; as ye know XII*d.* a day now will not goe so as VIII*d.* would afore time; and therefore yee have men soe evill willing to serve the Prince now-a-dayies from that they were wont to bee. Also, where Xl*s.* a yere was honest wages for a yeoman afore this time, and XX*d.* a weeke borde wages was sufficient, now double as much will skante beare their charge.

"That is longe of theyr excesse, as well in apparell as in fare, for now-a-days serving-men go more costely in apparrell and look to fare more deintly than their masters

were wont to do in times past. No doubt that is one great cause of the greater charge of household. For I know when a serving-man was content to go in a Kendal coate in sommer, and a frise coate in winter; and with a plaine white hose made meete for his body; and with a piece of biefe or some other dishe of sodden meate all the weeke long: now he will looke to have, at the least, for sommer a coat of the finest cloth, that may bee gotten for money; and his hosen of the finest kersey, and that of some straunge die as Flanders die or French puke, that a prince or great lord can weare no finer if he weare cloth.

"Then their coates shall be garded, cut, and stitched; and the breeches of their hose so drawen with silke, that the workmanshippe will farre passe the price of the stuffe; and this thing is not restrained as it should be, but rather cherished of the maisters, one striving with the other who may be most proude, and whose retinue may goe most lavish and gay for a time of showe; whereas through such excesse they are fayne all the rest of the yere to keepe the fewer servants: and so in excess of meates; they fare at some time in the yeare, that in the whole yeare after they keepe no house at all, or if they do, it shall be very small. Like excesses as well in apparell as in fare were used in Rome, a little before the declination of the Empyre, so as wise men have thought it was

occasion of the decay thereof: and therefore Cato and divers wise senators at that time would have had laws made for restrainte of such excesses; and for that through the insolence of some that maintained the contrary, the same were not duly executed: much pride ensued there; and of pride division, and through division utter desolation of the common weale. I pray God this realme may beware by that example, specially London, the head of this Empire, where such excesses (by reason the wealthe of almost al this realme is heaped there up, as the corne of a fielde into a barne,) be most used, for in other parties, commonly of thys realme, the law of necessitie keepes men in good care for exceeding either in apparell or fare. I think we were as much dread or more of our enemies when our gentlemen went simply and our serving-men plainly, without cuts or gards, bearing theyr heavy swordes and buckelers on their thighs, instead of cuts and gards and tight dauncing swords; and when they rode carrying good spears in their hands, instede of white rods which they carry now, more like ladies or gentlewomen then men; all which delicacies maketh our men cleane, effeminate, and without strength.

"We may thank our long peace and quiet within the realme, that men be not forced to ride so strong.

"It was a troublesome world, as well within the realme as without, when men went and rode as you do speake.

"What can you tell, what time or how sone, such a worlde may come againe: wise men do say that in peace men most look and provide for warre, and in warre again for peace. If men might be alwaies sure of peace, then needed no man to keepe men at all. But sith it is otherwise, and that the iniquity of men is such as they cannot bee longe withoute warre, and that wee know in England our chief strength to be in our serving-men and yeomen, it were wisdome to exercise them in tyme of peace, somewhat with such apparell, fare, and hardness as they must needes sustaine in time of warre, then the same shall be no novelty to them when they come to it, and their bodies shall be strong and harder to beare that that they were somewhat accustomed to afore this."

Elizabethan writers are fond of describing England, and reviewing it from a distance, with an affected cosmopolitanism too restricted to be very sincere.

One of our earliest novelists expatiates on its twenty-five cities, with the metropolis, the store-house and mart of all Europe: he recites with heraldic tediousness its divers hospitals, six score churches, its glorious burse, and its great bridge with its ten arches, and streets of houses: of the two Universities of England, he says, the

Oxford Colleges are more stately, and the Cambridge houses more sumptuous. London he describes as so populous, that it seemed to contain as many people as were in the whole island; the greatest wealth of the realm being lodged within its walls.*

He mentions four hot springs, St. Vincent's, Hollywell, Buxton, and Bath. The buildings he says are not stately, except the houses of a few noblemen: their armour was corselets, Almaine rivets, shirts of mail, quilted jacks, and plates of iron, covered with leather and fustian: their ships were so swift that there were some that could sail 900 miles in a week. In their diet, he describes Englishmen as luxurious and silent, and grave at meals. In their attire they were fickle and imitative, using now the French, now the Spanish, and now the Morisco fashion; they preferred pasture to tillage, and excelled in breeding dogs: the English ladies, he said, were chaste and beautiful, spending the morning in devotion, and their evenings in honest amusements.

The horses were small and strong, but not yet preeminent; the best breeds were foreigners — the Spanish gennet, the Naples courser, the French horse, the Scotch nag, and the Irish hobby.

* Lylies' Euphues' England.

The dogs were already remarkable, particularly those extinct races: the turnspit, that also drew water, and the ban dog; the lady's pet dog came from Iceland. Besides this, a particular family were bred by tinkers, and another race was kept for dancing.

It startles us, too, to think of the wolf still existing in the Highlands, the beaver in Wales, and the eagle in Shropshire. Deer at this time abounded in England, not only in the Queen's 200 parks, or the woods of her 16 palaces, but in the numerous private chases, no less than 100 of which existed in Kent and Essex alone. The knight often sold his venison, much to the ridicule and contempt of his poorer neighbours, especially of those who never paid him his rent.

The Elizabethan village is not much like one of the present day. Come and walk through one invisibly with us: that old fellow passing us is a farmer just been to bring a nephew home for the holidays from Christ's Hospital; the lad wears the blue gown and black cap; his uncle is rigged out in a gay cast-off suit bought in Long Lane or Houndsditch. For a treat, he took the boy before he left town to see Bedlam*, where the crying, screeching, roaring, and clinking of chains, cheers and

* Hollinshed, vol. i. p. 225.

revives the amused spectators, who pace down the building between the open straw beds of the madmen of Moorfields. The worthy farmer is on his way now to the Hall to pay his rent, for it is quarter day, and you can hear him chink and count the money unconsciously as he walks. He will be asked to dinner at the Squire's, where he will sit delighted, but gaping and confused; will be afraid to ask for beer, and will not get enough to eat; he will then he handed, by an invitation, to the buttery, where he will blush as he drinks the lady's maid's health; and before he leaves will be shown the lady's monkey and parrot, which will supply his family with subject of conversation for a full fortnight.

That pale, timid, hungry chaplain, who slips out with the butler, and meets the farmer at the alehouse, gets twenty marks a year and his food. As he is married, he is very obsequious to his patron, but at convivial moments has been heard to drop an oath.

The schoolmaster, there—who has been hard at work from six to six—is rather afraid of the vicar, and keeps pompously turning up his moustachios.

In the early part of Elizabeth's reign the transitional state of the Church was strongly felt. Priests were insulted as they were led to justice, road crosses and images

were defaced, the street singers denounced popery, and Jesuit was but another word for conspirator.

In 1559, an act was passed to regulate Church ceremonials. By this, every parish minister was obliged to preach a sermon against popery superstition once a month, and every quarter, and in most cases every now and then, a sermon against the Spaniard.

Prayers were to be read every Wednesday and Friday, and every other Sunday the schoolchildren were to be questioned in the Creed and Catechism from the pulpit before evening prayer. In every parish church a copy of the Bible and a work of Erasmus were to be placed, to be left open for the parishioners at any hour. The clergymen's own knowledge of Scripture was to be tested by the Bishop in frequent visitations, and the overseers were to keep the parishioners regular in their attendance at church. In some churches Fox's Martyrs were kept chained to the desk; and other works, by the reformers or writers of the Persecution, were not unfrequent.

All writers of the day express their astonishment at the increase of wealth among the artizans and farmers, wooden plate had turned to pewter, leather tapestry to silk hangings, and straw pallets to feather beds.

Simple yeomen had now Turkey work, and plate, and fine napery, when their fathers had nothing but rude

dogswain coverlets; and the serving-men good round logs for pillows, and one sheet to keep the straws from rasing their hardened hides. Pillows they deemed only fit for women in child-bed; their fathers seldom carried more than a noble, or 6*s.* in their pouches; while now a farmer thought himself but scurvily off if he had not seven years' rent lying by him, and a nest of silver bowls and a store of flagons, where his father thought himself rich with four pewter vessels, and one of those a salt-cellar.

The farmer has no Flemish tapestry or Dutch linen; he drinks from bowls, and has but a plain table board and little plate; his bed is flax, and his curtains of home-spun wool; his coat of frieze or Kendal-green; he has two doublets, and not often more than two servants. His labourers sleep on straw, and are to be met coming from market, candles in one hand, cans in the other, tar box at their girdles, and wallets on their backs: he rises at cock-crow, says his prayers, and gives his servants their charges; he then goes out, ascends some breezy hill, and looks over his flocks, and surveys if all is well with his cattle both for pail and plough; at eleven or twelve he returns to dine, drinking no wine, and leaving tobacco for rich people. In the afternoon he reads Fox or Hollinsed's Chronicles; and the night is spent talking of courses of husbandry, in hearing the bailiff give an account of his day's steward-

ship, or listening to some stranger's discourse of foreign parts.

Tom Nash, the bitterest of lampooners, gives us a sketch of country life and farmers' pleasures. As a youth he was fond of throwing at the stone or leaping, handsomely rising at the pommado, and the bear leap. Sometimes he ran in matches, sometimes practised the Cornish hug, or Norfolk twitch and trippet in wrestling; sometimes he was all for fencing, or play with single sword, or rapier, and dagger, long staff, or two-handed glaive. Not unseldom, if it were May, the country squire's son would betake himself to the common green, and watch Tib and Tom dancing a measure about the Maypole; then he was all for riding, and at fifteen he could make the great horse tread, trot, and gallop the ring, leaving caroches (coaches) for aged and impotent people; then, to use his own words, "he made the Bucephalus gather up roundly, bear his head boldly, run a full careere steadily, and stop on a sudden lightly; anon, after, make him advance, jerk, go back, and side along, turn on either hand, gallop the galliard, do the capriole, the chambretta, and dance the curvetta."

To-morrow, perhaps, he was angling, or gardening, or snaring birds, or shooting from bush to bush, to keep up

his use of the bow; in the evening, perhaps, on the common green at bowls.

He delighted much in hawking and hunting, and marks all the subtleties of the hare, how it took shelter amongst the sheep or in the rabbit burrows, or how it took advantage of wind and weather. Hawking he calls the madness of spending 10*l.* in feathers, which at one blast might be blown away; yet does he sketch, with contradictory gusto, the delight of seeing a falcon mount steeple high, and pull down to the ground a prey bigger than herself. He describes going out to the river on a clear, calm, sunshiny evening, about an hour before the sun did mask itself. He finds a mallard, and whistles off his falcon; she flew from him as if she never would have turned head again; yet presently, by a shoot, came in. Then by degrees, by little and little, flying about, she mounted so high as to grow small to the sight; and presently, when the fowl landed, she came down like a stone, and twice missed it; at the second down-coming recovering her prey, at a long flight, to the admiration of all beholders.

Then, again, it is a winter's morning, and, discovering a pheasant in the brake by the white feather in his tail, he let fly a tassel-gentle, who, circling round, bears down when the bird flushes, but misses it in the down-come, and then begins the struggle. The bird mounts as if he had

for ever forsaken earth, the hawk flies off to gain the wind, yet never comes in till the higher ground gave him an advantage, then, after two miles' long flight, bears down and perishes with his antagonist. He reprobates, however, the hungry gentlemen, who, in August, flew goshawks, trained to the bittern, at poor partridges, and set a leash of ravenous curs at a hare, to whom they gave no law and little justice.*

Nash sketches the difficulties of choosing a profession in his day: he himself was too sickly for a soldier, and feared a patron's slights; he had not the conscience to inveigle a rich orphan, or a young widow, into marriage; he could not bear the contempt heaped on undersheriffs' proctors; tradesmen were dishonest; the philosopher's stone was undiscoverable; to colonise was to become a savage; the monopolist and the projectors were not to be associated with without corruption; and a courtier's life was too troublesome.

The English farmers were choice in their beer, "very curious in their ale," as our advertisers say, who are more chemists than brewers; they called their best October, "Mad dog," "Angels' food," "Dragon's milk," "Merry go down," and other endearing and facetious names. Men,

* Nash's Quaternion, p. 36.

some of whom kept 20,000 sheep, could afford baked hogs, sauced with claret, and the delicacy of conger eel and red fish. The farmer's great cause of complaint was the insolence of the Queen's purveyors, rapacious and mercenary men, who seized his market goods at their own price. The squire's pigeons were also his peculiar detestation; and the squire too, if he turned his arable land into sheep-walks, inclosed deer parks, or went out hawking when the corn was still standing. The gipsies, too, who were in his fields in summer, and in his woods in winter, were his terror and abomination. He generally had a witch also for a tenant, who kept him quaking for his life; and, perhaps, to add to his grievances, his son would turn Papist, and he would have his home constantly searched for Jesuits, or his wife turned Puritan, and offended the people at the Big House, by denouncing openly in church their starched ruffs and French hoods.

It is one of the anomalies of literature that Tusser, the writer of our English Georgics, was himself an unsuccessful farmer. His rough doggrel is, however, full of homely sense and thrift, and his 500 points of good husbandry are spiced with a fine admixture of old English proverbial humour; they are unaffected, smell of new-cut hay and the bean blossom, and are not even yet obsolete. In his preface he speaks of his master, Lord William Paget,

with honest affection, and a respect untainted by servility. He is never tired of inculcating the connection between husbandry and housewifery, and impresses on us the homely daily duties, difficult to attain, as rising early, and bearing crosses patiently. His allegory is simple and not unmeaning, as when he advises us to make wisdom our controller, and good order our clerk. His verse, though unartistic, has a rough swing about it that better writers have seldom attained.

The labourers' feast days were few and well earned. There was Plough Monday, when the last man who went to work was ducked by the maids; Shrovetide and pancakes, when the fat hen was thrashed by the blindfold clowns; sheep-shearing; wake-day; harvest home, with the stubble goose, and seed-cake; and turnip-day, when the wheat sowing ended.

It was a general rule with all liberal farmers to give their men roast meat twice a week, for Sunday at dinner, and Thursday at supper.

Even the crabbed Puritan warms for a moment as the May revellers sweep, dancing and dancing, past him.

He says, "In the season how do the most part of our young men and maidens, early rising, do get them into the fields with dancing. What ado with our young men at this time of May! Do they not use midnight watchings to

rob and steal out of the woods a pole, and bringing them home into their parish, minstrels playing before? and when they set it up they will deck it with flowers and garlands, and dance round (men and maidens together, most unseeming and intolerable as I have proved it) about the tree like unto the children of Israel, that dance about the golden calf which they have set up."

To rise early and do observance for the morn of May was the great delight of spring. Henry VIII. went a maying, and maidens went together to gather maydew, finding health as they gathered it. Rising at midnight, the youth went out into the woods with music and blowing of horns, bringing back branches and flowers to deck their windows and porches: old men and children, young men and maidens, went altogether in every parish, dividing into companies.

It was a pleasant and happy custom, and passed away like the happy age that celebrated it.

The sports of the country were endless: at New Year's Day there's the carrying round the bowl of punch, and kindly giving of presents; on the Twelfth Night, recollections of the Magi, and minced pies made in fashion of the holy cradle. On St. Agnes' Eve maidens fall asleep and hope to dream of their lovers. At Candlemas they take down the Christmas holly, and put up the box. Then comes

Valentine's Day and love-making; and pancakes on Shrove Tuesday; and cock-shying on Ash Wednesday; and the Leek Day for Welshmen; and the Shamrock Day for running footmen. Then followed Midlent, with its cakes; and Palm Sunday, with its flowers; and April Fool's Day, with its fun; and on Easter morning very early the sun dances for joy; and on St. Mark's Eve old wives watch in the church porch to see those who are to die pass in. Then there's Rogation Day, and the walk to the boundaries; and May Day dancing; and Whitsun ales; and St. John's fires; and Michaelmas goose; and Allhallows' charms; and the Yule log, and Yule feasts; and so round goes the year to Plough Monday; and, besides all this, there are shearing feasts, and harvest homes, and church ales, and christenings and weddings, with gloves and favours; and last, but not the least, often funeral doles and wakes.

For Christmas sports there's post and pair, and hot cockles, dun in the mire, fox i' the hole, push pin, shoe the mare and draw gloves.

The Elizabethan country wedding, so quaint and picturesque, we have sketched elsewhere: we only notice here the maidens singing and strewing flowers, the serving-men with lights bringing rose water, rosemary and white gloves for the guests, the musicians entering the gates

and received with cups of burnt wine and sugar, the host reading the list of guests, the cries of "good morrow, sir bridegroom," the old men and bachelors together, and the widows and wives.

The old alewives in the country wore red and brown caps and lappets, just such as witches are now represented with on the stage. The citizens' wives were known by their coifs, red petticoats, taffety caps, velvet lace, and silver bodkins. The pretty and capricious dyed scarlet black, lined grogram gowns with velvet, gave 3*l.* for a worked smock, and ate cherries when they were an angel a pound.

The pastor is generally a good country pastor, learned, sober, and honest, hospitable, yet hating drunkenness; he preaches once a week, and catechises the children on Sunday afternoons; yet every action of his is a sermon, he goes once a year to see his father, and is so much beloved that there is a dispute among his parishioners who shall first entertain him on his return; he never quarrels about tithes, or sends for eggs and apples; his parish are eager to keep the church in repair, and its doors are always open.*

The alehouse has an ale stake and a box bush † hung at the door; the walls are painted with Samuel, Dives, and

* Nash's Quaternion, 1631, p. 20.

† Lupton's London and the Country, pp. 127. 137.

Lazarus. That thin sour-faced fellow at the door on a jade of a horse, with a black box and a seal, is a parritor; he comes to see if any one reads prayers without a licence, or if the parson preaches twice a week; he bribes the constable to press his enemies for soldiers, and pretends to search houses for deserters or offenders. If asked to drink, he says, "You are not the men we took you for, and had not our business been extreme we had stayed to drink."

The good housewife had always by her a store of cordials and restoratives, aqua composita and vinegar, rosewater and treacle, herbs for the ague, fumitory water for the liver, cool salads, syrups, and conserves of quince or barberry.*

The Elizabethan farmer loved to inscribe posies over the door of his hall, such homely verses as these: —

"Would'st have a friend, would'st know what friend is best,
Have God thy friend, which passeth all the rest."

Or, —

"What better fare than well content agreeing with thy wealth,
What better guest than trusty friend in sickness and in health."

There seems to have been much dispute in the Elizabethan age as to the respective merits of champaign or flat country farms, and those in the woodland or several,

* Gerarde's Herbale, 1597, p. 1145.

the one being inclosed and the other open; but Tusser prefers the former, as the more profitable. In the latter there were swineherds with droves of hogs, neatherds with dogs and horns, men with cur and whistle guarding and protecting the fields. He instances Leicestershire as excellent soils, yet wanting

> "Mast covert, close pasture, and wood,
> And other things, needful as good."

For wealth and comfort he brings forward Suffolk and Essex, which abounded in beef and mutton, and corn, butter and cheese, and there the labourers had more work, and were better dressed.

In Norfolk, a champaign country, the farmers suffered from droves of cattle trampling their corn, and the crops from the ravages of conies and swine. The winter corn was seldom good; the losses were great, the poor robbed the farmers, and the peasant who kept his cows on the common, often drove them at night to feed on some richer neighbour's land. In the uninclosed land the perpetual hawking and hunting ruined the farmer's hopes, and the frequent passage of sheep trod down and destroyed his rising corn.

Tusser declares that the several farmer made more by one of his acres than the champaign did of his three; that the one though praised for his grain eat bean loaves, and

the other had double beer and quantities of wheaten bread. The one in times of dearth fed his horses and sheep on corn, the other with straw and hay; the one was half starved in winter, the other prosperous. The poor man in the woodland, says the rhyming farmer, lived as happily on two acres, as his contemporary in the champaign could on twenty; but then he paid fully as much rent for his portion of land, small as it was. In a word, he declares that the labourers who came for work from the open to the inclosed land, seldom returned to their old quarters.

The life of the female farming servant was hard: she rose early, and having cleaned the house, sat down to pick hemp, twine rushes, salt meat, or spin and card wool. Some looked to the cattle, others went milking or ground malt for the brewer; the breakfast was hurried and taken in the dark, and but each one had her pottage and mess of meat. She might sing at her work like a bird in a wood, but the slut or the glutton seldom escaped the holly wand of the mistress. She had to bake and brew, make candles, wash, and cook; the poorest turnspit had fixed and unvarying duties, and was one of a regiment. Dinner was at noon, supper before sunset. At supper the work of the next day was fixed, and the keys of the dairy, buttery, cupboard, and chest, were brought every night

to the good man. Countrymen went to bed in winter at nine, in summer at ten; but rose in winter at five, in summer at four.

An abstract of a farmer's duties for the year will convey the best notion of the state of farming in the century of which we treat.*

Beginning at Michaelmas, there was rye to sow and white wheat to be harrowed, though sometimes both crops were sown together ready mixed for the miller. Then there were the slingers and archers set to guard the seed from the thievish crow; land was drained and diked, marsh walls repaired, and the fruit was to gather, with laughing and singing, when the moon was in the wane. Honey was to be taken, and the hog stalled up for killing at Hollantide. Hemp had to be steeped, the seed had to be beaten out, and the year's wool sold to the wily webster. The housewife too had her duties; for now was the time to plant strawberries, barberries, and gooseberries, while the children were sent into the woods to gather mast. Hogs were ringed in September, and brake rushes brought home for firewood and hovel roofing, and timber was then sawn out.

There was much also to do in the barns, seed wheat for Cicely and Margery to pick clean, and corn to be

* Tusser's 500 Points, 1604, *passim*.

threshed by Roger ready for the sower. There was verjuice, and cider, and perry to be crushed and brewed, and all in one little month.

October was the great month for wheat sowing; then a penny for every crow, and dreams of rich harvests; then young oats and quickset were planted. Any pigs dying now of measles were pickled and sent to Flanders. The boys were sent into the woods with poles to beat down haws for the swine, or drive hogs to the mash. The farmer himself had to keep a keen eye on the threshers, and see they did not steal the seed corn, and carry it home in their leather drinking bottles.

In November or Hollantide the husbandman's feasting began, for from this time till Shrove Tuesday the fat pigs were killed for the lusty houshold; the barley had to be threshed, though the bulk of it was reserved till Candlemas and the wheat till March, the chaff was kept to mix with the cattle's food; beef was salted for Martinmas; beans and pease were planted; the headlands were delved, the garden trenched and dunged, and mole-hills spread over the land.

In December, on frosty days, the labourer clove wood for the yule fire, or sharpened his tools; the cattle were penned for the winter, and summer implements collected, cleaned, and put away. On St. Stephen's day

horses were blooded. Orchards had also to be planted, and the stock of salt fish looked to; there were bees to feed with honey and rosemary, and garden plants to guard from the frost.

Then came the great sacred feast, the labourers' Saturnalia, when the farmer revelled in brawn, pudding, and souse and mountainous pies, and labour forgot its toil in its short days of lusty pleasure.

In January fresh work began; there were gardens to plant, trees to prune, and fuel to bring home. If the snow continued the sheep were fed with mistletoe and ivy, the yearning ewes with broom, and both had to be guarded from foxes and dogs. Calves had to be reared and weaned, or killed for market; there were lambs to geld, and young pigs to bring up. The hopyard was weeded, oats sown, and the fallows broken up.

February brought other cares: there were then beans and pease to be sown. On St. Gregory's day, and always in the wane of the moon, the swans' nests were built, and willows planted, as summer-shade for the cattle; moles were trapped, and barley was sown.

In March the hops were set, and fields were rolled; gardens were sown, and the nests of birds of prey destroyed.

In April the hops were poled; the woods were ran-

sacked for stakes — the hazel for fork, the sallow for rake, the thorn for flail, and the elm, ash, and crab tree for cart and plough.

Dairy matters grew important; and white meat, as cheese was called, became a matter of daily discussion.

If the cheese was spotted, hairy, tough, or burnt, the whip visited Cicely's shoulders.

With May came fresh labours. At "Philip and James" the lambs were weaned, and at Lammas sheep milking ceased. Corn was to be weeded, and flax and hemp were sown; bees were swarmed; and calves put out to grass.

With hot June came the sheep-shearings at the river side. There was the mowing to carry through, and the ploughing to finish. Now storehouses, barns, and carts were prepared for the harvest; sheds built to store charcoal and sea-coal; and bushes were cut down and ground cleared.

In July the men, girt with bottles and wallets, completed the hay harvest; tithes were paid; fallows were laid, hemp and flax cut, and grist was sent to the mill.

In August, between the two St. Mary's days, saffron was pared and mustard seed gathered. Now gloves were given to the reapers and the harvest began, the wheat was cut, and the barley mown; then came the

full black bowl and the harvest song. Now charcoal and sedge were housed, and firewood stacked. Provision for Lent was made, and stores of salt ling and herring laid up. At Bartholomew-tide was Stourbridge Fair, where the farmer sold his butter and cheese, and on his return the hops were picked and laid up to dry.

The Elizabethan farmer, not more far-seeing, nor more progressive than his descendants of the present day, got rich by following blindly the strange proverbial recipes and traditional maxims of those who had learnt to observe nature's effects without caring a whit for nature's causes.

He had no newspaper, bought by some masked capitalist, not wiser than himself, to guide him; nothing but the "Gallo-Belgicus" twice a-year. His code of agricultural laws were stale proverbs: — "If the grass grows in Janiveer, it grows now for all the year;" "He who in Janiveer sows oats gets gold and groats."* Fine Janiveer calends betokened a late spring. February snow or rain was what he prayed for; he dreaded an early spring; he disliked March in Janiveer, or Janiveer in March. He liked to see March wind and March dust, but not March grass, April thunder and April showers, cold April and rainy April. May to be truly orthodox

* Ray's Proverbs, *passim*.

must, he thought, be cold, merry, and windy, but not rainy; beans began to blow, corn looked discouraging, and bees were worth old gold. June, according to proverbs, should bring calm weather, for its rain was dreaded. A shower in July was worth a load of oxen. August must be dry and warm. Genial September blew soft, and swayed, but never plucked the fruit. October brought wind to scatter the mast for the hog.

For every aspect of weather these observant men had a proverb: — east wind was bad for all, south wind brought rain and was good for fishers, hail brought frost, snow brought full harvests. Every festival was an epoch: — "David and Chad, sow pease good or bad;" geese lay before St. Chad's day, a good goose lay by Valentine's day; St. Matthie sent sap to the tree; St. Bartholomew sent the cold due; oats were sown on St. David's day; trees were set at Allhollantide, beans sown at Candlemas; at St. Matthew they began to sow; at St. Benedick sowed pease.

About the weather they were "unco" wise. If the cuckoos came when the tree was bare, pasture would be bad and corn good; if the tree was in leaf, the reverse. If the cock moulted before the hen the winter would be mild; but if the reverse, the season would be hard. They dreaded wet summers, the sand feeding the clay;

but rejoiced when the clay fed the sand, there being more sand than clay in England.

When the sloe tree blossomed they sowed wheat, and when the elder ripened began to brew and bake in earnest. Candlemas was their great day of omen; if that was bright they expected more winter, if it was wet spring had come. They liked red evenings and white mornings: morning rainbows they held signs of rain, evening rainbows they considered assurance of fine and fair weather. About all their traditional lore there is a strange, rude poetry and a charm, to us quite irresistible.

The housewife was the great ally of the doctor in the old times: in her still room the lady with the ruff and fardingale was ever busy with cooling waters, surfeit waters, and cordial waters; or in preparing conserves of roses, spirits of herbs, and juleps for calentures and fevers.

All the herbs and flowers of field and garden passed through her fair white hands. Poppy water was good for weak stomachs; mint and rue water was efficacious for the head and brain; and even walnuts yielded a cordial. Then there was cinnamon water, and the essence of cloves, gillyflowers, and lemon water; sweet marjoram water, and spirit of ambergris.

These were the Elizabethan ladies' severer toils, besides the acres of tapestry she had always on hand; her

more playful hours were devoted to the manufacture of casselettes, mouth pastiles, sweet waters, odoriferant balls, and scented gums for her husband's pipe (God bless her!); then there were balsams and electuaries for him to take to camp, if he was a soldier fighting in Ireland or in the Low Countries; and wound drinks if he was a companion of Frobisher, and bound against the Spaniard or the Indian pearl diver of the Pacific; she had a specific, which was of exceeding virtue in all swooning of the head, and weakness of the heart, decaying of the spirits, also in all pains and numbness of joints, and coming of cold. Good in all bruises outwardly, and in strengthening and comforting all animal, vital, and natural spirits, cheering the external senses, strengthening the memory, restoring lost appetite, and exceeding good for weakness of the stomach, so at least says the family receipt book, and who dare disbelieve it.

That wonderful still room contains, not only dried herbs and drugs, but gums and spices, ambergris, storax, and cedar bark, civets and dried flowers and roots; and in bottles higher up aqua vitæ, and aqua mirabilis, and usquebaugh, that attracts the old Irish nurse just as valerian does cats.

In that bowl angelica, carduus benedictus, betony, juniper berries, and wormwood, are steeping in spirits of

wine, to make a cordial water for the young son about to travel; and yonder is oil of cloves, oil of nutmegs, oil of cinnamon, sugar, ambergris, and musk, all mingling to form a quart of liquor as sweet as hypocras.

Those scents and spices are for perfumed balls, to be worn round the ladies' neck, there to move up and down to the music of sighs and heart-beating, envied by lovers whose letters will perhaps be perfumed by their contact. All these early remedies have a superstitious and extravagant air about them. An excellent specific against all sorts of ague was four spoonfuls of the juice of red nettles, and eight of the best strong ale; or thirty grains of hicra picra, and half a pint of the best aqua vitæ; this will heal your tertian or your quotidian, almost as well as a handful of fever-wort leaves boiled in a clear draught of posset drink.

Whether it was julep or sudorific tincture, or what not, there was always strange brewing going on with earthen pitchers of conduit water and regulus of antimony, which gave the receipts a wild alchemic character. What pleasant bright London gardens we dream of, when we find that the remedy for a burning fever is honeysuckle leaves, steeped in water; and that a good cooling drink is composed of wood-sorrel and Roman sorrel, bruised and mixed with orange juice and barley water. Mint is good for colic; conserves of

roses for the tickling rheum; plantain for flux; vervain for liver complaints: all sound pleasanter than those strong biting minerals which now kill or cure, and give nature no time to heal us in her own quiet sure way.

Then garlic broth for dropsy; parsley for toothaches; black currant leaves for poisons: all savour of the old time, and of reverend men in black velvet caps, holding red-lettered books in old bay windows, full of dusty phials, with pickled homunculi on the shelves, and dry crocodiles swinging over head.

Some of the remedies partake more of the nature of charms than real science: who can believe the herb shepherd's pouch, held in the hand, stanches bleeding from a sword wound; or a dram of scrapings from a human skull, taken daily in white wine, stays a hæmorrhage. There is nothing herbs will not cure, to trust to these old medical books: peony roots, mistletoe, and cowslip water stay the falling sickness, and nail parings, polypody, and peony root, ministers to the same disease.

But the theoretical receipts are more curious than simples: for a whitlow, Lady Macbeth's doctor would have composed a poultice made of pounded garden snails; while a quart of ale, a dram of treacle, a handful of rue, and a spoonful of tin shavings, boiled together, made a medicine for a bite from a mad dog.

Another plaster, very excellent for many things, was made thus—read it scientific men of the nineteenth century, and shudder at your own ignorance!—

"Take a peck of garden snails, and pick them clean from the shells unwashed, which stew in a close pot with a quart of muscadine, and be sure they do not boil. When they are tender stewed, take them out of the muscadine and stew them; and as they are stewing, take of the tender tops of rosemary, rue, elder tops or buds, red sage, of each of these a handful, chop them small and put them into the muscadine where the snails are stewed in, and boil them very soft and tender; then put in the snails again, and with them six-pennyworth of saffron, five spoonfuls of neatsfoot oil, and an ounce of mithridate. Boil all these together till they be very thick and fit to spread, then put it into pots and keep it for your use. This will keep good a year. When you apply it, spread it upon leather to the grieved place, and renew it once in twenty-four hours. The best time to make it is in May or June. It will cure any ache or sinew-strain, or grief in the sinews or muscles, as hath been often proved.

"Choice and experimented receipts collected by Sir K. Digby, Knight, 1672."

The cunning men of these days, believing that rich material must produce extraordinary medicine, just as the

present world believes rich people must have excellence which the poor cannot possess, used gold and silver in many of their remedies: gold dissolved in the spirits of salt and saltpetre yielded a liquor called the oil of gold, which was held to be useful in cases of ulcer; then there was tincture of gold and aurum potabile, or gold dissolved in aqua regia, which was used with the tincture of coral, bezoar, and ambergris; oil of pearl was a cosmetic made of pearls, dissolved in vinegar and mixed with distilled May-dew.

Not to speak of the cakes of ambergris and lign aloes mixed with yellow wax, and applied to the heart and stomach to help digestion: viper's flesh was used in the preparation of many medicines; all the parts were dried apart, and then pounded and mixed with balsams; the head was worn round the neck as a remedy for quinsey; the skin round the kidneys; the fat for anointing red faces; the skin cured the farcy; and the powdered flesh everything.

The specifics in old books for the plague, which was never cured but by God, are innumerable. Mithridate, Venice treacle, and turpentine seem to be favourite ingredients of these medicines.

An excellent plague water was made with rue, agrimony, wormwood, celandine, sage, balm, ringwort, dragon's

root, pimpernel, marigold, feverfew, burnet, sorrel, scabius, wood betony, brown ringwort, tormentil, carduus benedictus, of each a handful, with rosemary, angelica, burdocks, and green walnuts, these were shredded small into a sort of huge salad, then covered with white wine and mixed with shredded enula-campana roots; these were infused for three days, covered close, stirred every twelve hours, and then distilled.

Another cordial was made with wood sorrel, sugar, and mithridate, pounded for four hours. How terrible the prescription reads with its concluding direction: — "In time of infection, in a morning fasting, take as much as a great nutmeg; and if stricken with any disease of the heart or pain in the stomach, take the same quantity, and go to bed, and put yourself into an easy sweat for one hour, and you will find excellent effects by it."

A third receipt prescribes red poppy leaves steeped in brandy wine. This juice was then mixed with Venice treacle, and taken by spoonfuls in sack.

Other antidotes were, rue-tops, eaten with bread and butter of a morning, and bread and cheese, with a glass of stomachical claret wine after it.

Many medicines, though unknown to the Pharmacopœia, were preserved with care in the families of their inventors, as "the great Duke of Florence's imperial water"

of great virtues, the Emperor Charles's cephalic water, or Monsieur Bonard's excellent medicinal stone of great virtues.

The ladies of this day were great users of perfumes; Elizabeth's apothecary's bill is full of heavy charges for rose water and costlier essences.*

The whole system of Elizabethan medicine was founded upon a theoretical view of the human system. Paracelsus divided the body into humours and spirits: — the humours were four, and analogies were traced between them and the four elements, and the four ages in man; the humours were, blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy. Courage they supposed to have its seat in the heart and stomach, reason in the head, and lust in the liver; a white-livered man was a coward; a man of no courage, they said, had no stomach for fighting; feeling was attributed to the heart, and thinking to the head.

Amongst other exploded follies of Elizabethan therapeutics was the belief in the imaginary virtue of precious stones, a phantasy originating in the mysticism of alchemy; but even in the time of Paracelsus there were found such disbelievers as Erastus, who ventured to attack the arch-quack.

* M. 11. Brit. Mus. 5017.

Gems were supposed to be amulets against enchantment; talismans to drive away diseases and spells, and to invoke and bind spirits; the granate, a bustard ruby from Cathay, hung about the neck, or taken in drink, says Burton, resists sorrow, and recreates the heart; the jacinth and topaz allay anger and diminish madness. Cardan declares they cured madness and increase wisdom; but this seems going a little too far. The chrysolite is an enemy to folly; the bezyll causeth thirst; the chelidonius, a stone found in the belly of the swallow, lapped in a fair cloth, and tied to the right arm, made lunatics amiable; chalcedony strengthened the body, like the touchstone which was used by goldsmiths; the diamond, the green gem, carbuncle, and coral, repressed troublesome dreams; the loadstone restored men to youth; the emerald and sapphire pacified the mind; not less valuable were ambergris, the bone from a stag's heart, the rhinoceros' horn, and the bezoar stone; dissolved pearls and potable gold were considered good remedies for beggars' diseases, though they certainly failed with princes.

"Some think," says old Burton *, with cruel sarcasm, "physicians kill as many as they save; and who can tell how many murders they make in a year, that may freely

* Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1676, part 2. sec. 4.

kill men and have a reward for it;" upon the force of which precept the good old Leicestershire vicar proceeds to discuss simples, and we follow him into the garden, and listen to his wise prattle.

Of what he says of those infallible remedies, a dead man's skull reduced to powder, the corns in a horse's legs, and a wolf's liver, we will say nothing; but his list of garden plants and their several virtues is much more to our purpose. Thus, by the theoretical physicians of the age, aniseed, colt's-foot, betony, calamint, eyebright, lavender, bays, roses, rue, sage, marjoram, peony, &c., were considered good for the head; for the lungs, calamint, liquorice, enula campana, hyssop, horehound, water germander; for the heart, borage, bugloss, saffron, balm, basil, rosemary, violet, roses, &c.; for the stomach, wormwood, mint, betony, bawm, centaury, sorrel, and parsley; for the liver, darthspine, germander, agrimony, fennel, endive, hiccory, liverwort, and barberries; for the spleen, maiden-hair, finger fern, dodder of thyme, hops, the rind of ash and betony; for the kidneys, grounsell, parsley, saxifrage, plantain, and mallow; for the womb, ringwort, pennyroyal, feverfew, and savine; for the joints, camomile, St. John's wort, rue, cowslips, centaury, the watercress, &c.

In these simple times the doctor gathered his drugs in

the hedges, where all antidotes and balmy anodynes grew and flourished.

Among the chief herbs that expel melancholy and exhilarate, Burton enumerates borage and bugloss; they were used in broths, in wine, in conserves and syrups; rue, in the opinion of many, the very best: balm steeped in a man's ordinary drink was also found to purge all melancholy vapours from the spirits: scorzonera was an antidote to poison, and cured the falling sickness; and betony and marigold were equally celebrated; hop purged choler, and purified the blood; and not less potent were wormwood, centaury, pennyroyal, endive, succory, dandelion, fumitory, scolopendria, ringwort, liverwort, ash, tamarisk, broom, and maiden-hair, all of which were supposed to have much efficacy in easing the spleen.

To drive away the "dumps," the Elizabethan Dr. Canise also employed roses, violets, capers, feverfew, scordium, rosemary, rosa solis, saffron, sweet apples, wine, tobacco, and cider.

Cold and moist constitutions used ambergris, nutmegs, amber, and spices.

Pomander or sweet bags were used as remedies for diseases, but still more as preservatives. Burton classes them as little bags of herbs, flowers, seeds, or roots, applied to the head, heart, and stomach, and useful as

odoraments, balls, perfumes, and posies, as specifics against melancholy.

Amongst the strong vomits of the period were found, as arabecca, whose leaves were pounded in posset drink, with liquorice or aniseed, laurel berries and purslane, or endive juice, squills mixed with white wine, white hellebore, or sneezing powder, antimony, and tobacco: — "divine, rare, super-excellent tobacco," says Burton, "is a virtuous herb when medicinally used; but as taken in smoke, hellish, devilish, and damned."

The common purgatives were polipody and epithyme, myrabolanes, aloes, fumitory, dodder herb, mercury, caper roots, broom, pennyroyal, half-boiled cabbage, feverfew, ammoniac, salt, saltpetre, dragon's root, centaury, and ditany, of the gentler medicines.

Senna was taken in powder, and an infusion with ginger, and cordial flowers as a corrective. Sometimes sodden in chicken broth or whey, or steeped in wine, lapis armenis, lapis lazuli, and black hellebore were also used.

Among the compound medicines a wine made of hellebore, squills, and senna, was used in madness, either as a purgative or a fomentation. Electuaries were made of hyssop, origen, pennyroyal, thyme, and mustard, and, when strong, of pellitory, pepper and ginger.

Some medicines were taken in snuff, as the juice of

pimpernels and onions, castor pepper, white hellebore. Clysters of Castile soap and honey, or even of scammony and hellebore, were often used.

The doctors of this age employed cupping and leaches, while they frequently seared the flesh with cauteries or hot iron. About bleeding there were many different opinions. Hercules de Saxonia despised it, but Laurentius, another medical authority, approved of it, from the example of the Arabians.

Some men began with lenitives, then went on to preparatives, and lastly, to purges. Lenitives were electuaries; preparatives were generally syrup of borage, bugloss, apples, fumitory, thyme, or epithyme, mixed with distilled water, or a decoction of bugloss, balm, hops, endive, scolopendy, or fumitory; the gentler purges were senna, cassia, epithyme, myrabolanes, and catholicos.

Doctors were divided between the Paracelsan sect and the Vegetarian,—the former used minerals, and the latter vegetables; the "nourishing clysters" of the vegetarians were made of anise, fennel, bastard saffron, hops, mallows, oil of violets, sweet almonds, &c.

The horrid torture of cauterising sick men with hot irons was by no means uncommon. Arculanus advises that the cautery should be of gold. Cauteries were to be used "when other physic does no good," says Burton,

by which we may easily conjecture that this frightful remedy, now only used by doctors in cases of poison or hydrophobia, was usually tried on dying wretches past all other hope, as a mere consolation to despairing friends, and as a means of extracting some final fees from their departing victims. Gordonius advises that melancholy men should have their heads bored in two or three places to "let out the fuliginous vapours."

The Elizabethan diaphoretics were decoctions of China root, sassafras, and sarsaparilla. Amber was considered a valuable diuretic; and bezoar stone, particularly that of Montpellier, was thought to "refresh the heart and corroborate the whole body."

Amongst the honest country people of this time there were amulets used to drive off all diseases, and charms to cure most: a spider in a nut-shell was good against the ague. Toads burnt alive was supposed to cure epilepsy. St. John's wort gathered on a Friday, with hair of Jupiter when it comes to his effectual deviation (that is about the full moon in July) drove off all fantastical spirits.

People troubled with melancholy washed their heads with very potent extracts of water-lily flowers, lettuce, camomile, and wild mallows; some tied on the hot lungs of sheep, or applied caps of hot and aromatic powders.

One approved medicine mentioned by Jesner as a cure for dotage and diseases of the brain will exemplify better than any comment the state of medicine in the sixteenth century: —

"Cut off at a blow a young ram's head, and, removing the horns, boil it, skin and wool, and when it is well sodden, take out the brains and mix it with the powder of cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, mace, and cloves, heating them over a chafing-dish, and stirring them so that they do not burn; this must be given to the patient with bread in an egg or broth for fourteen days, fasting being necessary both before and after."

Baths of medicated water were much used, and also herb fomentations applied locally. As narcotics, the country folks used possets of hempseed; richer people went to opium, or decoctions of poppy, mandrake, violets, roses, lettuce, henbane, nightshade, saffron, and willows. Sometimes the temples were anointed with the oil of poppy, mandrake, purslane, or violets. When Court intrigues robbed nobles of their rest, sacks of wormwood, henbane, hops, or roses, were placed under their pillows; Cardan says, in such cases, the patient's feet should be anointed with the fat of a dormouse, and the teeth with ears' wax of a dog, swine's gall, and hare's ears. Occasionally plasters were made of castorium, opium, and aqua vitæ, and

stuck on the temples. Fomentations were not uncommon, made of rose water and vinegar, and a little woman's milk.

To procure pleasant dreams, instead of doing a good action, weary debauchees took after supper distilled waters of balm, or the herb horse-tongue, and avoided black wines and the flesh of hares.

The cure of rusticus pudor, or mauvaise honte, when proceeding from morbid self-consciousness, pride, and shyness, was effected not by moral precepts, but by washing the face with lac virginale or litharge, or in rose, violet, and lettuce waters. Quercetan recommends the water of frogs' spawn; Scolzius, strawberry water; and Hollerius, draughts of boiled succory. Burton, accustomed, perhaps, to this student's disease, advises the sufferer to overnight anoint his face with hare's blood, and in the morning to wash it with strawberry and cowslip water, the juice of distilled lemons or cucumbers, or else the bruised kernels of peaches or roots of Aron mixed with wheat bran and baked in an oven, and then crumbled into gillyflower water. Fresh cheese curds abated the redness of a flushed face; sow-thistle roots, baked apples, preserved quince, and cummin seed, were also wholesome, if these flushes were the effect of indigestion.

For cleansing the blood Dr. Caius would have used

sow-thistle, succory, senna, endive, carduus benedictus, dandelion, hop, maidenhair, fumitory, bugloss, borage, with their decoctions, distillations, and syrups.

The diuretics were aniseed, dill, fennel, germander, and ground pine. Against flatulency the medicines were innumerable; they were gentian, valerian, dittander, pennyroyal, rue, calamint, bay leaves, rosemary, hyssop, and various spices. Such were the remedies of men, who, in spite of the mall, lived quite as long as their more learned descendants.

CHAP. XV.

REVELS AND PROGRESSES.

"She shall be loved and feared, her own shall bless her,
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow."

Henry VIII., Act v. Sc. 4.

Elizabeth's Character. — Not intolerant. — Her great Dangers. — Execution of Mary Stuart. — Magnanimity. — Vanity. — Irresolution. — Learning of the Age. — Historical Opinions. — Defence of Her. — Traits of her Character. — Her Temper and Habits. — Anecdotes. — Etiquette of the Court. — State Ceremonies. — Coin of her Reign. — Royal Progresses. — Their Policy. — List of them. — Visit to Kenilworth. — Laneham's Description. — Coventry Games. — Hunting and Banquets. — Visit to Cambridge. — Leicester and Cecil. — Disputations. — Latin Speech. — Visit to Oxford. — English Play. — Elizabeth's Delight in the Students' Enthusiasm. — Visit to Norwich. — Revels in Gray's Inn. — King of Misrule. — Mask and Banquet. — Queen's Pleasure at the Mask. — Twelfth Night. — Temple Revels. — Romance and Beauty of the Elizabethan Masks. — Tournament at Whitehall. — Allegory and Mask. — Sir Philip Sidney. — The Children of Desire. — Laws of the Tourney. — Surrender of the Championship. — Tournaments. — Street Processions.

ELIZABETH was nursed by adversity, and in misfortune's bitter school proved an apt scholar. Her religion strengthened and rooted itself amid persecutions that had led her to

found her faith on something deeper than mere habit or uninquiring belief. She gathered experience in three Courts, and suffered little from flattery, though few were more deserving it. No wonder that the Protestantism, for which she had so often risked her life, became the great principle of her reign, and the motive of all her actions. Interest and principle both conduced to make her the Defender of the Protestant Faith throughout the world, for upon its existence depended her power, and even her life.

She began by degrees with all the caution and deliberation of her character: her first councils were half Protestant, half Popish: and the Roman bishops were undisturbed in their sees. Soon she weeded out the first, and removed the second: but only by degrees was she driven by necessity into severity against unremitting and fanatic enemies. From the first year to the last of her reign we find her equally the head of an armed Protestant league. She assisted the Scotch reformers, and those of France and Holland; while refugees from France and the Low Countries flocked continually to the free land.

As danger thickened around her, she soon found that there could be no toleration afforded to priests who headed rebellions and encouraged assassins.

Henry IV. fell by Ravaillac, the Prince of Orange by Balthazar, the cries of St. Bartholomew's Night reached

her ears; the Armada choked the channel, and only God saved her from destruction. Popish emissaries kept Ireland in a flame. The Duke of Norfolk rebelled under popish auspices, and even Mary, whom she protected, encouraged the conspirators against her person. Essex received applause from Rome; would-be murderers filled the prisons, and bulls were nailed to the church doors. She knew that in the eyes of half her subjects she was a cruel Jezebel, whose kingdom the pontiff had confiscated. If Elizabeth had perished by steel or poison, Europe might have again become Catholic, and the Protestants would have sunk into peevish sectarians. Yet the danger never roused her to cruelty, and her reign is stained but by one crime, and even the guilt of that one is disputed.

Need we say we refer to the execution of the Queen of Scots, a national rather than an individual sin, the result of just alarm and exasperation? We know that all the councillors of the Queen considered the plotting fugitive's death necessary for the safety of the nation, and the parliament unprompted urged the same line of action. The wretched guilty prisoner, whom only Romanists and poets now pity, was the centre of all intrigues, and the cynosure of a thousand conspiracies.

No lampoons or slanders could sting Elizabeth into cruelty; it is only an abridgment of these Jesuitical

charges, and a specimen of their loud lies and obscene calumnies, that could convey any conception of the pain which a woman must have felt at knowing that she was deemed a monster of vice in every Catholic court of Christendom. Cardinal Allen's charges show us the language of the most respectable of her enemies. In the "Admonition to the Nobility of England," which the exile wrote the year of the Armada to incite his countrymen to rebel, he accuses his lawful mistress of being the illegitimate offspring of a vile woman put to death for her crimes. She had, he says, broken her coronation oath, and unlawfully removed the popish bishops from their sees, she had profaned sacraments, defiled churches, oppressed consciences, and destroyed the nobility. She harboured rebels and sold laws; leagued herself with the Turk, murdered priests, slaughtered her defenceless kinswoman, and proved herself a Jezebel and child of Lucifer. He accuses her of dishonest life, of intriguing with Leicester, and of refusing to marry because marriage would restrain her licentiousness.

Of Elizabeth's private virtue only Jacobites are now doubtful. State policy and womanly weakness is an excuse for her many coquettings, from which, however, she was the only sufferer; the sham lovers being men of selfish ambition, who really loved nothing but themselves. Phi-

lip II., Anjou, and Sweden, she scarcely knew. Hatton, Leicester, Raleigh, Pickering, Arundel, Holstein, and Arran, she probably looked upon as friends rather than lovers. Courtenay might have been her first love, the Admiral Somerset we know was her lover, and the rest were flirtations pardonable in a vain woman. Could she not detect their selfishness and heartlessness? and were not Leicester, Raleigh, and Essex married at the very time of their supposed attachment to the Queen?

May we not then assert boldly that, with the exception of a few womanly waverings, Elizabeth from the earliest years of her reign never intended to marry, having, as she said, been wedded to her kingdom? Her reason for the resolution we shall never discover: perhaps the most reasonable to suppose is state policy, and a love of power.

Of her vanity much is said. She dressed well, had more than a thousand dresses, and was fond of showing off before her ambassadors. It must be remembered, that it was a custom to preserve the dresses of those days, as they were too expensive to alter, and too rich for the use of servants: these 1000 dresses were the dresses of her whole life. That her vanity was not unjustifiable in youth we have reason to suppose.

In later years we find her speaking of herself publicly in parliament as an "old woman too old to marry such

young suitors as they proposed." What really vain woman could have so spoken?

That she was irresolute we cannot deny, cautious to excess, but yielding to wise counsel: we know that she was also brave but not cruel, queenly and yet affable, frugal almost to excess, a patroness of learning and wisdom in all classes. She selected or approved of all her great men, and never disgraced or banished one wise head. Her admirals were Howard, Hawkins, Grenville, Drake, Raleigh, Cavendish, and Cumberland. Her generals, Essex, Willoughby, Grey, Norris, Vere, and Williams; her translators, Holland, Saville, and North; her divines, Jewel, Whitaker, Grendal, and Parker; her poets, Spenser and Shakspere; her merchants such men as Gresham.

In learning, we must remember the foundation in her reign of the Bodleian Library, and the establishing of two new colleges at Oxford.

In commerce a new era was opened to England, her ships were in every sea, her sons on every shore. There was trading commenced with Turkey, Muscovy, and India. The north-east passage was sought for and Virginia discovered. Chests of Spanish gold were exhibited in Drake's processions, and all the Indies gave up their riches

for our use. Sir Humphrey Gilbet discovered Newfoundland, and perished in the Frozen Seas.

Smollett describes Elizabeth as tall and straight, and with a round full forehead, brown eyes, white teeth, auburn hair, and fair complexion. Her hands were long and thin and of great beauty, her voice strong and full, her conversation was gay and agreeable, her judgment solid, her apprehension acute, her application indefatigable, and her courage invincible. She had the violent temper of her father, but seldom let it loose, and then but as an armed asserter of what was good and noble. With a keen eye for beauty, she liked to be surrounded by the young and handsome, and shunned all crippled or deformed persons. She was fond of the chase and hawking, and had her jesters and pet birds for wet days or hours of illness. Seldom ill, she was intensely active, and did as much work as a modern prime minister; besides much more singing, playing, and dancing. Her court was the abode of virtue and the muses; she was surrounded by the wise and great, which of itself must have served to elevate any character.

By her detractors she is called unchaste, a Protestant only in name, arrogant, vain, proud, imperious, jealous, cruel, passionate, and avaricious.

To us she seems the greatest queen who ever lived,

patriotic, yet not ambitious; stern, yet not cruel; chivalrous, yet not rash; constant in friendships, firm in the true faith, inflexible in the right, easily heated, but great minded.

Rapin allows Elizabeth only excellent wit and a sound judgment. I assert she baffled or defeated the most subtle and least scrupulous enemies that monarch ever encountered. He does allow, however, that her dissimulation never sank to hypocrisy, nor her frugality to avarice.

Hume allows her vigour, constancy, magnanimity, penetration, and vigilance. A softer woman would have been a worse queen. We may admire the birch more than the oak, but which can best weather the tempest.

We cannot complain of her want of toleration, because toleration was a principle of government not yet discovered. Her reign was long and happy. She extinguished rebellion, protected learning, and extended commerce. England was never a suppliant or a slave in her reign, and its name was an amulet to carry her sons safely through the world. Foreign fleets melted away when they touched our seas, and enemies only landed to tumble into open graves. The world has never seen a braver queen surrounded by braver generals or wiser statesmen. Her policy was always grand and simple,

directed to a great and good purpose, and carried out by honest means. The name of diplomatist had not yet become a reproach, nor was government a mere expensive bungling, clumsy machine, to extract money from a crowded and overburdened people.

Always constant in the true faith, says one, she hath to the exceeding joy of her subjects, to the unspeakable comfort of her soul, to the great glory of God, established that religion, the maintenance whereof she rather seeketh to confirm by fortitude than leave off for fear, knowing that there is nothing that smelleth sweeter unto the Lord than a sound spirit, which neither the boasts of the ungodly, nor the horror of death, can either remove or move. This gospel with invincible courage, with rare constancy, with hot zeal, she hath maintained in her own countries without change, and defended against all kingdoms that sought change, insomuch that all nations round about her threatening alteration, shaking swords, throwing fire, menacing famine, ruin, destruction, desolation, she only hath stood like a lamb on the top of a hill, not fearing the blasts of the winds, but trusting in His providence that rideth upon the wings of the four winds.

The pamphleteers of the day exhaust rhetoric to find terms to praise her. She is beautiful and chaste as Diana; mighty, merciful, glorious, gracious; bringing

peace and plenty to her land; she is preserved by the special favours of God through private conspiracies, open rebellions, close wiles, and cruel witchcrafts. They praise her sharp wit, excellent wisdom, and exquisite learning, her skill in music, and gift of languages.

Her anger seems to have been terrible: she spat on her courtiers' clothes; collared her nobles; and struck her ladies, swearing, "by God's Son, all who served her were idle knaves;" she stamped with her feet at ill news; walked angrily up and down the Privy Chamber, and thrust a sword in fury through the tapestry. Sometimes, says Harrington, she was more than a man; often less than a woman. After the Essex Rebellion, she seized one of her courtiers by the girdle, and swore, "By God's Son, I am no queen! that man is above me!" Every new message from the city disturbed her; she frowned on her ladies, and kept a sword always beside her; she touched nothing for two days but a cake, and then disregarded every delicacy for manchet (roll) and plain succory pottage.

Her ruffled temper she soothed by reading, when the Council was broken up; and frequently betook herself to Seneca, which she partly translated: her virginal she played in private, but was not ill pleased to be overheard, as she was once by Melville, the Scotch Ambassador, whom she playfully struck with her usual coquet-

tishness. Her reserve, increased by the dangers and perils of her youth, was so great, that even Burleigh and Walsingham could scarcely ever discover her real purpose.

She artfully pretended to leave business to their management, devolving upon them all the blame if it failed, and securing to herself all the honour if it succeeded. Burleigh, always afraid of his mistress, would defend a defeated scheme rather than detract from the queen's good judgment. The crafty statesman, on such occasions, would shed tears at what the Queen called his errors, and yet often in great matters persuaded to submit her pleasure to his. No one shared her favour and good will more than Burleigh; and she would keep him till late at night discoursing alone, and trying his truth and depth. She delighted by smiles and condescension to make her courtiers disclose their most inmost thoughts, then to ponder over them in private, and used to their faces to disprove their actions. If she found any dissembling, she never let it pass unheeded, and very seldom unpunished.

Her temper was capricious and fitful, and her anger would often fall indiscriminately upon all. Her affable moments are well described by her godson Harrington, writing after her death, when flattery could no longer reach her.

"Her mind was ofttime like the gentle air that cometh

from the westerly point in a summer's morn; 'twas sweet and refreshing to all around; her speech did win all affections." Her Chancellor Hatton said of her: "She did fish for men's souls, and had so sweet a bait that no one could escape her network."

Elizabeth was fond of hunting, and frequently shot several deer in one day with her own crossbow; her ladies also shooting in their turn. She was fond of music, played the virginal and lute, and tormented her chapel masters by criticising their performance. She wrote poetry; translated Latin authors, was an excellent linguist; spoke Latin and Greek with some fluency; and was acquainted with French and Italian. She neglected no public business, but hindered it by over subtleties and indecision. Bacon tells us, her statesmen would deceive her by talking over indifferent subjects, persuading her to sign bills in the heat of conversation. She was fond of dancing and the drama.

The following anecdotes are amusing exemplifications of Elizabeth's character: —

When she sent Mr. Mann as Ambassador to Spain, in return for Don Guzman, who had visited her own Court, she said: "The Spaniards sent me a goose-man, and I now send them a man who is a goose."

When in one of her progresses, the mayor of a certain

city said, he had no favour to ask of Her Majesty. She looked round at the place, and said: "Happy city, that hath want of nothing!"

Her impromptu (if we can believe any impromptu) on Transubstantiation is well known: —

> "Christ was the Word that spake it,
> He took the bread and brake it,
> And what that Word did make it,
> That I believe, and take it."

Elizabeth once said to Dr. Humphry, the President of Magdalen College, a man of Puritan severity: "Dr. Humphry, methinks this gown and habit become you very well; but I marvel you are so straight laced!"

When she visited her old statesman Burleigh, at Theobald's, where he lay sick, the servant begged her stoop, for the bed-chamber door was low; she replied, "For your master's sake I will stoop; but not for the King of Spain's!"

To Mr. Watts' house at Rochester, she gave the name *Satis*, to express her pleasure at her reception.

At the Gray's Inn revels, when the courtiers would have danced a galliard after the mask, Elizabeth exclaimed: "What! bread and cheese after a banquet?"

On one visit to Theobald's, the Queen said to Burleigh: "Your head, Sir Spirit, and my purse can do anything."

When the Queen was asked if she thought Buchanan or Haddon, the President of Magdalen, the most learned, she replied, "Buchananum omnibus ante pono; Haddonum nemini postpono!"

Elizabeth once spit on Sir Matthew Dimmock's fringed jerkin, and said: "The fool's wit is gone to rags!"

The Bishop of London (Elmer or Bancroft) once preached before Queen Elizabeth, and denounced the vanity of decking the perishable body too finely; the Queen said after the sermon to her ladies: "If the Bishop holds more discourses on such matters, I will fit him for heaven; but he shall walk thither without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him!"

The Queen once asked Lady Harrington, in a merry mood, how she contrived to always maintain her husband's good will and love. The lady replied that she had confidence in her husband's understanding and courage, well founded on her own steadfastness not to offend or thwart, but to cherish and obey. "Go to, go to, mistress!" said the Queen, softly and pleasantly, "you are wisely bent I find. After such sort do I keep the goodwill of all my husbands, my good people; for if they did not rest assured of some special love towards them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience."

When Burleigh was sick the Queen sent him medicines

from her own store, saying that she entreated heaven daily for his longer life, and that, if they did not save him, her people, nay, she herself, would indeed need cordials.

The Queen one day, interrogating her ladies about the relative advantages of a single to a married state, suddenly addressed a cousin of Sir Matthew Arundel, who was but new to Court. The honest maiden replied she had thought much about marriage, "if her father did consent to the man she loved." "You seem honest, i'faith!" replied the Queen, "I will sue for you to your father." When Sir Robert came next to Court she pleaded for the damsel, and pressed the knight's consent, so the match were discreet. Sir Robert, astonished at the news, said he never had heard his daughter had liking to any man, and wanted to gain knowledge of her affection, but would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her Highness's will and advice. "Then I will do the rest," said the Queen. The lady was called in and told that her father's free consent had been obtained. "Then," replied the lady, "I shall be happy, an' please your Grace." "So thou shalt, but not to be a fool and marry," was the withering reply. "I have thy father's consent given up to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession; so go to thy

business. I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily."

Queen Elizabeth, though fond of dress, disliked to see any of the ladies dress richer than herself or finer than became their rank.

It happened that Lady Howard possessed a velvet dress with a rich border powdered with gold and pearls *, which excited the Queen's envy. One day she sent for it privately, and putting it on, although it was too short for her, appeared with it among the ladies, asking how they liked her new-fancied suit. Then, turning to Lady Howard, she asked her if it was not short and ill-becoming; to which the poor lady acquiesced. "Why, then," said the Queen, "if it becomes not me as being too short, I am minded it shall never become thee as too fine; so it fitteth neither well." The lady took the rough rebuke, and the dress was never put on again till after the Queen's death.

When the Queen visited Archbishop Parker, she expressed her anger at his marriage by saying to his wife, "Madam I may not call you, and Mistress I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you; but yet I thank you."

* Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i. p. 361.

When she made her godson Dr. Cotton bishop, she said she had blest many godsons, but now she had a godson who could bless her.

When Bishop Still married the daughter of Sir John Horner of Somersetshire, the Queen said, Horner was a dangerous name for a bishop to match with.

When some courtier laughed at a certain sermon as smelling of the lamp, the Queen said, "I pray let me have your bosom sermons rather than your lip sermons, for when the preacher takes pains the auditor takes profit."

When Elizabeth heard Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Rochester, preach a homely sermon on the plough, she said, "Barlow's text might seem taken from the cart, but his talk may teach you all in the Court." (Miserable pun!)

Of Dr. Dove, Bishop of Peterborough, she uttered a beautifully turned compliment, declaring when she heard him preach "that the Holy Ghost had descended again in the shape of a dove."

Dr. Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, having to preach before the Queen at Richmond in the Lent of 1596, knowing the Queen was sixty-three years of age *, like a foolish, good, silly man took for his text, "So, teach us

* Harrington's Nugæ Antiquæ, p. 215.

to number our days, that we may incline our hearts unto wisdom!" He then proceeded to talk of sacred numbers — of three, of the Trinity; of three times three, the hierarchy; seven, the Sabbath; and seven times seven, the Jubilee; and so on till, seeing the Queen troubled, he fell to treat of the numbers of the beasts, and concluded, introducing a fresh text alluding to the infirmities of age, quoting Ecclesiastes, "When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the window." When he had finished his sermon the Queen opened her closet lattice which stood opposite to the pulpit, as she usually did on such occasions, but instead of thanking him said plainly he should have kept his arithmetic to himself. "But I see," she said, "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men;" and left in anger. The astonished doctor was then ordered by Lord Keeper Pickering to keep his house for a time, which he did. But the Queen, with her usual strong sense, soon forgot the offence; and, three days after, rebuked a female parasite who spoke scornfully of the preacher. And to show the doctor was mistaken she thanked God that neither her stomach, nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering for instruments, nor lastly her sight, was any whit decayed. To prove this she produced a jewel carved with a motto in very small letters, and

which neither my Lord of Worcester nor Sir James Crofts could of course read. She then trolled the inscription off to the astonishment of every courtier, but none dared laugh; for the laws of Elizabeth's Court were strict.

The Queen, being presented with a new collection of proverbs, wagered her glove to a courtier that it did not contain "Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton." The book was searched and the proverb was found missing.

The Queen's aversion to unpleasant smells was well known at Court. On one occasion, the stout Sir Roger Williams kneeling to her to beg a suit, which she was unwilling to grant and yet ashamed to deny, she exclaimed, "Foh, Sir Roger! your boots stink," hoping to divert the conversation. "No, no, Your Majesty," replied the brave Welshman, "it's not my boots, it's my suit."

Elizabeth was not always spared by the poets, whom she loved and honoured but did not very largely reward. Spenser, it is said, having repeatedly failed in his suits, wrote her the following letter: —

> "Madam, you promised 'pon a time
> To give me reason for my rhyme;
> But from that time until this season,
> I've had neither rhyme nor reason."

The lines that Raleigh, in his early days at Court, wrote with a diamond on a palace window are well known: —

> "I fain would climb but that I fear to fall."

Which Elizabeth is said to have capped by the following coquettish invitation,

"If thy mind fail thee do not climb at all."

From a pamphlet written long after this reign, the following rules were, it appears, observed in the royal antechamber: —

"The usher is to rebuke all who whistle or sing, or walk up and down the room; the visitor must scratch at the door, or give one knock; he must give the usher his plain name without title; he must not wrap himself in his cloak, or come without an introduction. He must take off his hat, and when he has scratched at the door, remove to a short distance to prevent being taken for a spy, or an eaves-dropper."

Hentzner, a German, who visited England in 1598, as tutor to a young nobleman, gives us various details of Court life, told with much self-denying brevity, but with all the freshness of a foreigner's observation: —

He goes to the palace at Greenwich, admitted by a Lord Chamberlain's order into the Presence Chamber, which is hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay (he means rushes, but matting and carpets were now both common in the state rooms), through which the Queen commonly passes on her

way to chapel. "At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the Queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of councillors of state, officers of the house, and gentlemen who waited the Queen's coming out, which she did from her own apartments, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner: —

"First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard studded with golden fleurs-de-lis, the point upwards; next came the Queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to from their too frequent use of sugar). She had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table; her bosom

was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry. She had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small; her fingers long; and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately; her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence she spoke very graciously first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, *Scotch*, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, as a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees; the ladies of the Court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and, for the most part, dressed in white (the eight ladies that

Edwardes sings of, 'Gentle Howard, tall Dacres, modest Baynam, wise Arundell, beautiful Dormer, merry Mancell, learned Coke, and pious Bridges').

"She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel, next the hall, where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'God save the Queen Elizabeth!' to which she replied, 'I thank you, my good people.' In the chapel was excellent music. As soon as it and the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the Queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner; but while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity: —

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess), and

along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt with as much awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while the yeomen of the guard entered bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that the guard, which consisted of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together; at the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with peculiar solemnity, lifted the meat off the table and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the Court.

"The Queen dines and sups alone with very few attendants, and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner

or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."*

The coin of Elizabeth's reign may be seen in any collection, stamped with the head of that great Queen, who did so much for England. Soon after her accession she called in her father's debased money, and coined fresh golden angels or half sovereigns, sovereigns worth 30*s.*, angels, crowns, and halfcrowns. She had also 6*d.* 3*d.* $\frac{1}{2}d.$ and $\frac{3}{4}d.$ silver pieces, while the testoon of 6*d.* she reduced to its real value of $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ The French crowns were worth in England 6*s.* 4*d.*, the pistolets, 6*s.* 2*d.*, the rials, 15*s.* She also encouraged the use of tokens of lead, tin, and even leather. She coined Portcullis money for her new East India Company, and pieces for the Low Countries. Her stamps were the Tudor Portcullis, and the greyhound and the rose, with the mottoes, "rosa sine spina;" (what would the Jesuits say?), and a "Domino factum est istud et est mirabile," words she is said to have used as she fell upon her knees when the messenger (Leicester) came to tell her of her accession to the throne. She claimed the crown of France in her legend, though it did not belong to her, and Ireland though it still remained unconquered. A Frenchman in her reign was the first to introduce milled coin into England. On her coin she is never

* Hentzner's Journey into England (1757), p. 48.

represented with a large ruff, but generally with orb and sceptre, both in profile and full face.

The early coins show her with full round forehead, long prominent nose slightly arched, small compressed mouth, and good chin. In the last impression, which she ordered to be broken in a rage at its fidelity, she is seen with hideous double chin, crow's feet round the eyes, mouth drawn down, sunken cheeks, and deep wrinkled flesh. Is this Shakspere's Cleopatra?

> "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
> Burned in the water: the poop was beaten gold,
> Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
> The winds were lovesick with them."
>
> *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

The progresses were the great features of Elizabeth's reign; they contributed more than any one thing to the attachment with which she was regarded by the people. They impoverished the nobles, but they enriched the poor, and were eminently intended to please the commonalty. They enjoyed the pageants more than the Queen, relished the patriotic poems, rejoiced in the fireworks, and revelled in the tilting. The poor poet had an opportunity of distinguishing himself; the country gentleman displayed his dress and person to her eyes; the burghers presented their petition; and all went away pleased. The Queen admired the town, rewarded the actor, gave new privileges to the citizens, knighted the

gentlemen, and bestowed presents on the ladies; never was queen so warmly beloved as the Queen who was always in danger, and never safe from the Jesuit's dagger, or the Spaniard's poison. She who had saved Protestantism, trod out the Smithfield pyres, and herself narrowly escaped death, brought peace and plenty to a grateful country.

We will begin with her visit to Kenilworth.

Elizabeth's progresses were matters of state policy, they were continued from her accession to her death. She came to the throne in 1558. In 1559, she went from Greenwich to Dartford, Cobham, Eltham, Nonesuch, and Hampshire; in 1560 to Winchester and Basing; in 1561 to Essex, Suffolk, and Hertford; in 1563 to Eton and Cambridge, visiting Bishop Cox and Sir H. Cromwell at Hinchinbrook; in 1565 she visited Coventry and Kenilworth, going through Lincolnshire and Leicestershire. In 1566 she came to Oxford; in 1567 to Berkshire, Surrey, and Hampshire; 1568, Kent, Essex, Hertford, and Norfolk; 1569, Surrey and Hampshire; 1570, Lord Hunsdon's; 1572, Essex, Kent, and Herts, Bedfordshire, Kenilworth, Charlecote, Long-Compton, Weston, Berkely, Woodstock, and Reading; 1573, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent; 1574, Berkshire, Berkely, Bristol, Longleat, Heylesbury, Wilton, and New Sarum; 1575, Theobald's, Bedford, Northamptonshire, Kenilworth, Staffordshire, Gloucester, Oxford, and

Berks; 1576, Surrey, Hertford, Bucks, and Berks; 1577, Surrey; 1578, Essex, Herts, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridge; 1579, Essex and Suffolk; 1581, Canterbury; 1588, Tilbury; 1591, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire; 1592, Oxford; 1593, Berks; 1601, Surrey, Hants, Wilts, and Berks, and 1602, Middlesex and Kent.

Lacy, a clothworker at Putney, she visited fifteen times; Dr. Dee at Portsmouth she also delighted to honour; but Dr. Julius Cæsar, of Mitcham, records with great chagrin eight preparations he had made for her coming, and all in vain, though he had spent 7000*l.* We commence at Kenilworth.

Kenilworth, the seat of that singular good lord the Earl of Leicester, stands on a gently sloping hill four miles from Coventry, and about the same distance from Warwick; a small lake moats it on the west, and on all sides it was girt by broad paths and fair gardens. The castle was said to be of Saxon foundation.

On Saturday the 9th of July, 1575, the Queen dined at Long Ichington*, and, hunting by the way, reached Kenilworth about eight o'clock, about a bow shot from the castle. One of the sibyls clad in a pall of white silk welcomed the Queen.

At the gate of the Tilt-yard a gigantic porter clad in

* Laneham's Letters, p. 8.

silk, and carrying a club and keys, burst into indignant verse at the noise of the crowds, and then, seeing the Queen, fell on his knees and surrendered his office.

The Queen granting him pardon, he caused his trumpeters on the wall to sound a tune of welcome. These six "made up" trumpeters were all eight feet high, clad in long garments of silk, holding in their hands silver trumpets five feet long and sixteen inches wide at the mouth.

At the inner gate the Lady of the Lake and two nymphs, standing on a floating island blazing with torches, drifted to land, and welcomed her Majesty in verse, saying that the castle had been hers since King Arthur's days, but she now surrendered it to Her Majesty.

"We had thought indeed," said Elizabeth, "the lake to be ours, and so you call it yours now; well, we will commune more with you hereafter."

The pageant ended with a harmony of shawms, cornets, and hautbois, as the Queen passed from the base court over a bridge and through the castle gate. On the seven posts of the bridge were hung presents, cages of bitterns, and curlews from Sylvanus, silver bowls filled with bunches of fruit from Pomeria, corn ears from Ceres, and grapes from Bacchus. On one place stood two silver livery pots, and a goblet of white wine and one of claret, much coveted by the dusty and thirsty retinue. On the fifth post stood trays

filled with glass, holding fish from Neptune; and on the sixth, beside two ragged staves of silver (Leicester's badge), bows, spears, and armour from Mars; on the last were two sere bay staves, covered with harps and recorders from Phœbus himself.

Over the castle gate was a tablet bordered with ivy leaves, containing a Latin welcome written in white letters on a black ground.

The night being well spent, and the verses not readable by torchlight, a poet appeared to read them; he was dressed in a long blue garment with wide and hanging sleeves, his doublet of crimson silk, a bay garland on his head, and a scroll in his hand. As the Queen entered the door, she was received with a delicate harmony of flutes.

As she descended from her palfrey the guns were fired, that told the country round of their Lord's welcome to the Queen.

The forenoon of Sunday was spent in quiet service in the parish church; the afternoon in concerts and dancing; the evening in witnessing a display of fireworks. "The sky," says Laneham, "was lit with blaze of burning darts, flying to and fro; gleams of stars coruscant; streams and hail of fiery sparks; lightnings of wild fire on water and land; flight and shower of thunderbolts; all with such

continuance, terror, and vehemency that the heavens thundered, the water surged, the earth shook, in such sort surely as had not been assured; the fulminous deity was all but in amitee, and it would have made me for my part, hardy as I am, very vengably afraid." This lasted till midnight.

Monday being hot, Her Majesty remained in doors till five o'clock of the evening, when she hunted the hart of force in the park; the woods rung with cries of, "Hyke a Talbot! hyke a Beaumont! hyke, hyke! to him, there he goeth! that's he! to him! to him, to him, boys! counter, to him, to him! Talbot, a Talbot, a Talbot!" the deer at last driven into the water was there killed. Laneham compares the attack, like a true merchant, to a number of skiffs attacking a caravel.

About nine o'clock, as the Queen was leaving the chase by torch-light, a wild man strode from the woods, covered with moss and ivy, and holding an uprooted oak sapling in his hands; his versified speech described his long continuance in those wild wastes; till startled by so glorious an assembly, he had asked his old companions, the Fauns and Nymyhs, what it could be. At last, getting no answer, in his utter grief he appealed to Echo, and inquired whether it were a King or Queen. Thus, with some flattery of Elizabeth, he surrendered himself to her power,

breaking his club and throwing it from him; unluckily, a piece fell on the head of the Queen's horse, and excited some alarm; but her grace said: "No hurt, no hurt!" and all passed off pleasantly.

On Tuesday, after music and dancing, the Queen went on foot to the chase; a barge of music on the lake, playing as she passed over the bridge.

On Wednesday the deer was again hunted; and being taken alive in the water, by her Grace's command, had only his ears cut and was suffered to go free.

On Thursday thirteen bears were baited in the inner Court, and in the evening there was a show of fireworks, amid the discharge of guns; at the same time an Italian tumbler exhibited feats of great agility to the Queen. Laneham is eloquent about his goings, twinings, tumblings, castings, hops, jumps, leaps, springs; he must have had a back, like a lamprey, without bones, and muscles like lute strings.

Friday and Saturday it rained, and there was no show or entertainment. On Sunday there was divine service, and, what Laneham calls, a "fruitful" sermon; and in the afternoon a solemn bridal, in honour of God and St. Kenelm; the rustic procession passed into the Tilt-yard, where a quintain had been erected, and returned into the town by the North Gate.

First rode sixteen lusty lads and bold bachelors of the

parish, each wearing a blue buckram bride-lace, with a bunch of broom instead of rosemary tied on their left arms, and holding an alder pole in their right hands; some wore caps, some hats, some doublets, some jerkins, some boots and no spurs, some spurs and no boots; a few had saddles and girths, others pommels tied with ropes. First came the bridegroom, in a tawny worsted jacket, a fair steeple straw hat, harvest gloves on his hands, pen and ink-horn at his back, and a napkin tied to his girdle; he was lame of a leg, which had been broken at football.

Then came a lively morris-dance, consisting of six dancers; Maid Marian and a jester; then ambled three maidens, carrying the spice cakes. After them came a freckled red-haired clown in a canvas doublet, carrying aloft the gilt bride-cup, adorned with a gilt broom branch, from which streamed broad buckram laces of red and yellow: then followed the bride, "of colour brown bay," not very beautiful, says Laneham, but longing to dance before the Queen. She walked between two honest old townsmen, and was followed by a dozen bridesmaids.

Then began the quintain; the bridegroom breaking the first spear, keeping his seat, but bursting his girth and losing his pen and ink-horn; the rest followed, at first in order, but soon tag and rag, cut and long-tail; the slower men got a blow from the sand bag; the too hasty came

tumbling to the post. Some were carried by their horses into the crowd; others missed the quintain with their staffs, and hit the boards with their heads.

When the quintain ceased the tilting commenced. "Then," says Laneham, with humour, "to see the stern countenances, the grim looks, the courageous attempts, the desperate adventures, the dangerous courses, the fierce encounters, whereby the buff at the man and the counter-buff at the horse, that both sometimes came toppling to the ground." "By my troth and it was a lively pastime, and believe it would have moved some man to a right merry mood, though it had been told him that his wife lay a dying."

After this followed the Hock-tide games, headed by Captain Cox and certain men of Coventry, to celebrate an annual festival by which that ancient city commemorated the Massacre of the Danes by the English, on St. Bride's Night, 1012.

The Coventry men had been always famous for their pageants, which before the Reformation were acted by the Grey Friars during the great fair. The leader of this show, Captain Cox, seems to have been a mason by profession, and a local antiquarian. The Captain came first, clean trussed and gartered above the knee, in a velvet cap, and flourishing with a long sword, making room for the

rest; after them followed the Danish knights also mounted, and every one with his alder pole in his hand. The fierce skirmish soon grew into a hot battle; first with spear and shield, and, when overthrown, with sword and target and many bangs. Then entered the footmen, and both armies formed in rank, then into squadrons, triangles, and rings. Twice the Danes were victorious; but were at last beaten down and overcome, and many led captive in triumph by the English women.

The Queen not seeing much of the play, it was repeated to her great amusement; and she gave two bucks and five marks to the actors: a play followed, and "an ambrosial banquet" of 300 dishes followed the play. Her Majesty eat little; after which the courses were rudely devoured in a disorderly manner. A mask was to have ended this banquet, but it was postponed.

On Monday the Queen again hunted the deer; and on her return was greeted from the lake by a triton riding on a mermaid eighteen feet long; sounding a shell trumpet, he avowed that he came in Neptune's name to entreat her Grace to deliver the Lady of the Lake from the hands of Sir Bruce Sans Pitie, who held her in durance.

Instantly the lady and her two nymphs appeared and thanked the Queen for her deliverance. Then Arion approached, swimming on a dolphin twenty-four feet long,

and containing six musicians in his capacious sides. The man who played this character of Arion, finding his voice hoarse, tore off his disguise, and declared he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Jack Goldingham; which blunt exclamation pleased the Queen more than all the other part of the pageant. The same evening the Queen touched nine men for the king's evil, and knighted five gentlemen of great worship, including a son of Cecil's.

On Tuesday the Coventry play was re-acted. On Wednesday the Queen was to have supped in a pavilion in Wedgenall Park, three miles from the Castle, but goddesses and nymphs were all disappointed by the weather, and no pageant took place. Among other actors who meant to have displayed their talents, Laneham describes a squire minstrel of Middlesex, who was to have sung a ballad about King Arthur. He wore a side gown of Kendal green (baize), gathered at the neck in a gorget, and fastened with a white clasp at the chin; round his waist was a red Cadiz girdle, and hanging to that a pair of capped Sheffield knives; out of his bosom fell a napkin edged with blue lace, his initials, and a love knot. His gown had long side sleeves, cut open lengthwise, and lined with white cotton; his doublet was of black worsted, laced with blue and tawney; his socks were red, and a red riband was tied round his neck; his pumps were black,

with a cross cut at the toes for corns; his harp-wrest hung from his harp by a green lace. Round his gorget was a fair pewter chain, and from the chain hung a scutcheon with the arms of Islington, though the wearer was only an itinerant visitor of fairs, and a singer at worshipful men's houses.

On the 27th of June the Queen proceeded to Windsor, after an eighteen days' sojourn with her noble guest.

Among other miscellaneous facts Laneham mentions that seventy-two tuns of ale were drunk in little more than three days. The tent in which Her Majesty dined at Long Ichington was so large that its very pins filled seven carts; and he mentions among other Warwickshire marvels exhibited to Her Majesty, a fat wether from Grafton, and a fat child from Leicestershire, six years old, and four feet high.

In the August of 1564 Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge, and was lodged in King's College.*

Much preparation had been made for this visit: the proctors had been up to London to arrange the ceremony with Sir W. Cecil and the Bishop of London, and the Vice-Chancellor and Mayor had directed the inhabitants to finish the paving of the town, and cover the streets with

* Nichole's Progresses, vol. i. p. 160. (Had. MSS. 7037.)

sand. Lord Robert Dudley, secretly petitioned, had assured them that Her Majesty, esteeming their goodwill above all other gifts, would graciously accept all that was done.

Then Sir William Cecil, the Chancellor of the University, anxious about every thing, though lame in the gouty leg, had come with his lady in a coach and lodged at St. John's College, and had been received with an oration. He had then assembled the Vice-Chancellor and all heads, and learnt their names and functions (shrewd diplomatist!), and had entreated them to preserve order in all things, and maintain conformity in church apparel and religion, particularly as to the communion; he was then presented with two pair of gloves, a march pane, and two sugar loaves, and returned to his lodgings.

The next day arrived Leicester, the Lord High Steward of the University, and was received by Cecil and the beadles bare-headed, and on horseback, by a procession of twenty-four persons; a Latin oration welcomed him to his lodgings at Trinity, the doors and walls of which were hung with eulogistic verses. A present similar to Cecil's welcomed the royal favourite; then another oration at St. John's College, and more gloves, sweetmeats, and sugar loaves, and after that there were more gloves to the Earl of Suffolk, and all the nobility who had now come.

The same day all the University, at the booming of the

great University bell, assembled at King's College, every officer receiving orders to keep in his place. Between the gate at Queen's College, Master Gill's house and King's College Chapel door, stood first the scholars, then the Bachelors of Arts, then the Bachelors of Law, then the Master Regents, and then the Non-Regents and Bachelors of Divinity; then Doctors in their habits and hoods, and at the west door the Vice-Chancellor and three beadles, while tipstaves and the Queen's porters guarded the gates.

The road was strewed with rushes and flags, coverlets and boughs covered the walls, which were also hung with verses; the scholars, as the Queen passed, were to call out "Vivat Regina," fall on their knees, and then return to their colleges. King's College Church was hung with tapestry of the Queen's, as well as the pulpit and the communion, and the floor strewed with rushes. There was also a rich traverse of crimson velvet for the Queen's privacy, and a fair closet in the rood loft, which she did not use.

In another place was laid a Turkey carpet, cushions of cloth of gold, and a chair of red velvet; the bells of the churches, &c., were rung nearly all the afternoon, the negligent being duly fined.

The same day, while the town was growing more and more anxious, the Queen, having lain all night at Mr.

Worthington's house at Haslingfield, was met by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, the Bishop of Ely, and, at Newnham, by the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses, who addressed her in English.

The mayor, bearing the mace, presented the Queen with a standing cup, which cost 19*l.*, and holding twenty old angels; Elizabeth then alighted to change horses, and went for a short time into a miller's house.

The procession now proceeded, the mayor riding first with the mace. Sir William Cecil and the guard kept the street, turning the train into the town, and allowing only the lords and chief officers to follow her Grace. First came the trumpeters, proclaiming her approach; then followed the lords in their degree; the almoner, the Bishop of Rochester bare-headed, and the Bishop of Ely; then the garter king-at-arms, and the sergeant-at-arms; then Lord Hunsdon, with the royal sword; lastly, great Oriana herself, with a great company of ladies and maids of honour.

The secretary having informed the Queen of the different ranks of the scholars, just as she was about the middle of the Sophisters, two came forth, and, kneeling down, kissing her hand, presented an oration in prose and verse, which her Highness handed to one of her footmen, as she did those of the Bachelors of Arts and the Masters of

Arts. When she reached the doctors all the lords and ladies forsook their horses, Her Majesty only remaining mounted. She was dressed, we should not forget to mention, in a gown of black pinked velvet, a caul set with pearls and stones, a hat spangled with gold, and a bush of feathers.

At King's College gate the mayor acknowledged his jurisdiction ceased, and fell into the rear. When the Queen reached the west door of King's College Chapel, Sir William Cecil fell on one knee to welcome her; the bedells also knelt, and, kissing their staves, presented them to Her Majesty, who, smiling at the armful, redelivered them, saying that she "willed them and all other magistrates of the University to minister justice uprightly," as she trusted they did, or she would take them into her own hands and see to it. She also smiled at Sir William Cecil, and, seeing him lame, hoped "that Justice did not halt as the Chancellor did."

Mr. William Master, the orator, then made three bows, and, kneeling down upon the steps of the west door, which was covered with verses, delivered his oration which lasted nearly half an hour. When he commended the many virtues planted in Her Majesty, the Queen bit her lips and glove, and broke out with "Non est veritas et utinam;"—and when he praised virginity she cried,

"God's blessing of thyne heart, there continue." He then alluded to the antiquity of Cambridge University as being older than Oxford or Paris, and concluded with eulogies of Cecil and Leicester.

The Queen commended the orator, and marvelled at his memory of such diverse matters, saying that she would answer him again in Latin, but for fear she should speak falsely and they would laugh at her. She then called him to her presence, and gave him her hand to kiss, and, alighting from her horse, offered the same honour to the doctors, asking their names and degrees. Then four of the chiefs held a canopy over her, and she entered the church, her ladies bearing her train; the Provost, in a cope of rich needlework, the company kneeling on both sides, bowed to the Queen three times, and then kneeling, kissed her hand, pointing to the Psalm "Deus misereatur." On her wishing to pray privately, the choir began to sing a Song of Gladness in English; the Queen marvelling at the beauty of the chapel, and praising it above all others in her realm.

Service ended, the Queen went to her lodging the private way through the vestry, saying she thanked God that had sent her to that University, where she, altogether against her expectation, was so received that she thought

she could not be better. As Her Majesty entered the Provost's house the two Proctors, in the name of the University, presented her with four pair of Cambridge double gloves, hemmed and trimmed with fine gold lace, and six boxes of comfits.

As for the lodgings, the nobles were scattered through all the colleges, the maids of honour and the physicians at Gonville and Caius, and the officers of the household at Queen's. The Choristers' School was turned into a buttery, and the South Vestry into a council chamber.

On Sunday, the next day of this august visit, the doctors in their scarlet gowns went in full state to welcome the Queen — first the gentlemen, then the doctors, after them the knights, and then the lords. On the Queen entering the church after the usual prayers, Dr. Andrew Pearse bowed three times and began a sermon on the text "Omnis anima subdita sit potestatibus supereminentibus;" about the middle of the sermon the Queen sent to bid the preacher resume his cap, and after it was over said it was the first sermon she had ever heard in Latin, and she did think she should never hear a better. Good fare was not forgotten on this visit, for the Chancellor had sent five bucks to the University and Lord Robert ten.

After even song the Queen went to see "Plautus

Aululariaˮ acted in King's College Church — a great stage having been erected running the whole width of the chancel, the chapels serving for houses. In the rood-loft was a stage for spectators, and the south wall was hung with a cloth of state for Her Majesty's use. The guards stood round the stage, holding torch-staffs; there was a bridge to the stage from the choir door, upon which her Grace, attended by the pensioners, walked. The play was over by about twelve o'clock.

On Monday the usual lectures were resumed, the noble visitors attending to hear and see. At one o'clock a stage was erected in St. Mary's Church for public disputations. At the east end was a room richly hung with arras and cloth of state for the Queen; the lords and doctors, divines, lawyers, and physicians, stood in their order around. The Queen remarked that some masters-regent wore white silk and others minever, and detected the simple masters by their torn habits and soiled hoods. Conspicuous in the crowd were the Oxford proctors, taking notes of all precedents that might be useful if the Queen visited their University.

When the University bell rang and the Queen entered in royal pomp, the graduates fell on their knees and cried "Vivat Regina;" she then exclaimed, "Omnia

fiant ordine;" and the proceedings commenced, she having first begged all to sit.

When the Respondent had made his oration four Masters of Arts replied, which so pleased the Queen that she expressed herself unwilling that the Proctors should interrupt them. Doctor Haddon then determined the questions.

They were the following: —

> "Monarchia est optimus status reipublicæ?
> Frequens legum mutatio est periculosa."

The physical questions were: —

> "Simplex cibus præferandus multiplici,
> Cœnandum liberalius, quam prandendum."

The doctors having small voices, the Queen said, "Loquimini altius," and, finding that of no avail, came nearer, but still could not hear. The questions were determined by the Queen's own physician, with whom she jested when he asked permission. At nine o'clock the play of Dido was acted, and the next day she was spectator of "Ezechias," an English tragedy.

Elizabeth, pleased with her visit, determined to prolong her stay, and would have remained till Friday had there been "provision of beer and ale." The next day she visited Clare Hall, King's College, Trinity, Gonville, and Caius, St. John's, Christchurch, Benett College, Pem-

broke Hall, and Peter House; passing Queen's and St. Catherine's Hall. Emmanuel and Sidney Colleges she did not visit — for the excellent reason that they were not then built.

At King's the Provost presented the Queen with a book bound in red velvet, containing complimentary verses. At Trinity she listened to a Greek oration. At Christ's College she replied in Greek to some Greek verses, and received a pair of gloves in remembrance of her grandam who founded the college. At Peter House she commended the son of Sir Walter Mildmay, who, though a child, delivered a trim oration very aptly and distinctly; and as she rode through the streets she talked with divers scholars in Latin, and dismissed them in Latin when she alighted from her horse.

At three o'clock the University bell rang, and the disputations recommenced in St. Mary's Church. The theses were —

"Major est auctoritas scripturæ quam ecclesiæ,
Civilis magistratus habet auctoritatem in rebus ecclesiasticis."

Lord Robert then reminded her that Dr. Baker had not been heard; and the Queen commanded him to dispute, saying that he was her host, and she feared to lack her lodging if she should chance to come again hereafter and left him disappointed. This man, Dr. Baker,

proved to be a concealed Papist (such men still hang about colleges), and fled to France in 1579.

When the disputations were over, the lords, especially Leicester and the Duke of Norfolk, knelt down and humbly prayed Her Majesty to speak something to the University and in Latin; her highness saying she would not stick at the matter if she might speak in English. Cecil telling her that was not permitted, she begged the Chancellor to speak, "for the Chancellor is the Queen's mouth;" Cecil replied he was the Chancellor of the University, and not hers. The Bishop of Ely, kneeling, said, "that three words of her mouth were enough." After this studied scene the Queen began: "Although that womanly shamefacedness and the multitude of learned men might well determine her from delivering an unlaboured speech, yet the intercession of her nobles and the goodwill she bore the University prevailed on her to speak for the increase of good letters, and to fulfil their expectations." She had read in Demosthenes, "the words of princes were a law and an encouragement to their subjects, so she trusted her words would encourage them to follow more diligently their studies." "This morning," she said, "I beheld your sumptuous edifices, erected by several most illustrious princes, my ancestors, for the sake of learning. In seeing them a grief has seized me,

(like Alexander the Great, who lamented that any transcended him,) that I had done nothing of the sort; the common proverb, though it cannot utterly remove my concern, hath not a little assuaged it — the saying, I mean, 'that Rome was not built in a day.' For my age is not yet so far advanced, nor is it so long since I began to reign, that before I pay my last debt to nature (if cruel Atropos do not too soon cut the thread of my life) I may erect some passing good, a design from which I shall never depart so long as any life is left; and if indeed it shall happen (which indeed I cannot tell how soon it may) that I must die before I complete the thing, yet will I leave some famous monument behind me, whereby both my memory shall be renowned, and my example may incite others to the like worthy actions, and also make you all more ready to pursue your studies. But now you see the difference between true learning and an education not well retained. It is time, then, that your ears which have been so long detained by this barbarous sort of oration should now be released from the pain of it."

At this speech the hearers, astonished, burst out with a "Vivat Regina;" but the Queen replied, "Taceat Regina;" wished all who heard her had drunk of the flood of Lethe, and cheerfully departed. That night Sophocles'

"Ajax" was to have been acted, but the Queen, weary of going round the colleges, and of sitting up late on previous evenings, was not present at the performance, to the great disappointment of the whole of the University.

The next day at nine o'clock Her Majesty took horse, when Dr. Baker and Mr. Preston made a goodly oration, and bade Her Majesty farewell. Mr. Preston, a comely man, who had much pleased her by his previous graceful acting in the play of "Dido," she called "her scholar," and gave him her hand to kiss, presenting him with eight angels, and an annuity of 20*l.*

Her Majesty's praise may still be read on his tomb in Trinity Hall Chapel. Master Preston's adversary in the disputations, the well-known Cartwright, grew discontented at this open preference.

At the schools Dr. Perne and the Doctors kneeled, and, in Latin, wished her Grace a prosperous and safe passage. The Queen replied with a loud voice, "Valete omnes;" she was conducted out of the town by the mayor and aldermen.

That day Her Majesty dined at the Bishop of Ely's, at Stanton, and slept at Hinchinbrook, the seat of one of Cromwell's ancestors. Leicester was now mounting in public and royal favour. At Oxford he was created M. A., being before High Steward of the University.

In the next month he was created Earl of Leicester, a title usually appropriated to royalty; and at the end of the same year he was made Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

Elizabeth visited Oxford* two years after she had honoured Cambridge with her presence, having been delayed by the plague that had afflicted the former city.

On the 29th of August, Sir William Cecil, the Secretary of State, and many noblemen, came to Oxford to arrange for Her Majesty's reception, and were received by the heads of the University in Christchurch quadrangle. It rained vehemently at the time, so the good secretary went under cover, and began to converse with Mr. Potter, of Merton, as to why Aristotle in his Poetics had written "De Monarchia," there being at that time (*as he said*) no monarchs in the world. Three bachelors were then called in to dispute upon the question —

"An divitiæ plus conferant ad doctrinam persequendam quam paupertas?"

In the evening of the 31st (Saturday), the Queen, with a noble retinue, came from Woodstock to Oxford, and was received with the same forms as at Cambridge; the black and red gowns made a gallant show, sprinkled here

* Nichols's Progresses, vol. i. p. 206. (Woods. MS.)

and there with white hoods and bands, and intermingled with the rich doublets and silken cloaks of the nobles. An oration was then delivered by Mr. Marbeck, the Provost of Oriol, upon which the Queen said to him, "We have heard of you before, now we know you," and gave him her hand to kiss. The Spanish Ambassador, Don Dedicus Gosemannus de Sylva, said to the Queen, "Non pauca multis, sed multa paucis complexus est;" and to the learned Dr. Humphreys of Magdalen she said, "Dr. Humphreys, methinks this your habit becomes you very well, and I marvel you are so straight-laced in this point; but I come not now to chide."

Within half a mile of Oxford the Queen was received by the mayor and aldermen; he delivered up to her his mace, spoke an oration, and then presented her with a cup of silver, double gilt, worth 10*l.*, and in it about 40*l.* Before this it had been the custom to give oxen or sugar loaves.

The Queen entered the city in a rich chariot about five or six o'clock, the scholars making an oration to her at the Bocardo gate, and kneeling, unanimously cried, "Vivat Regina!" to which the Queen, much pleased, answered, "Gratias, gratias!" At Quatre-vois (Carfax) a Greek oration was delivered, with which she was much pleased, thanking the orator in Greek, saying, "It is the best

oration I ever heard in Greek, and I would answer you presently, but am somewhat abashed with their great company; but we will talk more with you in our chamber." At the hall door of Christchurch she said to another orator, "You would have done well had you had good matter." She then entered the church, the students standing in their surplices, and listened to another.

On Sunday morning a pretty boy, son of Dr. Carew, of Christchurch, came to the privy chamber and delivered a Latin oration with two Greek verses. She then sent for Cecil to hear it, telling the boy, "I pray God, my fine boy, thou mayst say it so well as thou didst to me just before!"

At night Marcus Geminus, a Latin play, was acted in Christchurch Hall, upon a large scaffold set about with stately wax lights. The Queen was not present, but being told by the Spanish Ambassador of the scene, exclaimed, "In truth, I will lose no more sport hereafter, for the good report I hear of these your doings." The ambassador replied, "Multa vidi, sed hæc sunt admiranda, et sic referam ubi in patriam venero."

The next day was taken up in disputations and orations. In the afternoon, at her lodgings, the Hebrew professor presented the Queen with a translation of the Prophets. At night she went to Christchurch Hall and saw *Palæmon*

and Arcite, an English play, founded on Chaucer, written by Mr. R. Edwards, which was acted with great success. At the beginning three persons were killed by the falling of a scaffold, — a scholar, a brewer, and a cook, and five others were hurt. The Queen sent the Vice-Chancellor and her own chirurgeons to have a care that they wanted nothing for their recovery. The actors did well; the Queen laughed heartily, and thanked the author for his pains (happy man! at least for one day).

The next day the Queen went from two till six to St. Mary's Church to hear disputations in natural and moral philosophy; the walls were hung with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew verses, and maps of the colleges and halls.*

When the orator said, in the course of his oration, "Deus servet majestatem tuam, te quæ hæc facis, te quæ hæc mones," the Queen smiled, and, turning to Leicester, remarked, "You, my Lord, must still be one." In the course of the disputations a gentleman of Merton College said, "Vita, et si opus est, et morte comprobabo;" the Queen, much pleased at this, returned to her retinue, and exclaimed, "Excellent! O, excellent!" The Queen dined that day at Christchurch, but the Council at Magdalen, where Cecil ordered three Bachelors of Arts to dispute

* Nichols's Progresses, vol. i. p. 211.

as to whether the lawyer, the physician, or the orator were the worthiest.

In the afternoon the Queen went to St. Mary's to hear disputations on the civil law, which she patiently listened to for four hours, and would not allow any speech to be curtailed. At night she attended the second part of the play of "Palæmon and Arcite," and, when it was over, calling for Mr. Edwards, the author, thanked him, and promised him reward.

"Palæmon," she said, "I warrant he dallieth not in love, when he was in love indeed, he and Arcite: he was a right martial knight, having a swart countenance, and a manly face; and Trecatio, God's pity what a knave it is; and Pirithous, throwing St. Edwards' rich cloak into the funeral fire, when a stander-by would have stayed his arm with an oath: go fool, he knoweth his part I warrant!"

In the same play a very characteristic incident occurred. At the hunting of Theseus a cry of hounds was imitated in the quadrangle.

The young scholars who were at the windows, supposing it to be real, cried out in ecstasy, "Now, now! there, there! he's caught, he's caught!" The Queen much amused at this, cried out: "O, excellent! these boys, in

very troth, are ready to be out of the windows after the hounds."

The courtiers were all pleased with the play, and declared that it far surpassed even Damon and Pythias; but that if the author wrote any more he would go mad; and he, in fact, died in a few months afterwards. The boy who acted Lady Amelia (supposed to be Peter Carew, the pretty child whom the Queen had before noticed,) received eight angels for his excellent performance of the scene where the heroine is gathering flowers in a garden.

On Thursday, 5th of September, the Queen heard more disputations, Bishop Jewell being the moderator. About six o'clock, when candles were lit, the Queen made a concluding oration to the great delighting and rejoicing of all. Having first requested the Spanish ambassador, and then Leicester and Cecil, to speak, she rose up, and, often retiring with a graceful presence, made her speech. She said that her parents had taken great pains to give her a learned education, and that she had had many learned pedagogues who had laboured, but, as she said, on a sterile and unproductive ground.

As the Queen passed out of the doors, Mr. Edrick presented her with a book of Greek verses, narrating the

noble acts of her father. Mr. Edwards said: "Madam, this man was my master!" to whom the Queen replied: "Certainly, he did not give thee whipping enough!" After supper the Queen and her nobility went to Christchurch Hall, to see Progne, a Latin tragedy, written by Dr. James Calfhill, but it did not please like the lucky Edwards's tale from Chaucer.

The next day the Queen, worn out with compliments and disputations, did not attend the Latin sermon; but about dinner time gave the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors an audience, who in the name of the whole University presented her with six pair of very fine gloves, offering smaller presents to the noblemen and officers of the household. After dinner, on leaving Christchurch, Mr. Toby Matthew delivered an oration, and the Queen nominated him her scholar.

She then left in procession, passing from Christchurch to Carfax, and to the East Gate; the walls were hung with sheets and verses bemoaning her departure, and the scholars stood in order in the streets, crying, "Vivat Regina!" At the East Bridge, by Magdalen College, where the city liberties ended, the Queen bade the mayor and his brethren farewell, with many thanks.

At Shotover Forest, two miles from Oxford, the Uni-

versity authorities left her; Mr. Roger Marbeck delivering a farewell oration, praying that learning might revive under the rule of so learned a princess.

She then gave him her hand to kiss, and with her face towards Oxford, exclaimed: "Farewell the worthy University of Oxford! farewell my good subjects there! farewell my good scholars! and pray God prosper your studies! farewell, farewell!" So left the great Queen the seat of learning, leaving on the scholars' minds (say the chroniclers) a great impression of her sweet, affable, and noble carriage.

When the Queen visited Norwich in 1578, workmen were sent for from Lynn and Yarmouth to beautify the town; the market cross was painted, the post brown and the rest white; the pillory and cage were taken away; the wall of St. John's Churchyard, at Madder Market, was taken down to widen the street; the muck hill at Brazen-doors removed; and the road to St. Stephen's Gate new gravelled. Every innkeeper was ordered to have a post horse always ready; no cows were to be brought into the city; no scourers to use any wash; and no grocer to buy any tallow, during the time of Her Majesty's abode. Three boats were made into barges, and 400*l.* or 500*l.* borrowed by the city to bestow in rewards on the Queen's Council, officers, and servants.

The gentlemen of Gray's Inn* in 1594, wishing to hold revels of unusual magnificence, elected Mr. Henry Holmes, a Norfolk gentlemen, as the Prince of Purpool, to rule the Christmas festivities; Mr. Holmes being what was termed "a proper man," and very expert in galliards.

His Privy Council was duly selected and his lodging chosen, with various rooms set apart for presence and privy chambers. He chose his officers of state, of law, and of the household, and a guard of gentlemen pensioners to defend his royal person. But the newly appointed monarch still requiring the sinews of war, his exchequer exhibiting that which nature abhors, *a vacuum*, those then in the Inn granted a benevolence to provide him with treasure, and to those at a distance privy seals were issued requiring their attendance, and also contributions to defray the charge of the revels; among other donations from strangers, the Lord Treasurer, Sir William Cecil, sent the Prince 10*l.* in a purse of rich needle work.

The King also despatched a messenger to the Inner Temple, begging them by old claims of love and amity to send a resident Ambassador to advise of affairs, which might result in benefit to both estates.

* Nichols's Progresses, vol. iii. p. 262. (Gesta Grayorum, 1688.)

In all processions of the King, the following order was henceforth to be observed: — first came two marshals; then the trumpets and the pursuivants of arms; then townsmen, in the Prince's livery, bearing halberds; and yeomen of the guard. Next there came the Barons of the four ports; twelve couples of gentlemen pensioners, and all the officers of the Court; sixty-six in all, from Lord Admiral and Secretary of State down to the sewer, carver, and page.

On the 20th day of December, being St. Thomas's Eve, the Prince and all his train marched from his lodging to the great hall, and there took his place on his throne, under a rich cloth of state; his councillors and great lords about him and before him. Below at a table sat the learned council and lawyers, and the attendants were grouped round the doors or on either side of the royal chair.

Then the trumpets being commanded to sound thrice, the King at Arms, clad in a rich surcoat, stood up before the Prince, and proclaimed his style, as "Sir Henry the high and mighty Prince of Purpool, Archduke of Stapulia and Bernardia, Duke of the High and Nether Holborn, Marquis of St. Giles's and Tottenham Court, Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the Cantons

of Islington, Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Helmet, and Sovereign of the same.

When the King at Arms had concluded, the trumpet sounded again, and the Prince's champion entered clad in complete armour and on horseback, who, riding round about the fire, reined up his horse in the middle of the hall, and delivered his challenge: the trumpets then again sounded, and the King at Arms blazoned his highness's arms.

The attorney next stood up, congratulated the Prince upon his accession, and persuaded the people to obedience. The King in return, promised to be a gracious prince to so well-deserving subjects. The solicitor then, having certain old books and records before him, enumerated the various vassals who held royal land by tenure of petty serjeantry, and read their names.

The following is a specimen of the names of these various vassals:—"Ruffiano de St. Giles's holdeth the town of St. Giles, by cornage in Caudâ, of the Prince of Purpool, and rendering on the day of his excellency's coronation two ambling easy paced gennets for the princes two pages of honour, and rendering yearly two hundred millions sterling.

"Cornelius Combaldus de Tottenham holdeth the grange of Tottenham of the Prince of Purpool, in free and common

soccage, by the twenty-fourth part of a night's fee, and by rendering to the master of the wardrobe so much coney fur as will serve to line his nightcap and face a pair of mittens, and yielding yearly four quarters of rye, and threescore double ducats on the Feast of St. Pancras."

The tenures being all read, the homagers were called and performed their various services; those who did not come being fined, and their defaults recorded. A parliament had been intended, but the design was frustrated by the absence of some of the chief officers. The King then issued a general pardon to all offenders with a few exceptions; to all gentlemen who failed of small talk, and were dull and unlike true courtiers; and all men who hunted deer by night or day with painted faces or vizards.

The King having made another short speech, his highness called for the master of the revels, and the dances began with galliards performed by thirty couples, until the Prince returned to his lodging with sound of trumpets.

The next revel was on the evening of Innocents' Day, when the King received an ambassador from Fredericus, the Emperor of the Temple, then engaged in wars upon the Turks. About nine at night the ambassador gallantly appointed, and attended by a great number of brave gentlemen, arrived at the Court, and was received with blasts of trumpets, and placed in a chair beside the King.

The stage growing crowded, however, the night ended in confusion, and the ambassador and his train withdrew discontented and displeased. The next night the King's solicitor read a commission of Oyer and Terminer, directed to certain nobles, bidding them inquire into the disorders of the previous evening, and many judgments were prepared by the clerk of the crown. Several prisoners were then indicted, and finally the tables turned, and all the law officers committed to the Tower. To prevent any such disturbances for the future, a watch of armed men were appointed to keep order, the Barons and the Lord Warden being chosen to overlook them all.

On the Friday after the New Year's Day a great number of distinguished visitors attended the revel, including the Lord Keeper and Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Essex, and the Earl of Southampton. The King having ascended his throne, the Temple ambassador entering with his train took their places, and the mask began.

At the side of the hall behind a curtain was erected an altar to the goddess of Amity, her arch flamens attending to receive the sacrifice and incense. Round it were the nymphs and fairies with instruments of music, who played and sung hymns.

Then from another room entered, arm in arm, several pairs of friends, Theseus and Pirithöus, Achilles and

Patroclus, Pylades and Orestes, Scipio and Lelius, and offering incense departed. Then came Grayus and Templarius, and offered incense, but the flame grew smoky and troubled; but on the arch flamers uttering certain prayers and invocations, it blazed bright and clear as before. Then the high priest announced the alliance to be complete, and denounced a heavy curse on any who attempted to weaken so happy a union.

The King then proposed to confer the order of the helmet on the ambassador, and some of his own court; the master of the jewels attending with the collars, the Prince descended from his chair of state knighted twenty-four gentlemen, putting on their necks the knightly badge with the word "Sir Chevalier," as they knelt down before him on their left knees.

The novices then kissed a helmet, when the King at Arms read the articles of the order. Of these the following are good specimens:—

"No knight of this order shall put out any money upon strange returns or performances to be made by his own person, as to hop up the stairs to the top of St. Paul's without intermission, or any other such like agility and endurances, except it may appear that the same performances or practices do enable him to some service or employment, or if he do undertake a journey backward,

the same shall be thought to enable him to be an ambassador into Turkey.

"Item, no knight of any order that hath any licence to travel into foreign countries, be it by map, card, sea, or land, and hath returned from thence, shall presume upon the warrant of a traveller to report any extraordinary varieties, as that he hath ridden through Venice on horseback post, or that in December he sailed by the Cape of Norway, or that he hath travelled over the most part of the countries of Geneva, or such like hyperbolics, contrary to the statute 'propterea quod qui diversus terrarum ambitus errent et vagantur,' &c.

"Item, no knight of this order in walking the streets, or other places of resort, shall bear his hands in the pockets of his great rolled hose with the Spanish wheel, if it be not either to defend his hands from the cold, or else to guard 40*s.* sterling being in the same pocket.

"Lastly, all the knights of this honourable order, and the renowned sovereign of the same, shall yield all homage, loyalty, unaffected admiration, and all humble services of what name and condition soever, to the incomparable Princess of the Fortunate Islands."

A concert having followed, the knights of the order brought in a running banquet, and served it to the King and strangers.

When this was over, a table was set on the stage before the royal throne, round which sat six privy councillors. The King having requested their advice, they each spoke in succession. The first advised war; the second, the study of philosophy; third, the eternal fame acquired by building; the fourth, the absoluteness of state and treasure; the fifth praised virtue and a gracious government; and the sixth, pastimes and sports.

To these sages the King replied in the following words: —"My lords, we thank you for your good opinions, which have been so well set forth, as we should think ourselves not capable of good counsel, if in so great a variety of persuading reasons we should suddenly resolve. Meantime it shall not be amiss to make choice of the last, and upon more deliberation to determine of the rest, and what time we spent in long consulting, in the end we will gain by prompt and speedy executing." The King then chose a lady, and the revels ended with dancing.

The next day the Prince was invited to dine at the house of the Lord Mayor, Sir John Spenser, at Crosby Place, Bishopsgate Street. The show was stately and orderly, the Grayans having white feathers, and the Templarians ash-coloured feathers in their caps. The King was mounted on a rich foot cloth, and followed by eighty attendants. They rode very gallantly from Gray's

Inn, through Chancery Lane and Fleet Street, into Cheapside and Cornhill, and into Crosby Place, where they found a sumptuous dinner with great variety of music. On the return, the streets were filled with citizens, who believed that some great king was really passing. The Temple ambassador was then dismissed, and escorted home by the nobles of Purpool.

The next great revel was on Twelfth Night. When the Prince had ascended his throne and the trumpet had sounded, six Knights of the Helmet entered, dragging three monsters as prisoners, announcing that they had just returned from aiding the Emperor of Russia against the Tartars, and there, aided by Virtue and United Friendship, had taken prisoners Envy, Malcontent, and Folly. They then departed, to the sound of pleasant music, and reappeared in a stately mask and danced a measure and some galliards. The trumpets then sounded, and the King at Arms coming in announced an ambassador from the mighty Emperor of Russia and Muscovy, who entered and delivered letters of credence, which were read aloud.

In these letters the Emperor thanked the Prince of Purpool for the five knights who had driven away an army of Bigarian thieves and repulsed a host of Negro

Tartars, and prayed for further reinforcements, which were at once promised.

A banquet was then served; and while this was going on a postboy entered, blowing his horn, bringing letters from various parts of the King's dominions; one dispatch complained of the thieves of Knightsbridge, another of insurrection in Low Holborn. The Prince having replied to these letters, the revels concluded with a dance.

The King was now supposed to have journeyed to Russia; but the Readers of the Inn refused to allow the revels to continue at Candlemas, so his triumphal return was celebrated at Blackwall on the 1st of February, when he came up the River Thames in fifteen barges, bravely furnished with standards, pendants, flags, and streamers, with ordnance, and shot, and music, and trumpets. The Queen had wished that the Prince should land and do homage at Greenwich, as it had been intended that he should have done at Christmas; but he declined the honour with an apologetic letter, sending two ambassadors on shore with it to the Queen.

Her Majesty replied that, but for the letter, he should have done homage, although he had been twice as great a Prince, for she liked well his gallant shows, and would see his triumphal return at Shrovetide.

At the Tower the Prince was received by a volley of great ordnance by the Queen's desire. At Tower Hill 100 horses and men bravely furnished waited for the train, which then proceeded gallantly through Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, Cheapside, and St. Paul's Churchyard. At St. Paul's School one of the boys delivered a Latin oration, and was rewarded and thanked by the King. All the way the streets were so thronged with people that there was only just room for the horsemen to pass. At Gray's Inn the King was received with music and acclamations. After supper, dances and revels took place in the hall and terminated on the next day.

At Shrovetide the King went to Court, and a mask was performed before Her Majesty; the actors were an esquire of the Prince and a Tartarian page, Proteus and two tritons, Thamesis and Amphitrite. The mask began by a hymn to Neptune, sung by nymphs and tritons. The speech of the esquire contained the following compliments to Elizabeth, who could swallow as much flattery as most people: —

> "Excellent Queen! true adamant of hearts,
> Out of that sacred garland ever grew
> Garlands of virtues, beauties, and perfections,
> That crowns your crown, and dims your fortune's beams."

Proteus then struck the rock with his bident and

released the Prince and seven knights, who had surrendered to him as hostages, and Proteus and the nymphs retired into the cave; then reappeared, richly attired in a stately mask, lit by pigmies with torches; and the dancing began, the pigmies presenting their escutcheons to the Queen, and returned into the rock singing a solemn hymn.

The Queen was much pleased with this mask and wished it had been longer; and, when her courtiers would have danced a measure, exclaimed, "What! bread and cheese after a banquet?" The next day, by her desire, the gentlemen were presented to her by the Lord Chamberlain, when she gave them her hand to kiss, commanding Gray's Inn to study such sports for her frequent amusement.

The same night there was fighting in the barriers: the Earl of Essex and the challengers against the Earl of Cumberland and the defendants — the Prince of Purpool being valiant and skilful enough to win the prize. The Queen presented it to him with her own hands, telling him it was not her gift; for if it had been, it should have been better, but she gave it him as that prize which was due to him as his desert for good behaviour in those exercises, and that hereafter he should be remembered with a better reward from herself.

The prize was a jewel, set with seventeen diamonds and four rubies, and valued at 100 marks.

Nor were the gentlemen of the Temple a whit beyond their brethren in such regal festivities.

In the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign a great Christmas was held at the Temple, Lord Robert Dudley (afterwards the great Earl of Leicester) being elected Palaphilos, Constable, or Marshal of the Inn. He had his chancellor and judges, his eighty guards, and his officers of the household, Mr. Christopher Hatton being his master of the game.

His daily banquets were heralded by the discharge of double cannon, and the thunder and whistle of drum and fife, to summon the court together to the Common Hall. At the end of the table stood the ambassadors; before him stood the carver, server, and cupbearer, with a crowd of gentlemen, waiters, and ushers making room for strangers.

The lord steward, treasurer, and keeper of the seal, with other nobles, were placed at a side table on the right hand of the Prince. On the left hand were the treasurer, secretary, and other officers, waited on by gentlemen pensioners. At the lower end sat the butlers and clerks of the kitchen, waited on by the soldiers and guards, with a state not inferior to that of royalty itself.

Tender meats, sweet fruits, and various confections covered the table; and at every course the trumpets woke up the viols, sackbuts, cornets, and recorders, as if Apollo were approaching.

At the end of the first course the herald, standing at the high table, cried, "The Mighty Palaphilos, Prince of Sophie, High Constable, Marshal of the Knight Templars, patron of the honourable Order of Pegasus," ending by shouting, "A largess!" upon which the Prince rewarded him with a chain worth a hundred talents.

The supper ended, and tables taken up, the High Constable arose and stood under his canopy of honour, which was richly emblazoned, and talked with the various ambassadors till the King at Arms entered, preceded by his vassals, marshal, and pursuivants, and followed by his messenger and Caligate knight. The King at Arms having done homage, put off his coronal, and informed the Prince that Pallas had ordered him to choose twenty-four special gentlemen as knights of the Order of Pegasus.

Palaphilos then chose twenty-four gentlemen, who appeared in long white vestures, with a scarf of the Pallas' colours, the King at Arms bowing to them, and explaining to them the laws of the order.

At all these feasts it was the duty of the steward to

provide five fat brawns, with spices and cakes, for the kitchen.

The chief butler had to provide a rich cupboard of silver, and parcel of gilt plate, seven dozen of spoons, twelve silver and gilt salt-cellars, twenty candlesticks, and twelve damask and diaper table-cloths.

The gentlemen servers and butlers were to be provided with towels, torches, white cups, and green pots.

The Constable Marshal was to wear gilt armour, with a nest of feathers in the helm, and he bore a pole-axe in his hands. On St. Thomas's Eve a Parliament was held, when the two youngest brothers, bearing torches, preceded the benchers to the upper end of the hall, where the oldest bencher delivered a speech to the whole society of gentlemen, requiring their consent to the revels — the eldest butler then published the officers' names, and the company passed round the hearth singing a carol.

On Christmas Eve, at dinner, the guests at the higher table sat only on one side of the table; but at the others on both. At the first course the minstrels sounded and preceded the dishes, the steward, marshal, and gentleman sewer came next, and then followed the meat. These officers bowed three times as they entered between the screen and the high table.

The musicians stood by the hearth facing the high table, and, dinner over, sat down at their own board during the second course, or returned into the buttery. Dinner done, the musicians sang a song at the highest table, and the rooms were cleared. While the butler and servitors were dining in the library, the revels and dancing commenced through all the twelve days of Christmas; after supper, the oldest master of the revels, and other gentlemen, singing a song.

On Christmas Day the feast grew still more splendid, and assumed a feudal dignity that it had not yet attained. The morning began piously, with a solemn service; after which the Templars fell with youthful eagerness on a regal breakfast of brawn and malmsey, such as we, their degenerate children, would call a dinner.

At noon came the grand meal, the long tables glittering with bright rows of spoons and knives (forks had not yet come from Italy), with napkins and trenchers, set duly for every guest, be he knight or squire, bencher, or simple student. To the sound of minstrelsy came in the train of servitors, nodding to the fair boar's head, that lay crunching the golden lemon between its tusks, John the Baptist like, upon a silver charger. Before the trumpeters paced gravely two gentlemen in gowns, bearing fair torches of wax, who, when their charge was

placed upon the table, stood with the musicians beside the fire, returning presently with the music back into the buttery, religiously as a white-robed train of choristers.

On St. Stephen's Day the younger Templars waited at table upon the benchers, as by the old laws of chivalry the squires were appointed to do upon the elder knights — the cupbearer held aloft his gilded goblet, and the carver his shining scimitar. The first course was already served, when to a flourish of horns the constable of the king of the revels entered, arrayed in white and gilt harness, with a bush of waving many-coloured feathers upon his head, and a gilt pole-axe in his royal hand. Sixteen trumpeters swaggered before him, with drummers and fifers and halberdiers, who bore "the Tower" on their shoulders, and marched three times around the fire. The Constable Marshal then, with three reverences, knelt before the king of the revels, and prayed in an oration to be at once taken into the royal service, delivering the king his naked sword, and taking his seat beside the lieutenant.

Next appeared the master of the game clad in green velvet, and with him, in due gradation, like Tilburina and her maid, the ranger of the forest in green satin. Alack, poor gentlemen! their forest was Whetstone Park,

and their deer London rats. These two worthies, blowing a blast of venery on their horns three times, and holding green bows and arrows in their hands, paced three times round the central fire, kneeling to the Lord Chancellor, and desiring, as the Marshal had done, admission into the royal service, and by this time the young gallants' minds must have been filled with thoughts of woods steeped in golden July light, of bucks killing, horns winding, and hoofs clanging, and of hawks whistling, and dogs baying, and, drowning them all, the still soft voice of a maiden.

While they were thus dreaming, a sturdy huntsman strode into the hall, carrying in one hand a fox in a purse net, in the other a cat bound to the end of a long hunting pole; at his heels nine or ten couple of hounds, with sniffing noses and waving tails; a blast of horns, and the fox and cat are torn into a thousand bloody gobbets amid cheers and universal uproar.

After this recreation the second course proceeded, the Common Sergeant making a speech to the Chancellor on the importance of such officers as had just been chosen for the honour and reputation of the commonwealth; the king's sergeant-at-law followed up the advice, and the Lord Chancellor replied. Then the oldest past master present, who had probably been all the week wearying

every one with praises of the gayer ceremonies in his young days, sang a quavering song, such as Shallow's: —

> "'Tis merry in Hall,
> When beards wag all."

At supper the Constable appeared with drums before him, mounted upon a scaffold borne by four men, and was carried three times round the hearth, all shouting "A lord! a lord!" He then descended and the dance began, after he had first called together a mock court by such names as —

> "Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlershurst, in the county of Buckingham,
> Sir Randle Rakabite, of Rascal Hall, in the county of Rakehell,
> Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Much Monkery, in the county of Mad Mopery."

The Lord of Misrule then sat down to the banquet, which ended with mirth, minstrelsy, and wine, every mess having a pot of wine, and every one paying sixpence for his repast.

On St. John's Day the king was up at seven, and if any of his officers were not present he repaired to their chamber, and compelled them to attend upon him at breakfast, after the morning chapel. After this meal the royal power ceased till night, when it grew suddenly, at the sound of the drum and flute, most wide and potent. After the banquet, as on St. Stephen's Day, the king's

sergeant arraigned the constable, marshal, and common sergeant for disorder, upon which they were tried and committed to the Tower. If any officer was absent at dinner or supper, any one sitting in his place was compelled to pay his fine and take his office. Any offender escaping from the lieutenant could fly into the buttery, which was a sanctuary, but was pardoned if he returned from thence into the hall carrying a manchet (roll) on the point of his knife. No one was obliged to sing after the cheese was served.

On Childermas Day, and on Wednesday, Thursday, New Year's Day, and Twelfth Night, the same ceremonies were continued, except that on Thursday there was roast beef and venison pasty for dinner, and mutton and roast hens for supper, and on New Year's Day grand solemnities.

The banqueting night crowned all. It was the butler's office to inform every inn of court and chancery of the intended revel, play, and mask. The hall was furnished with side scaffolds for the ladies, leaving the body of the room open to the dancers. The antique pageantry over, the ladies were brought into the library, where a table was covered and furnished with banqueting dishes. The Lord Chancellor and the Ancients feasted in the hall, the gentleman of the house serving in the banquet. This

over, the constable ambled into the hall on a mule, and arranged some sport to pass away the night.

So the lights were put out and the guests departed, leaving such a perfume in that old library that it must have scented the old law books till the next Christmas. Well, and if there were just a few red soppings of wine on some old parchment deeds — but what if there were, dear reader?

But the revels were the most poetical of all past or present festivities. They inspired the genius of Spenser, and gave warmth to the imagination of Shakspere; they vivified the old forms of bygone mythology and those of dying chivalry, and the classical and romantic spirit for once met in union and produced spectacles splendid though incongruous: Venus and the satyrs, Diana and her nymphs, were reproduced with their minutest attributes. Learning was exhausted to supply masks, which the robust sense of that day and its powerful imagination required to be something more than a ballet or a fancy ball. The poetry was such as Jonson could write — tender as Anacreon, vigorous as Æschylus: though occasionally tedious, laboured, dull and rugged, mythology, history and romance were ransacked to furnish new materials for these pageants; the poetry and costume were all but perfect, and the scenery was left to fancy, so well able

to realise it. The amusement that delighted such minds as Bacon's and Jonson's is not to be sneered at in the nineteenth century.

One of the most gorgeous sights in Elizabeth's reign was on the occasion of the arrival of the French ambassador in London, in April, 1581.*

Great preparations had been made for their coming; amongst other things, a banqueting house having been built at Whitehall at an expense of 1744*l.* It was a temporary oblong building, 332 feet in length; the walls were of canvas, painted with rustic work to resemble pine, and were lighted with 292 windows. Round the sides ran ten galleries, for the use of spectators. The canvas roof was painted with wreaths of ivy and holly, with pendants, and gilded trophies of fruit and flowers. At various intervals the ceiling was studded with clouds and stars, and various royal emblems: the whole erection being completed by 375 men in three weeks.

The English nobles, wishing to entertain their Gallic friends with honour and courtesy, devised a sumptuous triumph, in which the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, Master Philip Sidney, and Master Fulke Greville, calling themselves the foster children of Desire, were the challengers, originators, and actors.

* Nichols's Progresses, vol. ii. p. 312. (Holinshed).

From the gallery at the end of the Tilt-yard, adjoining the palace, they erected the castle or fortress of Perfect Beauty, in compliment to the Queen, and claimed it as their due by descent, vowing to conquer it if denied their patrimony.

On the 16th of April they sent their challenge to the Queen. It was delivered by a boy apparelled in red and white, who, without bow or reverence, uttered it pertly and boldly, facing the Queen as she came from chapel.

We have not sufficient patience to copy this weary speech, and we are sure our readers would not have the patience to read it if we did. It began thus — with all the high-flown courtesy of the court language of that age, intermingled with scraps of modernised romance, such as Master Philip Sidney might himself have penned: —

"O Lady, that doth ennoble the titles you possess, with the honour of your worthiness, rather crowning the great crown that derives fame from having so excellent an owner, than you receiving to yourself any increase by keeping that outward ornament; vouchsafe with patient attention to hear the words which I, by commandment, am here to deliver unto you, wherein if your cares (used to the thanksgiving of your people and the due prayers

of the earth) shall feel a stately disdayn to hear once the sound of a defie; yet dare warrant myself so far upon the deceiving show of rare beauty, as that malice cannot fall from so fayr a mind upon the silly messenger whose mouth is a servant to others' direction."

The messenger went on to inform the Queen that the poor hapless children of Desire, from whom he had been sent, lay encamped close at hand, determined to claim the fortress, finding blazed by all tongues, engraved in all hearts, and proved by all eyes, that it was seated in that realm of beauty, and if disdainful pride and refusing cruelty should deny them their inheritance, using in the siege the sword of faithfulness and the fire of affection; or if there were any knights of that court ready to do battle for the fortress, the sons of Desire were prepared to meet them in the field with lance and sword, or at the tilt in as many courses as they should appoint, vowing that if, before the night parted the fray, they did not overcome all that came in against them, they would own themselves slaves for ever.

On Whitsun Monday, the sons of Desire made their appearance in this fantastical revel, in which Don Quixote himself would have gloried.

Before them came what they called a rolling trench: it was a wooden framework covered with canvas, painted

to resemble earth, and driven forward on wheels by persons concealed within its walls: upon the top were placed wooden cannons, guarded by gunners clothed in crimson sarcenet, and protected by baskets filled with earth; on the top of all stood an ensign, displaying his flag, and within, but unseen, were "divers kinds of most excellent music."

The dresses were a blaze of splendour, remarkable even in Shakspere's imaginative age. First rode the Earl of Arundel, in engraven armour, with caparisons and horse furniture richly and bravely embroidered. He was attended by two gentlemen ushers, four pages on stately horses, and twenty of his gentlemen; they were clad in short cloaks, and Venetian hose of crimson velvet laid with gold lace, doublets of yellow satin, hats of crimson velvet with gold bands, and yellow feathers, and yellow silk stocks; six trumpeters sounded before them, and thirty-one yeomen followed dressed in crimson velvet cassocks, and yellow taffety doublets.

Lord Windsor rode in in gilt armour, followed by twenty-four gentlemen and sixty yeomen; the former, clad in short scarlet cloaks, lined with orange tawny taffety and covered with silver lace, wore doublets of orange satin and hose of orange velvet, black velvet caps, with silver bands and white feathers: the footmen in orange velvet,

the groom leading his horse in orange taffety, and the yeomen in orange cloth, with their master's crest—a silver unicorn — on their left arms.

Master Sidney's armour was half blue, half gilt: his four horses were covered with embroideries of cloth of gold, studded with pearl and wrought with gold and silver feathers: his pages wore cassocks of cloth and silver, laid with gold lace, white buskins, and hats with white feathers: his yeomen wore cassocks of yellow velvet laid with silver lace, yellow velvet caps, and white feathers, and white buskins. Each bore upon his coat a silver scroll, which passed round the shoulder and under the arm, with the motto "Sic nos non nobis."

Master Fulke Greville's men wore loose jackets of tawney taffety, cut and lined with yellow sarcenet, and laid with gold lace, set down the arm with loops and buttons of gold; their hose was laced with gold, and their hats of tawney taffety were covered with yellow feathers.

When they had entered the Tilt-yard the moving trench halted opposite the Queen, and the boy who delivered the first challenge began a second harangue, which ran thus:—

"If the message lately delivered unto you had been believed and followed (O Queen!), in whom the whole

story of virtue is written with language of beauty, nothing should this violence have needed in your inviolate presence: your eyes, which, till now, have been only wont to discern the bowed knees of kneeling hearts, and, inwardly turned, found always the heavenly fear of a sweet mind, should not now have their fair beams reflected with the shining of armour, should not now be driven to see the fury of Desire, nor the fiery force of Fury."

He then spoke of the intended assault of those who were as ready in heart as they were able in hand.

A page accompanied by cornets began then to sing a poetical summons to surrender, beginning thus: —

> "Yield, yield, O yield! you that this fort do hold,
> Which seated is in spotless honour's field:
> Desire's great force no forces can withhold;
> Then to Desire's desire O yield, O yield!"

And so on for some dozen lines; the voices always ending with a challenging shout of "Yield, O yield!"

When this boy and his cornets had finished, another replied with —

> "Alarm, alarm! here will no yielding be,
> Such marble ears no cunning words can charm;
> Courage, therefore, and let the stately see,
> That nought withstands Desire! Alarm! alarm!"

And so the cry of attack proceeded, the verses ending

with a shout of "*Alarm! Alarm!*" in reply to the challenge to "Yield, O yield!"

When this was ended the two cannons were shot off, the one with sweet powder, the other with sweet water, odoriferous and pleasant; the firing being imitated by a crash of instruments, while scaling ladders were applied to the walls, and flowers, and love letters, and other missiles, thrown into the fort.

The defendants then entered the Tilt-yard, and the courses commenced. Sir Henry Leigh entering as a stranger knight, and breaking six staves; two of the defenders, Sir Thomas Perrot and Master Cook, were both clad in armour, painted with apples and fruit, and wore helmets covered with hair to represent Adam and Eve.

The tilt over, two of the defenders addressed the Queen, and spoke in euphonic language of a frozen knight in the air, who, coming to earth to gaze on the sun (Elizabeth), dissolved into drops, and, melting with delight, so perished for grief, at seeing the sun, whom he so devoutly served, besieged. His ghost, making swift passage to the Elysian fields, filled them with shrieks and clamorous crying. "O times! O men! O corruption of manners! the sun (O mischief!), the sun is besieged!" Then arose such a murmuring amongst the ghosts, that the

gods, to repress the tumult, sent down an angel to bid Adam and Eve again visit the earth, and protect that sun which was then endangered: "For as they were before driven from their desire, because they desired to know the best, so now shall they be driven to their desire which they covet to honour most."

The angel then appeared and addressed the Queen, and two knights entered representing Adam and Eve; the heavenly messenger reproached the challengers, saying, "Will you subdue the sun? Who shall rest in the shadow, where the weary take breath, the disquiet rest, and all comfort? Will you bereave all men of those glistering and gladsome beams? We are content to enjoy the light, you to eclipse it; we to rest under the feet, you to run over the head; we to yield to that which nothing can conquer, you to conquer that which maketh all men captives. But were it possible that head could devise, courage attempt, or hand execute anything that might show the depth of our unspotted loyalty, we would offer the whole world in defiance." The speaker then went on to describe, in language worthy of Sidney's pen, the light of the world, the marvel of men, the mirror of nature, the garden of all virtues (in a word, that combination of jewels, false hair, and ruffs whom the world called Elizabeth). He then prayed that six courses might

be run, to settle the old quarrel, whether Adam or Eve first brought sin into the world.

When Adam and Eve had retired, another knight advanced, and a page related his adventures. He was a desolate knight, who had been overwhelmed by griefs, beyond the power of geometry or arithmetic to compute; always crossed by fortune, he betook himself at last to solitude; and while walking on a cliff, covered with moss and near the sea, fell into a vault, which he determined to make his abode, and strove to forget all cares of earth, and even his very name. His bed was moss, his candle moss, his very meat moss, salted with tears. One day walking, according to his manner, in a neighbouring bay, he espied some men, either cast away by shipwreck or cast overboard by pirates, bewailing one who lay dead on the shore, and who seemed to have been their master. To all his inquiries, they answered not a word; but opening the bosom of the dead man's vest, he pulled out a scroll containing a challenge to Beauty. The knight, fired by the words, determined to adventure his life for the defence of Beauty: "Better always unfortunate," he cried, "than once disloyal! O Beauty! where thy fortress is founded I know! but what these brethren should mean I marvel; for as I am assured that to win thee none could be so fortunate, so I think that to claim thee none could be so

fond; when as thou, O divine Beauty! art of every one to be desired, and never to be conquered of desire. But as the eagle beholding the sun coveteth to build her nest in the same, and so dimmeth her sight, so they viewing the brightness of beauty are incensed to conquer it by desire."

The despairing knight's page then handed the Queen his shield, which was decorated with moss: they having retired, the four youthful sons of Sir Francis Knowles, clad in like armour, rode forward, their page, who was arrayed like a Mercury, addressing the Queen, amid many other fine speeches, saying that Lady Beauty needed no reserve to raise the siege, for she sat above all men's reach, and when she list dazzled all men's eyes with her looks; and after a great deal more about the goddess, — very pleasing doubtless to those ears long since stuffed with dust, but exceedingly tedious to our own, — Mercury announced that "the four legitimate sons of Despair, brethren to hard Mishap, suckled with sighs, and swathed up in sorrow, weaned in woe, and dry-nursed with desire, long time fostered with favourable countenances, and fed with sweet fancies, but now of late (alas!) wholly given over to Grief and disgraced by Disdain, are come with ready hearts and hands to prove against those other four that Desire doth not deserve one wink of favour from Lady

Beauty's smiling eyes, for threatening to win her fort by force."

These speeches ended, the whole band marched round the arena, and each defendant ran six courses with his challenger — all acquitting themselves bravely.

The boy that delivered the defiance then took his good-night of the Queen in a complimentary speech, complaining that Night, the widow-maker, should so soon have put on her weeds, as if in sorrow for the discomfiture of the noblest Desire; and announcing that, although almost driven to despair, the challengers would renew their hardy enterprise on the morrow. "In the meantime," he added, "they can find no place in their hearts that do not wish you as sweet rest as Psyche was conveyed unto by the gentle Zephyrus, and if it be possible by the same guest visited."

The triumphant show then ended, and the knights departed in convenient order.

On the next day the four children of Desire entered again, in a brave chariot very finely and curiously decked, appearing as men wearied and half overcome. Above their heads sat a beautiful lady, who represented Desire, whereunto all eyes were turned. Inside the chariot were hidden musicians, who played doleful music while the chariot moved. The four white horses were

apparelled in white and crimson silk, and before them went a herald who addressed the Queen, acknowledging their hopelessness, but still avowing their determination to persist though Despair had taken away all their food of Fancy.

The defendants entering, the tournay began, when the shivering of their swords testified to their doing nobly; and then the knights repaired to the barriers, where they lasted out as lustily as if they had been Greeks and Trojans. Towards evening, the sport being ended, a boy, clothed in ash-coloured robes as a token of submission, fell down prostrate at the Queen's feet; and then, holding an olive-branch in his hand, knelt and tendered the submission of the four children of Desire, acknowledging themselves slaves of Virtue and the Queen of the Fortress, and using these words — so insinuating in their flattery of one of the Queen's greatest weaknesses — "They acknowledged," he said, "this fortress to be reserved for the eye of the whole world, far lifted up from the compass of their destiny. They acknowledged the blindness of their error, in that they did not know desire (how strong soever it be) within itself, to be stronger without itself than it pleased the desired."

The Queen gave them all great praise and thanks

and the knights departed in the order in which they had entered.

The laws of the tournay may be gathered from an action of arms performed by four Spanish noblemen in the reign of Philip and Mary, who, to show the great desire they had to serve their ladies by the adventure of their bodies, appeared in footman's harness at the palace court-gate from twelve till five, and maintained it against all comers, allowing each challenger to exchange with them three pushes with a pike and seven strokes with a sword.

The laws of the day were that any who struck his adversary with a pike below the girdle or under the barrier should lose the prize. It was prohibited to fasten the sword to the hand or to wear a close gauntlet. Whoever fought without first showing his sword to the jugdes lost the prize; and so also did any one who dropped his sword or struck his hand on the barriers.

The Queen awarded the prize of the brooch to Don Frederico de Toledo, for coming forth most gallantly, yet without wearing any gold or silver, goldsmith's work, or embroidery.

To Don Diego Ortado di Mendoça the Queen gave a ruby ring, for performing most valorous of all with the pike.

To Sir John Parrot the Queen gave a diamond ring for fighting best with the sword.

To the King, her husband, she gave a diamond ring, for winning the highest honour in the *mélée*.

These tournaments were not uncommon in Elizabeth's reign, for chivalry did not die out even when Sidney fell. The tournay was divided into three parts — the joust or tilt, the tournay, and the fight at the barrier.

In 1551 we find one holden at Westminster, when the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, and the Earl of Leicester, were among the challengers.

In 1571 the Earl of Oxford, Charles Howard (afterwards admiral), Sir Henry Lee, and Sir Christopher Hatton (the dancing Chancellor), challenged all comers at the same. The triumph lasted three days; the Queen bestowing a prize on each of the challengers, to receive which they were led fully armed between two ladies into the Presence Chamber, the Clarencieux King at Arms, in his rich tabard, preceding them down the long corridors and up the broad steps.

In 1580 the Earl of Arundel, disguised under the romantic name of Calliphasus, aided by Sir William Drury, challenged all comers. Sir Philip Sidney was among the defenders, but his rival the vain Earl of Oxford carried off the prize.

But more brilliant than these, and even than the coronation triumphs, was the tournament by torchlight, when the Duke Montmorenci, Chief Marshal of France, came to England to receive the Order of the Garter.

The scene was intended as a surprise. The supper ended, the Queen strolled, as if by accident, for the weather was warm, upon the Terrace, followed by the English and French nobility and her own lords and ladies; rich chairs, carpets, and cushions having been placed ready for their reception. "Then," says the picturesque Chronicle, "the Terrace was on all sides beset with lords, ladies, and persons of quality sumptuously apparelled and richly furnished. And among them (above and under) stood many of the pensioners and guards in their rich coats and holding an infinite number of torchlights, and so in the preaching place, by which means those that beheld the Terrace in this sort furnished, deemed it rather a theatre celestial than a palace of earthly building."

"They had not long taken their places before Walter, Earl of Essex, suddenly entered followed by twelve gentlemen armed at all points and well mounted. The Earl shone in cloth of silver, his companions in white satin. When they had marshalled themselves firmly at the east side of the court, the trumpet blew again and

louder, and Edward, Earl of Zetland, entered with twelve gentlemen clad in blue, and having presented his reverence drew to the west end. Before each band rolled a chariot in which was a fair damsel conducted by an armed knight. They each addressed French speeches to the Queen. These ceremonies completed, the Queen gave the signal for the fight, the twenty-four warriors flew together; and the Earl of Essex won the highest commendation. This might have been the germ of that love which remained in Elizabeth's breast till that breast grew clay.

"An actor of these sports says with enthusiasm, 'Truly this action was marvellously magnificent, and appeared a sight exceeding glorious to those that were below, looking upward to the Terrace, where Her Majesty, the lords and ladies stood, so pompously apparelled, jewelled, and furnished, as hardly can be seen the like in any other Christian court.'"

One of the most interesting sights ever beheld in the Tilt-yard took place in 1590, when Sir Henry Lee, the Queen's champion, who had vowed to appear in arms every 17th of November to meet all adversaries, gave up his office.*

This venerable Master of the Armory and Knight of

* Nicholl's Progresses, vol. iii. p. 41.

the Garter, who had served faithfully five sovereigns, overtaken by age, from whom even a swift horseman cannot escape, resigned his office to the Earl of Cumberland, in the presence of the Queen, her ladies, and many of the nobles of the Court.

Having first performed his service in arms, the grey-headed champion and his successor presented themselves to Elizabeth, at the foot of the stairs under her gallery window at the Westminster Tilt-yard.

As these armed men were still kneeling, a sweet and secret music arose and stole upon the senses, hushing every whisper to silence. Then the earth seemed to open, and there appeared a pavilion of white taffety raised upon porphyry pillars and arches, within which were lamps burning. On the one side stood a shrine covered with cloth of gold, and two wax candles burning round it, and upon it lay many rich presents, which three virgins afterwards presented to the Queen.

Before the door of this chapel stood a crowned pillar entwined by an eglantine tree, and on it hung a tablet inscribed with a Latin prayer written in letters of gold.

While the music continued the following verses were sung by one with a commendable and admirable voice: —

"My golden locks Time hath to silver turned,
(Oh time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing),

My youth 'gainst age, and age at youth hath spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading been,
Duty, faith, love, are roots for ever green.

"My helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs shall turn to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers that are old age's alms:
And so from Court to cottage I depart,
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

"And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'll teach my swains this carol for a song:
Blest be the hearts that think my sovereign well,
Curst be the souls that think to do her wrong.
Goddess vouchsafe this aged man his right
To be your ~~bridesman~~ beadsman now that was your knight."

The vestal maidens who tended the temple in compliment to the Maiden Queen then presented her with a white and curiously-wrought veil, and a cloak set with graven buttons of gold.

Having delivered these with prayers and reverences, the old knight disarmed himself, offered up his armour at the foot of the pillar, and then kneeling presented the Earl of Cumberland, beseeching the Queen that she would accept him as her knight to continue the yearly exercises. On this request being granted, Sir Henry armed the earl with his own trembling hands and mounted him upon his charger. He then clad him-

self in a side-coat of black velvet, pointed under the arms, and covered his head, now for ever unhelmeted, with a buttoned cap of the country fashion.

After this ceremony, which was imitated from classical precedent, Sir Henry Lee wore for some days a cloak, with a crown and motto embroidered upon it. By the Queen's express command he annually attended the exercises, to direct and order them.

The streets of old London were always alive with some gay troop or another, some ambassador taking boat or visiting the mayor, some guild feast or city pageant.

Perhaps the Queen was passing through on her way to some country progress, then the streets were strewed with sand and gravel; the gabled houses in Cornhill are hung with cloth of arras, rich carpets and glistening silks, and those of Cheapside with cloth of gold and silver and many-coloured velvets, and there are the crafts of London in their liveries, and the lord mayor with his chain, and the aldermen in scarlet, all standing from St. Michael the Quern as far as Aldgate, and there are the guards with velvet jerkins and gilded halberds, and many happy faces red and merry, not like London faces are now, pale and yellow.

Or there is a water procession from the Earl of Pembroke's, at Baynard's Castle, by St. Paul's, or from the

Savoy Hospital, or from Essex Gardens, to Greenwich Palace, and there are hundreds of boats and barges and drums and guns and fireworks. And the Queen's barge is a miracle, wreathed with garlands of flowers and hung with a canopy of green embroidered sarcenet covered with gold, and the retinue wear russet damask and blue satin spangled with silver, and cloth of silver bonnets feathered with green. And there are to be jousts at Greenwich, and a mask and a banquet, and the city men of arms (1400 of them), with guns, pikes and flags, are to muster before the Queen, and a banqueting house is set up in the park, strewed with rushes and decked with flowers.

Always some sight for the 'prentices. Now five heralds in arms, looking like court cards in their rich striped tabards, with six trumpeters, and all the aldermen in scarlet, proclaim peace with France at the Great Cross in Chepe; and there are the sheriffs on horseback, clarencieux and king-at-arms, and a sergeant with his mace, and many gaping faces.

Always something; now eleven malefactors, one of them, by the by, a priest, and four women, riding up Holborn on their dreary way to Tyburn, where purses will be cut below, while cutpurses swing above.

Now trample by the Bishop of Durham and eighty horse from the north, bound to humble lodgings at a tallow-chandlers in Southwark (simple-hearted age!).

Now Strangways the pirate, and eighty rovers, are brought fettered to the Marshalsea. Then a Prince of France attends a great city christening at St. Benet Church, by Paul's Wharf, when the church is hung with arras, and the guests are entertained with wafers, comfits, hypocras, and muscadine, and with him are many trumpeters and gentlemen with gold chains, and 200 yeomen.

Then there is a great gathering at St. Paul's Cross to hear Bishop Story, in his rochet, preach about the burnt tower; there are all the aldermen and the crafts, and in the evening there will be a mask in the hall, for to-day has been Maundy Thursday, and the Queen has been washing the feet of twenty poor women, and giving 2000 poor people 2*d.* a-piece in St. James's Park.

Or it may be some great ceremonial, like that of the funeral of the young hero Sidney, when all the aldermen are clothed in purple, and the Company of Grocers follow the corpse with 300 young men in black cassocks, trailing their pikes and discharging their calivers: or it is an occasion of rejoicing, and eleven Spanish banners, the spoil of the baffled Armada, are hanging from London

Bridge, while bonfires blaze, the Tower guns roar, the bells ring, and in some fires are burning copes and crosses, rood cloths, and popish books, amid cries of "Out on this knave of Rome!"

CHAP. XVI.

EDUCATION AND MISCELLANEA.

The Elizabethan Gentlewoman. — Lady Jane Grey's Youth. — A Lady's Accomplishments. — The Elizabethan Youth. — Foreign Travel. — Severity of Schoolmasters. — The Schoolboy. — The Esquire at the Hall. — The Clergy. — Youthful Sports. — Studies. — Popular Idea of Foreigners. — Letter Writing. — Euphuism. — Conversation of the Day. — Introduction of Forks. — The Umbrella. — Italian Fashions. — The Elizabethan Lover. — Etymology of Elizabethan Words.

To compare the Elizabethan ladies' education with that of our own day would be unfair, yet we cannot despise an age that could produce so spotless a character as Lady Jane Grey, who old Ascham found reading Plato, when her friends were out hunting below in the chase. Elizabeth herself was highly educated for any age. She spoke and wrote four or five languages, penned sensible and artistic verses, and translated from Seneca and Boethius. She danced well, and was a good musician. She wrote good letters, and could rule and diplomatise. One of her

court (Lady Lumley) translated Euripides. Another is said at twelve years of age to have been able to play on the virginal, theosbo, and cittern, and sing at sight. We hear that her ladies were skilled in Greek and Latin, French and Italian, needle and caul work, could play on the lute, sing, ride, and dance; yet they did not disdain to learn distilling and simple surgery, and were taught made dishes by a Portuguese cook; for real use in every room of Elizabeth's sixteen palaces, copies of the Bible and Fox's Martyrs were kept for the use of idlers who would listen while one of their number read aloud. The amusements of the court were eminently intellectual, and the conversation witty and poetical.

The Elizabethan gentlewoman could always play upon the lute, viol, and virginal. She began the morning piously with prayer, and after an early breakfast of meat and ale (nothing ridiculous in that when you rise at day-break) betook herself to her needle, and with her needle and its bright train of silk or silver, drew pictures of an acorn or a blossom as lively as the very pencil of Apelles, at least so her lovers would say; but lovers are not always the most truthful of mankind. She then would betake herself to the dairy, with a courtesy that made her queen of all hearts, to learn the mysteries of the dairy from Tib or Gillian. From thence she would repair to

the pastry, in which she took much delight, and employed her white fingers in rearing pyramids of march pane, or shaping sweetmeats in the form of flowers or birds. Then the garden demanded her care, and she had to visit her bees, and had to see if the hemp and flax were coming up; for she was at once a spinster, a pastry cook, a still-room woman, and a housewife. Lastly, she would delight the husbandman and ploughman by going to see how the cows fared, and watching the poultry in the farm-yard.*

But the most beautiful sketch of what a blue stocking may be, is Ascham's notice of his pupil, the unhappy Lady Jane Grey.

"And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learninge, I will gladly report which maie be hard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodiegate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceedinge much beholdinge. Her parents, the duke and the duches, with all the householde, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, were hunting in the parke, and found her in her chamber reading Phœdon Platonis in Greeke, and that with as

* Nash's Quaternion, p. 157.

much delite as some gentlemen would read a merrie tale in Bocase. After salutation and dewtie done with some other taulke, I asked her why she leeve such pastime in the parke? Smiling, she answered me, 'I wisse with all their sport in the parke it but a shadde to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folke, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeinge not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto.' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which perchance you will marvell at. One of the greatest benefites that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence eyther of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merie, be sad, be only playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfitlie as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presentlie sometimes with pinches, nippes, stabbes, and other waies, which I will not name for the honor I bear them; so without measure misordered that I thinke myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gentlie, so pleasantly, with such fair allure-

ments to learninge, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weepinge, because whatsoever I do els but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my bookes hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure, and more that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me.' " *

Nicholas Udal, the master of Eton, was the best schoolmaster and greatest flogger of his day. Many of his scholars ran from school in dread of his wrath, who once sentenced to Tusser fifty-three stripes more than even St. Paul got from the Jews.

In a celebrated conversation on this subject, at which Elizabeth's good old tutor Roger Ascham was present, Wotton praised the mildness of a gentle master, Hatton, the pedagogue, whose rod was his sceptre, while Sir Richard Sackville declared that much beating when a boy had made him hate learning.

Writing and speaking Latin was now the great aim and end of education. " All men," says Ascham, " covet to have their children speak Latin, and so do I very earnestly too." In teaching them the schoolmaster ex-

* Roger Ascham's Works, vol. iv. pp. 222, 223. (Dodsley).

ercised great cruelty, breaking rather than bending the mind, and venting their ill-temper on their scholars.

The result of this was, the boys ran to the stable when they should have gone to school, and left their masters with a contempt for learning, a perpetual hatred to the pedant and scorn for the pedagogue. At Court they soon forgot all learning, where his innocence was called clownishness, and his timidity childishness.

Ascham draws a painful picture of the change of a schoolboy into the Court gallant, "learning soon to fawn, flatter, and lie, to push forward and shove back; to the meaner man or unknown in the Court, to seem somewhat solemn, aye, big, and dangerous of look, talk, and answer; to think well of himself, to be lusty in contemning of others, to have some trim grace in gibing mock, and in greater presence to bear a brave look, to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face in war; yet save warlike sign must be used, either a slovenly lock, or an overstaring frounced head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly stark out a good big oath when need requireth."

He talked much and loud, and had always some new oath picked up from the bravo of the day. From the same ruffian he imitated a new disguise or extravagant hat; studied his grimaces, and copied his gestures and his

sayings, just as our shopmen do now the buffoonery of their tavern divinities, the low comedians of the day.

No wonder old men with a sigh complained that youth was no longer innocent or respectful, when old age was so disobeyed and dishonoured.

But of all evils in the education of youth, Ascham laments most the system of fathers sending their sons to reside in Italy. He represents them as returning atheists, epicures, and debauchees; papists in religion; factious in policy; vain, subtle, and false. "Nothing is more true," he adds, "than the Italian's own proverb, '*Inglese Italianato e un diavolo in carnato!*'"

The English youth returned sneerers, flatterers, and backbiters; tainted with the vices of Venice, and ill prepared to become honest men and quiet subjects, fearing God and man.

In Elizabeth's time it was still the custom, as in the days of chivalry, for the poorer gentlemen to send their sons to be educated at the house of some friendly nobleman of their own faction and religion; here they learnt to ride the great horse, to hunt and draw the bow, bear the ladies' train, and follow her to Court.

Roger Ascham, the son of a good family, was thus brought up by Sir Humphry Wingfield, of whom he speaks warmly in his "Toxophilus."

"This communication of teaching youth," he says, "maketh me remember the right worshipful and my singular good master, Sir Humphry Wingfield, to whom, next to God, I ought to referre for his manifold benefits bestowed on me, the poor talent of learning which God hath lent me, and for his sake do I owe my service to all other of the name and noble house of Wingfield, both in word and deed. This worshipful man hath ever loved and used to have many children brought up in learning in his house, amonges whom I myself was one. For whom, at terme times, he would bring down from London both bowe and shafts; and when they would play, he would go with them himself into the fielde and see them shoot, and he that shotte fayrest should have the best bowe and shaftes, and he that shotte illfavouredly should be mocked of his fellows till he shotte better."

Old men had all much the same opinion of the sports of youth. Archery they encouraged above all amusements, though inclosures rendered it daily less practised. 480 yards was the distance for a good arm: sports, they said, banished idleness and hardened the body for war. Football lamed many, and chess was too wise a folly; but there was hawking, hunting, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing, tennis, pell-mell, running at the ring and glove. Cards sufficed for foul weather; but dicing they thought

fit only for cheats and drunken soldiers. Wealth too often ran away with the hounds, and fortune flew away with the hawks; but a moderate use of these amusements befitted the gentleman.

That wise old tutor of Henry VIII.'s time, Sir J. Elyot,* advises that a child should be brought up among persons who spoke Latin, so that by seven he should be in some degree entered to the language. At seven he left the nursery, and was admitted to the company of men, but guarded by a worshipful matron. He then began Greek, and was introduced to the poets: he first learnt Æsop, then Lucan, Aristophanes, Homer, Virgil, Hesiod; and at thirteen began logic, rhetoric, cosmography, and history. He then studied Strabo, Xenophon, Quintus Curtius, Tacitus, and Livy.

The amusements he advises are tennis, wrestling, running, swimming, the use of the sword and axe, vaulting and riding, chess, and especially the use of the bow.

From the funeral sermon at Allhallow's Church, 1683, on the death of the eldest son of Lord Harrington, we gather a pleasing sketch of the virtuous young noblemen of that period. This mirror of nobility may serve for an illustration of the lives of many of his predecessors, and

* Elyot's Governour, 1554, *passim.*

balance the rogues whom we have sketched. He seems to have been of an excellent wit, firm memory, and sweet nature. He read Greek, spoke Latin, French, and Italian with facility, and could read Spanish; he was well versed in logic, philosophy, and the mathematics, and made a good progress in the theory of navigation and the military art. In theology no question could be put but what he could readily answer.

"At the proper age he was sent into France and Italy with a grave and religious man, one Master Tovey, formerly the head master of Coventry Free School. The Jesuits, however, seeing this truth and zeal, administered a slow poison to them, of which Mr. Tovey, being aged, died soon after his return to England, but the Lord Harrington, being of a strong body, struggled with it for some time longer: this young noble was eminent for sobriety and chastity, temperate in diet, and frequent in fasting. Books, and not wantons, were his companions; and his friends were men of parts and learning in arts or arms. His justice was exemplary; he dealt honourably and honestly with all; and was very solicitous to discharge all his father's debts, though his land should be sold for the purpose.

"His piety was great: he rose daily at four or five o'clock, seldom sleeping more than five or six hours, and

he began the day with prayer. He then read a chapter of the Scriptures, and with his servants spent the next hour in reading Calvin's 'Institute' or Rogers' 'Treatise of the Privileges which belong to every true Christian;' before dinner and supper he had a psalm, chapter, and prayer with his family, and prayer after supper.

"The rest of the morning, between prayer and dinner, he spent in riding the great horse or conversing with his friends. After dinner he read or meditated; the rest of the afternoon he spent in business, study of history, war, mathematics, or navigation. After supper he wrote up his diary, writing his day's faults in cyphers; an attendant reading him a chapter before retiring to rest.

"Although he had a chaplain he attended both services on Sundays even when a courtier; and after sermon withdrew himself from company to meditate for half an hour. Two servants were employed by him to take notes of the sermon, and these were read publicly before supper to the family, and were entered in his book. Saturday night was also a day of preparation with him. On the Sabbath morning, as he was dressing, he would repeat to his servants the sermon of the week before. Every month he received the Sacrament, and kept a private fast in the day, examining his diary, and spending the whole time in prayer and self-examination, not coming out of his study

till supper time. The next day he read to his servants a treatise on the Communion, but, to avoid ostentation, admitted only one intimate friend.

"His alms were generously given. On his return from his travels he gave, through a private friend, 20*l.* to the poor; 5*l.* to the poor of his parish, and 40*l.* for indigent ministers and Christians in distress. Besides his daily charities, he gave away a tenth part of his yearly allowance.

"On his death-bed he uttered many heavenly speeches, desiring to be dissolved, and to be at home with God his father, professing not above two hours before his death that he still felt the assured comforts and joys of his salvation by Christ, and when death itself approached he breathed forth these longing expressions: "O, thou my joy! O my God, when shall I be with thee?" and, in the midst of such desires, sweetly and quietly resigned his spirit unto God."

If Roger Ascham's evidence of the opinion of a student, courtier, diplomatist, and divine, is of any value, it is not very favourable to the state of the clergy in the days of the Virgin Queen; he complains that the dullest children were chosen for priests, however deformed or mis-shapen they might be in mind or body. His words are too important to bear abridgment.

"If a man now-a-days have ten sons, the one impotent, weke, sicklye, lispinge, and stuttering and stammeringe, or have any mis-shape in his body — what doth the father of such one commonly say? This boy is fit for nothing else but to set to learninge and make a priest of: as who should say the outcasts of the worlde, having neither countenance, tongue, nor wit (for of a perverse body cometh commonly a perverse mind), be good enough to make those men of which shall be appointed to preache God's holy worde, and minister his blessed sacraments, besides other most weightye matters in the commonwealth, put oft-times and worthily to learned men's discretion and charge."

The vulgar ideas of foreigners in Shakspere's time were exceedingly conventional: Shylock, or robust, ranting, Marlow's Barabas is the popular Jew, a monster of wickedness, a usurer thirsting for Christian gold and Christian blood. Sir Armado, and still better, Heywood's nameless Spaniard, is the popular Castillian, of course ridiculously stiff and fantastic, as well as tragic, revengeful, cruel, and treacherous.* The popular Italian was even still more romantic and caricatured than his two predecessors. He is proud, superstitious, always a poisoner, and frequently

* Heywood's "If you Know not Me," 1613.

an atheist and a stabber. The conventional Welshman is choleric, but good-natured: the Irishman, hot and amorous. The Scotchman is seldom sketched, but, when he is, is neither fanatic, poor, or avaricious.

Of individual conventionalisms, the malcontent or misanthrope is a curious specimen; the disappointed lover is always known by his deliberately unbuttoned doublet and untied shoe; the corn regrater by his thumbed almanac.

The bully is known by his clutched dagger and scraps of plays; the Puritan, by his thin face and plain dress; the 'prentice, by his round cap and cudgel.

Letters were more ceremonious and correct than in these rapid times, when men are too busy to be courteous. "My good Lord" — "Your Lordship at command" — "Sir, yours assuredly," — were ordinary forms of beginning and ending.

A book which so nearly created a revolution in our language is entitled "Euphues," the Anatomy of Wit; it was written by the dramatist, John Lylie, in 1595, and is described in the preface as "very pleasant for all gentlemen to read, and most necessary to remember." It purports to contain the delight that Wit obtaineth in his youth, by the pleasantness of love, and the happiness he reapeth in age by the perfectness of wisdom.

We must candidly confess we think the book has been ill-used, and that Scott's ridicule had been better directed against the imitators and exaggerators of "Euphues," than against "Eupheus" itself.

It is, it must be owned, tiresomely full of antitheses, but so are wiser writers: Lylie is overloaded with quaint learning, but so are Burton and Jeremy Taylor. If Lylie is affected, he is seldom dull; and if he is too spruce and peregrinate, his book is at least short. The moral tone is pure, and the thought not without depth.

The following extracts convey a full impression of his dull and laboured manner: —

"True* it is that some men write, and most men believe, that in all perfect shapes a blemish bringeth rather a liking every way to the eyes than loathing any way to the mind. Venus had her mole in her cheek, which made her more amiable; Helen her scarre in her chin, which Paris called *cos amoris* (the whetstone of love); Aristippus his wart, Lycurgus his wen; so likewise in the disposition of the mind — eyther virtue is overshadowed with some vice, or vice overcast with some virtue. Alexander, valiant in war, yet given to wine — Tully, eloquent in his speech, yet vaine-glorious —

* Lylie's "Euphues," p. 1.

Solomon, wise, yet too wanton — David, holy, but yet an homicide: none more witty than Euphues, yet at the first none more wicked. The freshest colors soonest fade, the keenest razor soonest turneth its edge, the finest cloth is soonest eaten with the moths, the cambric sooner stains than the coarse canvas."

A page from the conversational part will, however, show more correctly the strained gallantry which it became the fashion at Elizabeth's court to imitate; the language which Shakspere puts in the mouth of Sir Armado, probably resembling that used by Leicester to Elizabeth in moments of real or affected tenderness.

"Mistress Lucilla, altho' my long absence might breed your just anger (for that lovers desire nothing so much as often meeting), yet I hope my presence will dissolve your choler (for that lovers are soon pleased, when of their wishes they be fully possessed). My absence is the rather to be excused in that your father hath been always at home, whose frowns seemed to threaten my ill fortune, and my presence at this present the better to be accepted, in that I have made such speedy repair to your presence." Unto whom Lucilla answered with this: —

"Truly, Euphues, you have missed the cushion, for I was neither angry with your long absence, neither am I well pleased at your presence; the one gave me a good

hope hereafter never to see you, the other giveth me a greater occasion to abhor you."

Euphues, being nipped on the head with a pale countenance; as though his soul had forsaken his body, replied as followeth: —

"If this sodaine change, Lucilla, proceed of any desert of mine, I am here not only to answer the fact, but also to make amends for my fault, if of any new notion or mind to forsake your new friend, I am rather to lament your inconstancy than to revenge it; but I hope that such hote love cannot be so soon cold, neyther such faith rewarded with such suddayne forgetfulnesse."

Lucilla, not ashamed to confess her folly, answered him with this frump: —

"Sir, whether your deserts or my desire have wrought this change it will boot you little to know; neither do I crave amends, neither fear or revenge. As for present love, you know there is no fire so hot but it is quenched with water, neither affection so strong but it is weakened with reason: let this suffice thee, that thou knowest I care not for thee."

"Indeed," said Euphues, "to know the cause of your alteration would boot me little, seeing the effect taketh such force. I have heard that women either love entirely or hate deadly; and seeing you have put me out of doubt

of the one, I must needs persuade myself of the other. This change will cause Philautus to laugh me to scorn, and doubt thy lightness in turning so often. Such was the hope I conceived of thy constancy, that I spared not in all places to blaze thy loyalty; but now my rash conceite will prove me a lyar and thee a light huswife."

"Nay," said Lucilla, "now shalt thou not laugh Philautus to scorne, seeing you have drunk both of one cup; in misery, Euphues, it is great comfort to have a companion."

It is a singular instance of self-deception that Lylie, in his preface, apologises for the plainness of his style, and complains of those of his countrymen who, not content with their own language, "desire finer bread than is made of wheat."

Ben Jonson is rich in specimens of the fantastic foppery of Court conversation. In "Cynthia's Revel" there is a courtier who challenges his companions to compete with him for a prize. The question is, Who can address a lady in the most glowing euphuism in four modes of greeting—called the bare accost, the better regard, the solemn address, and the perfect close?

The gallants are described as gallants of good havings, who tell tales well, who provide coaches, who repeat jests, who provide gifts, who hold up the arras, who take down

from horse, who protest by the light and swear by the candle.

Of the language the following is a sufficient specimen:—

"Your good ladyship's affectioned, the true idolater of your beauties, shall never pass the deities unadored; I rest your poor knight." Then follow some compliments in French and Italian — the fashionable languages of the day.

"Madam," continues the picked man of countries, "your beauties being so attractive, I muse you are left thus alone."

To this the lady replies, "Better be alone, sir, than ill-accompanied."

The gallant, never at a loss, replies, "Nought can be ill, lady, that can come near your goodness, for, sweet madam, on what part of you soever a man casts his eye he meets with perfection. You are the lively image of Venus throughout; the Graces smile in your cheeks. Your beauty nourishes as well as delights. You have a tongue steeped in honey, and a breath like a panther; your breasts and forehead are whiter than goat's milk or May blossoms; a cloud is not so soft as your skin; your cheeks are Cupid's baths, wherein he uses to steep himself in milk and nectar; he does light his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot and wound with

their beams. Yet I love in you nothing more than your innocence; you retain so native a simplicity, so unblamed a behaviour. Methinks with such a love I should find no head or foot of my pleasure. You are the very spirit of a lady."

Yet even this strained affectation gives but a scanty idea of the elaborate ceremonial of the age's politeness.

At the mere passage of a door you must imagine tedious bowing, and shaking legs, and waving of hats, and —

"'Tis yours, sir."

"With your example, sir."

"Not I, sir."

"It is your right."

"By no possible means."

"You have the way."

"As I am noble!"

"As I am virtuous!"

"Pardon me, sir."

"I will die first!"

"You are a tyrant in courtesy."

All this to be ended by some one as wise as Master Slender stepping in briskly with, "I'd rather be unmannerly than troublesome. By your leave, sir!"

It was a favourite amorous fantasy for a lady and her lover to call each other by names borrowed from romance,

as "my Corydon, my Lindabrides, or servant and dear lady;" and for this slavery the netted swain got, perhaps, a garter to hang his dagger in, or a riband to twist in his hat.

Yet with all their absurdity, these gallants, speaking an unknown language, were the delight of the citizens, whose money they borrowed, whose lodgings they never paid for, and with whose wives they intrigued. The honest burghers of Fleet and Ludgate loved to see them sitting upright at table, carving so daintily, talking so sweetly, telling news of this lord and that lady, wiping the spoons after every morsel, and displaying their cases of toothpicks, flourishing their forks, producing their canzonets after dinner, or playing the last Italian air on the viol de gambo.

Forks had not yet come from Italy, or were used only by travellers, kept in a case, and looked on with wonder and disgust. Of their introduction in James's reign we have proofs.

That Sibthorp of the day, the good-natured egotist, Coryatt, distinctly notices umbrellas and forks as of Italian usage, and mentions his own introduction of the latter into England:—

"I observed," he says, "a custom in all these Italian cities and towns through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do

I think that any other nation in Christendom do use it but only Italy, and also, most strangely, that all in Italy do always at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meat; for, while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten the fork, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he that sitteth in the company and any others at meat should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers that which all at the table do cut, will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten with reproachful words.

"This form of feeding I understand is generally used in all places of Italy, the fork not being for the most part made of iron or steel, but of wire and silver, but those are used only by gentlemen; the reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italians cannot by any means endure any dish being touched with the finger, seeing all men's fingers are not all alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion, and not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and often times in England since I came home. Being once quipped for that frequent using of my fork by a certain learned gentleman, a famed friend of mine, Mr. L. Whitaker, who, in his merry

humour, doubted not to call me at table Furcifer, only for using a fork at feeding time, but for no other cause."*

Of the umbrella he says in an equally curious extract:—

"Also many of them do carry other fine things of a far greater price, that will cost at least a ducat, and which they call in the Italian tongue umbrella, that is, things that give men shadow and shelter against the scorching heat of the sun; they are made of leather, something answering to the form of a little canopy, and hooped in the inside with divers little hoops, that extend the umbrella into pretty large compass; they are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands, and when they ride they fasten the end of the handle upon one of their thighs."

The Elizabethan lovers, if we may trust those who knew them, spent much time taking off their hats before a figure-glass, kissing their hands, bowing, smiling, and strutting, and waving their arms. If their mistress dropped a glove, they kissed it when they picked it up; they played with her dog, held her fan, called for torches, held up the tapestry, brought the coach, called out for "room for the lady," made vows, and wore her favours.

If rejected, he became what was called a malcontent,

* Coryatt's Crudities, 1611, p. 91.

unbuttoned his doublet, untied his shoes, loosened his band, and affected a melancholy little short of madness.

To him his mistress's little shoes, colours, masks, fans, hats, falling bands, ruffs, scarfs, and brooches, were all equally dear.*

With a few words on Elizabethan etymology we must sum up our sketch of the age.

We use words much as we do current coin; we no more meditate over the syllables of those sentences that pass our lips, than we analyse the composition of every shilling that passes from our purse. The word may have come to us through the Jew or the Gipsy, the Crusader or the Levant merchant; its origin we leave to the etymologist and the writer of dictionaries; to them it may be a riddle, or an enigma, or a fragment of hieroglyphic history; for the thoughtless it is but a cipher, used and forgotten. In the same way the shilling to the clown is but a piece of stamped metal, and he leaves the legend on its rim to the antiquarian, its alloys to the chemist or the assayer, and its weight to the banker.

And yet every word of a nation's language is a fragment of the history of that nation. It records its conquests and defeats, its commerce and its enterprise. The exact extent

* Graham's Anatomie of Humours, 1609, p. 31.

of conquest, and the degree in which a nation was advanced or retarded by it, is to be found in the language; the fashions, caprices, pleasures, and tastes of past centuries, and the foreign influences which operated on them, and tended to produce the present epochs of thought, are to be found all there indicated. National antipathies, moments of enthusiasm, aspirations, aims, are all recorded there. Words are fossilised thoughts left stranded on the shores of time,— thoughts petrified into immortality by the breath of a nation.

In languages we trace the connections of nations with the universal family, and discover wonderful relationship between Indian tribes and European races: the old English word birch (the tree) is Sanscrit (boorja); yet we have always had the word ever since we drove out the wolf, and built our huts on the white island: here then is a thing to make us pause, that, so many centuries after, Providence should lead us to conquer the land of our long-forgotten kinsmen.

Does "our patient" reader know that almost every event of English history is recorded in our language. There are Arabic words from the Crusaders and Pilgrims, phrases from Chaucer's time, and words of endearment and homely poetry from the Saxons; and terms of church ritual from the Latin, and words of trade from the Levant,

and Spanish words from the cruises of Drake's followers, and Dutch words from the Low Country wars of Elizabeth's reign, and war terms from the Rebellion, and French words of fashion from the Restoration, and musical terms from Italy, and cooking terms from Paris, and Eastern names from commercial things; and so the language has gone creeping on like a glacier, swelling, and widening, and receiving into itself every foreign substance it meets or overtakes. No such language as ours could have been formed at once; but after many centuries we English frame a sound (either our own invention or heard from another people) by which we get a new word to express an old idea: every new word was at first slang, known only to a few and used by fewer; but gradually its fame increased, it throve in business and won its naturalisation. Fine words, like noblemen, were all vulgar people once; but the wheel went round and the promotion came, and the shoe-black and the felon have left descendants who have sat on thrones.

It is only to go a few ages back and the lowest people would find noble ancestors: then there is the opposite course, degradation of words, for the royal terms of this reign become the rabble's abuse of the next. All our present ribaldry has once been courtly English, that had no malice or wickedness in it. Princesses were once called wenches

by their royal fathers, and kings' sons were simple knaves (knabe, boy). A pagan was originally merely a villager, till the towns grew Christian, and the outlying people remained obstinate idolaters; a harlot was an honest char-woman, and a villain a poor labourer; a churl was but a hard-working cottager, and a blackguard a scullery-boy of the palace.

How many forgotten celebrities live in etymology. Merry-andrew Borde, a quack physician of Henry VIII.'s time; Dun, the remorseless sheriff's officer of Elizabeth's reign; Jack Ketch, the hangman of the Restoration; Dunce, the great logician of the middle ages; Bombast Paracelsus, the rhetorical charlatan; Geber (gibberish), the Arabian doctor.

What curious recollections of bygone pilgrimages linger in such words as, tawdry, saunter, and canter; the first was applied to the gay ribands sold at St. Audrey's Fair; saunter was a term of ridicule attached to the wanderers to the Holy Land, "aux sauntes terres;" and the third was so called from its being a favourite pace of the Canterbury pilgrims.

What strange days of science were those, when the Arabian wise men of Salamanca and Grenada possessed all the wisdom of the day, and pored vainly over Aristotle! What years of adventurous commerce when our merchants

brought muslin from Mosul, calico from Calicut, damask from Damascus, and carpets from Cairo!

How many germs of how many languages the poorest Englishman of the nineteenth century possesses, with his scraps of French, English, and Latin; odd words of Chinese, Hindustanee, and Persian; and Hebrew Bible names, and Syriac roots; not to mention Spanish, and Peruvian, and Caribbee, and African epithets, and stray portions of New Zealand and Australian dialects.

But we must pass to our more peculiar province — the words of Elizabethan origin, such as rapier, ruffian, chouse, &c.; for every age has had its peculiar class of verbal importations, brought, like new seeds or medicinal plants, to be grown in our own soil.

The Arabs of Spain gave us alchemy, algebra, almanac, alembic, azimuth, nadir, azure, lake (colours, &c.). The Crusades introduced admiral, chess, caravan, massy-more (part of an old castle), scimitar, sugar-cane, turban. Our fathers the British left us that indelible word *dad, mother*, though the Saxon monks taught the children to say or use the Greek word *papa*. The Welsh gave us their war-cry *havock*, and clan, and pipe, and backgammon; but the Saxon called the birds throstle and nightingale; and the flowers — shepherd's purse, ragged robin, and speedwell; he named his cattle oxen, but the Norman termed its

flesh beef. The monks taught us the ecclesiastical words in Greek and Latin, as pulpit and chair, though the Saxons called the building a church. Brother, husband, lady, grave, queen, are all Saxon words; and most words relating to our great free municipal institutions are of the same language, as sheriff, hustings, guild, bailiff.

The Spanish words existing in the English language were nearly all introduced during the treaties of the Catholic Mary's reign, and the wars of the Protestant Elizabeth. From the New World alone, through them, we had cannibal, candle, hammock, cocoa, chocolate, Yankee, yarn, tapioca, sago, tobacco, cigar, cheroot, jalap, and potato. Of miscellaneous words, alert, barracks, tariff, stevedore, ingrain, embargo, hurricane, tornado, bilboes, porcelain, sherry, and desperado.

From Italy, particularly Venice, with which for some time we had such frequent dealings, treaties, and commerce, came embroil, gazette, and sack. The three latter words have curious derivations; the Broglio (from whence embroil) is a walk near the Bourse at Venice, where all merchants' disputes were discussed and settled. Gazette was a small Venetian coin, the price at which the earliest newspaper was sold. Sack also derived its name from the Levant coin, the sequin, the price for which a certain quantity could be procured. From the same country we

drew our Punch, who still wears the Elizabethan doublet; pantaloon, who derived his name from the great family of the Venetian standard-bearer, Plant the lion, milliner, bonnet, fork, and many other words.

From our foreign wars we had already gathered the greater part of our military terms, furlough, cornet, campaign, pistol, arquebus, havresack, gauntlet, alert, fusileer, cuisse, epaulettes, from the French; sconce, blunderbuss and plunder, from the Dutch; halberd, boots, &c., from the German; barrack, Toledo, &c., from the Spanish.

Of our naval terms many are Saxon, some Italian, as felucca; some French, as brig.

The technical terms of our trade are full of Flemish and foreign words, left by German printers, Dutch weavers, French Huguenots, and Low Country exiles.

The modern mews (stables) were the old mews, or place for hawks.

And here we must conclude, and let the curtain fall on the great and golden age, amid whose scenes we have long led our reader. We have been to the theatre and the bear garden, the tavern, and the court. We have stared into crystal phials, with blear-eyed alchemists; listened at trials to witches' confessions, and mixed with thieves and gipsies. We have seen bullies vapour and gallants talk

Euphuism, seen the child at his horn book, and the scrivener at his parchments; the street tumbler of the day, the comedian, the tooth drawer, and the juggler, have all passed before us. We have gaped at white satin revellers, and footed a measure at the mask; we have seen the mountebank selling his drugs, and the tobacconist adulterating his medicines. In some places, for want of room, we have been brief; in other pages, perhaps, wrong from want of judgment. For being brief we may be pardoned, for being tedious we must claim forgiveness. To photograph an age, to fix on paper perfect images, not merely of its street crowds, but of the children at the hearth, and the guests at the alehouse, is, however, an undertaking so difficult, that one success may, we trust, compensate for a thousand failures.

THE END.

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